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The Diary of MONTAIGNE'S Journey to Italy in 1580 and 1581

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MONTAIGNE'S
Journey to Italy
in 1580 and 1581

TRANSLATED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
by
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INTRODUCTION

In one of his Essays Montaigne regrets not having kept a *papier journal*, a daily paper, as his father had done before him, and thinks himself a fool for this omission. We have still more reason to regret it. He partly made up for this neglect, however, when he set out on his longest journey, and hence we have this delightful diary.

It was discovered quite by accident about 180 years after his death; before then no one appears to have suspected its existence. The manuscript was found in an old chest in the château of Montaigne by a French savant who was collecting materials for a history of Périgord. Nearly half was written, chiefly no doubt from dictation, by one of Montaigne's domestics, who appears to have acted as his man of business. He occasionally volunteered remarks on his own account, so that it is sometimes difficult to know whether he is speaking in his own name or that of his master. He was dismissed at Rome, and Montaigne takes up the pen himself, and writes a good portion in Italian, which he used for practice in that language when travelling through Italy. His Italian is not perfect, and no doubt he frequently adopted that suggestion he made in the *Essays* (vol. i. p. 548): when at a loss for a word he would italianise the French equivalent; thus, *autruche* (ostrich) becomes *autrucilo*, instead of *struzzo* or *struzzolo*.

Montaigne was fond of travelling, and was nowhere more at home than in the saddle, even when he was suffering from his infirmity, the stone. 'Travelling', he writes in his Essay on *Vanity*, 'does me no injury except in regard to the expense, which

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is great and beyond my means, as I am accustomed to travel with not merely a necessary but a handsome retinue. I am obliged to make my journeys the shorter and less frequent, and spend on them only the skimmings and the reserve fund, delaying and putting off according as they come in.' Having perhaps saved money for the purpose, he decided, after the publication of the first edition of the *Essays*, to travel further afield, with a twofold aim, the famous baths of Lucca, where he hoped to find a cure for his infirmity, and Rome, which 'had always aroused his passionate interest, and with whose affairs he was familiar long before he was with those of his own house'. It was not so much the metropolis of Christendom that interested him as the Rome of Pompey and Brutus.

He left home in June and rode to Paris, where he made a short sojourn, and then joined the royal army which was besieging La Fère under Marshal Matignon. From there he set off about the beginning of September, in company with his younger brother Mattecoulon and his brother-in-law, the Sieur de Cazalis. The former was eventually left behind at Rome, where he became involved in a duel, as related in the *Essays* (vol. ii. p. 144). Cazalis stayed at Padua, in order to study law at the university. At Beaumont, where we find them at the beginning of the diary (the first two pages are missing), they were joined by the young Baron d'Estissac, who had perhaps been specially recommended to Montaigne's care by the mother to whom he had dedicated the Essay on the *Affection of Fathers for their Children*. He is more frequently mentioned than any other of the fellow-travellers, and usually accompanies Montaigne to mass, which he is very assiduous in attending, and on his ceremonial visits. A fourth member of the party was the Comte du Hautoy, of whom little mention is made. With servants and

muleteers they must have formed a troop of about a dozen.

This distinguished company no doubt aroused a good deal of interest on the road, for in the larger towns of Switzerland and Germany they are waited upon by officers of the different municipalities with presents of wine; on which occasions there would be speech-makings on both sides, through an interpreter; and similar gifts of wine, fruit, game, etc., were frequently made by private individuals, sometimes mere strangers. These attentions were no doubt appreciated by our essayist, to whom in his affliction good wine was essential. After visiting various towns and cities in Switzerland and Germany, including Augsburg, 'the finest city in Germany', the travellers made their way via Tyrol and the Brenner pass into Italy.

Montaigne had an eye for scenery, especially mountain scenery. On approaching Innsbruck his secretary writes that 'this valley appeared to him to present the most agreeable landscape he had ever seen', and the diary abounds in descriptions of mountain scenery; he notes with pleasure that the mountains are often cultivated to the very summits. And yet the late Edith Sichel, in her biography of the essayist, makes the extraordinary comment: 'Never a mention of nature!' Bayle St. John, on the other hand, declares that his description of the Tyrol is excellent. Montaigne distrusted travellers' tales; he had read and been told, even on this journey, that the Alps in Tyrol were 'full of difficulties, the manners of the people uncouth, the roads impassable, the inns savage places, and the climate insupportable ', all of which he found to be the reverse of the truth.

On crossing into Italy he notices, as other travellers passing that way have since done, dirt and poverty. At Roveredo he misses 'the cleanliness

of the bedrooms and furniture he had met with in Germany'; and Trent 'had none of the charm of the German towns: the streets mostly narrow and tortuous'. Even in Florence he was obliged to sleep on a table to escape the *cimici*; and caught a cold in consequence. By way of Verona, Vicenza and Padua he came to Venice, where he made only a short stay, having intended to visit that city again on his return journey; his plan was probably interfered with by his election as Mayor of Bordeaux, which necessitated a rather speedy return home. From Venice he rode by a pretty direct route to Rome, passing through Ferrara. It has been frequently remarked upon as strange that he makes no mention of a visit to Tasso, which, on the strength of a passage in the *Essays*, he is supposed to have made. The simplest explanation seems to be either that the visit did not take place (see the *Essays*, vol. i. p. 487), or that it took place on a previous occasion. The unfortunate poet was at that time imprisoned by order of the Duke in the Hospital of St. Anna, a kind of madhouse, and Montaigne might have felt too much delicacy to intrude upon him. Florence, where he stayed only a few days, was disappointing at that season, and he failed to see why it should be called *la bella*. On the last day before reaching Rome he started three hours before daylight, 'so eager was he to see the pavement of the great city'.

At Rome he put up for two nights, before taking lodgings, at the *Albergo dell' Orso*, which has on that account become famous, and appears to survive as a humble tavern. His account of Rome is full of interest. During his residence there, from the end of November till April, he explores the whole city; he studies the manners and customs of the inhabitants with lively interest, and describes everything he sees very minutely, in sober style and without any embellishments: the Pope's mass at St. Peter's

on Christmas Day, where he notices the irreverent behaviour of the Cardinals, an audience with the Pope, a dinner with a Cardinal, two executions of murderers, the circumcision of a Jewish infant, 'the most ancient ceremony in the world', the Carnival festivities, the exorcism of an evil spirit from the body of a notary, the exhibition of the *Veronica* and other holy relics, the Maundy Thursday processions and the self-flagellations of the penitents, an excommunication of the Huguenots and other heretics, which seemed to afford great amusement to the Cardinals, the wiles of the courtesans, the Vatican library, and many other noteworthy things. He has produced perhaps the best picture we know of Rome under Pope Gregory XIII.

The most interesting observations are those on the ruins and antiquities of Rome, for Montaigne was a keen archæologist; every ruin and relic of antiquity is of interest to him, and he will often go out of his way to see a column or an inscription he has heard of, much to the dissatisfaction of his young fellow-travellers, who are eager to move on.

On his entry into Rome all his books, including his copy of the *Essays*, are confiscated, and are not returned to him until the following March, after having been submitted to the censorship of a French monk, who takes exception to certain of Montaigne's opinions, such as his disapproval of torture and his mention of heretical poets. But fortunately, and no doubt greatly to the author's relief, the learned friar had not the acumen to detect the anti-Christian trend of the famous *Apology* and other portions of the book (under Louis XIV. the *Essays* were placed on the *Index*). The *Maestro del Sacro Palazzo*, who returns the book to him, is sympathetic, and on Montaigne's taking his final leave of him advises him not to take the censure too seriously, but to correct in any subsequent editions anything he him-

self should hold to be too outspoken, or contrary to good taste and not to be too lavish of the word *Fortune* (chance) where *Providence* would be more in place. Subsequent editions, however, show that he not only corrected nothing, but aggravated his offence.

It is possible that Montaigne was conscious that the *Apology of Raymond Sebond*, that veiled attack on Christianity, might have laid him open to the suspicion of free-thought, and that he considered it of great importance to observe all the religious formalities. He is scrupulous in attending mass, in doing his *stations*, in hearing sermons, and in every way exhibiting an orthodoxy that was not in him. It was perhaps with the same end in view that he went out of his way to make a 'pilgrimage' to the sacred shrine of Loreto, and to show his devotion to the Church by leaving a tablet with little silver effigies on the wall of the *Santa Casa*. It may also be observed that the language of the diary is generally guarded, for, although it was not intended for publication, there was always the possibility of its falling into the hands of some frontier censor. His descriptions of miracles and holy relics, although not couched in very reverent terms, show no indication of his scepticism with regard to them.

From Loreto the party travelled via Urbino and Florence to the baths of Lucca, which they reached about the beginning of May. From a passage in the *Essays* we gather that it was not Montaigne's first visit to Lucca, but there is no other record of any previous visit. At Della Villa Montaigne chooses his lodgings partly on account of the view, 'which commanded the whole of the little valley of the river Lima and the mountains which sheltered the same. From his room he heard all night long the gentle murmur of the stream.' After taking the waters there for six weeks he made an excursion to

Florence, and on his way back stopped for three weeks at Pisa, taking lodgings on the Lung' Arno. At Florence, which he now saw in the summer-time, he corrected the first impression he had formed of that city, and admitted that she was rightly called *la bella*.

At Della Villa the journal is for the most part filled with records of the taking of the waters, of their effects, and of the many ailments suffered by the illustrious writer. These notes are of little interest to the general reader, but might be of interest to enquiring medical men. An American physician, Commander J. S. Taylor, has made them the subject of an interesting monograph entitled *Montaigne and Medicine*. Dr. Armaingaud, the latest of Montaigne's editors and commentators, and himself a medical man of some repute, is of opinion that he had in him the makings of an eminent, if not a great, physician; and at Della Villa he was actually called into consultation by some doctors, at the request of a patient who was resolved to abide by Montaigne's decision. He himself evidently did not derive much benefit from his cure.

However, he entered with great spirit into the life of the place, and no doubt made himself very popular, especially after giving a ball to the *contadine*, to which the gentry were also invited. It was customary at these balls to award prizes to the best and most graceful of the dancers, and Montaigne distinguished himself by giving nineteen instead of the usual nine or ten. The account of the prize-giving, which is written in Italian, is amusing.

At Della Villa he received a letter from a friend at Bordeaux, informing him that he had 'with general consent' been elected Mayor of that city, and he shortly after made his way back to Rome, where he found letters from the Jurats or Aldermen of Bordeaux, confirming his election, and requesting

him to return. After a fortnight in Rome he started on his long and at that season not very pleasant homeward journey, and reached his château on the last day of November, after an absence of seventeen months.

Montaigne is an ideal traveller. He starts on his travels without any prejudices, with no assumption of superiority, no contempt, such as he had observed in many of his fellow-countrymen, for the manners and customs of the foreigner—nay, he is more often inclined to eulogise them at the expense of those of his own country—resolved to be pleased with everything, to adapt himself to foreign ways and to do in Rome as the Romans do. He 'observes the practice', as he writes in the *Essays*, 'in order to be always learning something by intercourse with others, that he always leads those with whom he is conversing to speak of the things they know best'; and so he makes acquaintance and talks with all kinds of people—men of learning, Jesuits, Catholic priests and Protestant ministers, Jewish rabbis, a patriarch of Antioch, tradesmen, artisans and peasants. Curiosity, that 'natural and original sin in man', which he so strongly condemns in the *Essays*, is in him unbounded.

The *Journal* was first published in 1774, with notes by Querlon. Since then there appear to have been remarkably few editions. In 1838 it appeared in one volume with the *Essays*, edited by Buchon, with only a French translation of the Italian portion. It was republished in 1889 and 1895 at Città di Castello, edited by A. d'Ancona, with copious notes; and again in Paris, in 1906, edited by L. Lautrey. Both these latter editions have been allowed to go out of print, with the result that at the present moment the book is almost unprocurable. A new edition is, however, in the press, which will form part of Dr. Armaingaud's edition of the complete works

of Montaigne. It seems evident that the *Journal* is not so popular in France as it should be. This may be partly accounted for by the difficulty of the language. The foreigner with a good translation has therefore an advantage over the native.

The diary has been twice previously done into English. In 1842 William Hazlitt published a translation in one volume with his revised edition of Cotton's translation of the *Essays*; another was published in 1913 by W. G. Waters. Hazlitt begins well, and at first keeps pretty closely to the text, but as he proceeds his translation resolves itself more and more into a paraphrase, with much elaboration and little regard for accuracy. Waters appeared to be under the impression that accuracy was a sin to be avoided at any cost.

The references are to my translation of the *Essays* published by the Oxford University Press, 1927.

E. J. T.

THE DIARY OF MONTAIGNE'S TRAVELS IN ITALY

Monsieur de Montaigne sent Monsieur de Mattecoulon post-haste with the said groom to visit the said Count[1] and found that his wounds were not fatal. At the said Beaumont, M. d'Estissac joined the party for the purpose of making the same journey, accompanied by a gentleman, a valet-de-chambre, a mule, and, on foot, a muleteer and two lackeys, amounting to the same number in all as our party, to halve the expense. On the Monday, 5th of September, we set out from the said Beaumont, after dinner, and went on without a stop to sup at

Meaux, which is a pretty little town, situated on the river Marne. It consists of three sections; the town and the faubourg are on this side of the river towards Paris. Over the bridges there is another large place they call the *Marché* (market), surrounded on all sides by the river and a very fine fosse, where there is a great multitude of inhabitants and houses. This place was formerly very well fortified with high and strong walls and towers; but in our second Huguenot troubles,[2] on account of the majority of the inhabitants of this place belonging to that party, all these fortifications were demolished. This quarter of the town sustained the attack of the English,[3] the rest being all destroyed; and as a reward all the

[1] The wounded Count has not been identified, as the two first pages of the Journal are missing.

[2] The second Huguenot troubles ended with the Peace of Longjumeau (1568). The Protestants of Meaux were massacred on the 25th August 1572, the day after St. Bartholomew.

[3] Henry V. of England, laying siege to Meaux on the 6th October 1421, with at least 20,000 fighting men, took the town by assault, 'et tantost après gaigna une petite ysle assez près du marchié, en laquelle

inhabitants of the said place are still exempt from the *taille* and other imposts. They show on the river Marne an island, two or three hundred paces long, which they say was a *cavallier*, thrown up in the water by the English, to batter the said place of the *Marché* with their engines, which has in the course of time become thus consolidated.

In the faubourg we saw the Abbey of St. Faron,[1] which is a very old building, where they show the habitation of Ogier the Dane and his hall. There is an ancient refectory, with large and long tables of stone, of unusual size, in the middle of which, before our civil wars, rose a spring of fresh water, which served for their repasts. The majority of the monks are to this day men of gentle birth. Among other things there is a very old and honourable tomb, on which are the recumbent stone figures of two knights, of extraordinary size. They believe these to be the bodies of Ogier the Dane and some other of those paladins. There is neither inscription nor coat of arms; there is only this sentence in Latin, which an abbot had placed on it about a hundred years ago, that 'these are two unknown heroes that are here buried'. Among their treasures they show the bones of these knights. The arm-bone, from the shoulder to the elbow, is about the length of the whole arm of a man of our days, of ordinary measure, and somewhat longer than M. de Montaigne's. They also show two of their swords, which are about the length of one of our two-handed swords, and are very much hacked on the edge by blows.

At the said place of Meaux M. de Montaigne went to visit the treasurer of the church of St.

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il fit asseoir plusieurs grosses bombardes qui moult terriblement craventèrent les maisons dudit marchié et aussi les murailles d'icellui' (Monstrelet).

[1] St. Faron, a Benedictine monastery founded in 998. Ogier the Dane was one of Charlemagne's paladins, a more or less mythical personage, who may have become confused with some other Ogier.

Stephen, by name Juste Terrelle,[1] a man well known among the savants of France; a little man, sixty years old, who has travelled in Egypt, been to Jerusalem, and resided seven years in Constantinople, who showed him his library and the rarities of his garden. We saw there nothing so uncommon as a box-tree, spreading its branches in a circular form, so thick and artistically clipped, that it appears like a very trim and very massive ball, of the height of a man. From Meaux, where we dined on the Tuesday, we went to sleep at

CHARLY, seven leagues. On Wednesday after dinner we went on to sleep at

DORMANS, seven leagues. Next day, which was Thursday morning, we went to dine at

ÉPERNAY, five leagues, where being arrived, MM. d'Estissac and de Montaigne went to mass, as was their custom,[2] in the church of Nôtre Dame; and, the said Seigneur de Montaigne having heard on a former occasion, when M. the Maréchal de Strozzi was killed at the siege of Thionville, that his body had been brought to the said church, he enquired about his sepulchre, and found that he had been buried there without any show, either of stone, or coat of arms, or epitaph, opposite the high altar. And we were told that the Queen had caused him to be buried thus without pomp and ceremony, because that was the wish of the said Marshal.[3] The

[1] Juste Terrelle bought a number of Greek manuscripts in the East for Francis I.; they are now in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

[2] *I.e.* on Thursdays.

[3] Marshal Strozzi was killed on the 20th June 1558. Montaigne had a great admiration for him, and, like Montaigne, he had a great admiration for Julius Caesar; see the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 112 and p. 184. It was said that he was about as much a Christian as Caesar. When he was mortally wounded, and the Duc de Guise exhorted him to think of Jesus: 'Mort-Dieu! dit-il, quel Jésus venez-vous me ramentevoir ici? Je renie Dieu. Ma feste est finie'. When the Duke renewed his exhortations, urging him to think of God, with whom he would be face to face on that day: 'Mort-Dieu! répondit-il, je seray où sont tous les aultres qui sont morts depuis six mille ans'.

Bishop of Rennes, of the family of the Hennequins of Paris, was at that time officiating in the said church, of which he is abbot; for it was also the day of the Festival of Our Lady of September.

In the said church after mass, M. de Montaigne made acquaintance with M. Maldonat,[1] a Jesuit, whose name is very famous for his erudition in theology and philosophy, and they had several learned talks together, both then and after dinner at the said Sieur de Montaigne's inn, where the said Maldonat came to see him. And, among other things, having just returned from the baths of Spa, which are at Liège, where he had been with M. de Nevers, told him that the waters there are extremely cold, and that it was thought there that the colder you could take them the better. They are so cold that some who drink them begin to shiver and shudder; but soon after one feels a great warmth in the stomach. He for his part used to take a hundred ounces; for there are persons who furnish them with glasses which are measured to hold as much as each one desires. They are taken not only fasting but after meals. Their operation, as he described it, is like that of the waters of Gascony. As to himself, he said that he had observed their power by the harm which they had not done him, having drunk them several times while in a state of great perspiration and commotion. He has observed by experience that frogs and other little beasts, which are thrown into it, die immediately, and said that a handkerchief, placed over a glass full of the said water, will forthwith turn yellow. People drink them for at least a fortnight or three weeks. It is a place where one is very well lodged and looked after: good against all sorts of obstruction and gravel. Yet neither M. de Nevers nor he got much the better for it.

[1] Juan Maldonado, a Spanish Jesuit, professor of philosophy and theology at Salamanca.

He had with him a steward of M. de Nevers, and they gave M. de Montaigne a printed paper upon the subject of the dispute between MM. de Montpensier and de Nevers, so that he might be informed and be able to inform gentlemen who might ask him about it.[1] We set out hence on the Friday morning, and came to

CHÂLONS, seven leagues, and put up at the *Crown*, a handsome inn, where you are served on silver plate, and most of the bedding and coverlets are of silk. The common houses in all this part of the country are built of chalk-stone, cut into little square pieces of half a foot each, or thereabouts; others are built of turf, of the same shape. Next day, after dinner, we set off and went to sleep at

VITRY-LE-FRANÇOIS, seven leagues. This is a small town situated on the river Marne, built about thirty-five or forty years ago, in place of the other Vitry which was burned down. It still has its original, well-proportioned and agreeable form, and its centre is a large square, one of the finest in France.[2]

Here we heard three memorable stories. The first, that Madame the Dowager of Guise de Bourbon, eighty-seven years old, was still alive and still able to do a quarter of a league on foot. The other, that a few days before there had been a hanging, at a place called Montier-en-Der, in that neighbourhood,

[1] The dispute in question has been supposed to turn upon some point of precedence in parliament; but the latest French editor of the *Journal* gives the following account of it: In the preceding May the Duc de Montpensier had reported to the Duke of Anjou, the King's brother, certain contemptuous remarks about that prince which the Duc de Nevers had made, and the latter sent him a *démenti*. 'On the Sunday, 12th June, the Duc de Nevers, having been informed that the Duc de Montpensier was in the neighbourhood of Orleans with 12 or 15 horse on his way to Paris to settle their quarrel, went, or pretended to go, to the baths at Plombières (or Spa), wisely withdrawing in time, according to the maxim "*Vir fugiens denuo pugnavit*" (he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day).'

[2] Vitry-le-François was refounded in 1545 by François I., after whom it was named, in the year after its burning by Charles V.

upon this occasion: Seven or eight girls around Chaumont en Bussigni secretly agreed, some years ago, to dress themselves up as men, and so to continue their life in the world. One of these came to this place Vitry, under the name of Marie, gaining her livelihood by being a weaver, a well-behaved young man who made friends with everybody. He engaged himself at the said Vitry to a woman who is still alive, but, for some disagreement which arose between them, their bargain went no further. Afterwards, having gone to the said Montier-en-Der, still earning his livelihood at the said trade, he fell in love with a woman whom he married, and lived four or five months with her, to her satisfaction, according to what they say; but, having been recognised by somebody of the said Chaumont, and the matter being brought before justice, she was condemned to be hanged, which she said she would rather endure than to return to the state of a girl; and was hanged on the charge of having, by illicit devices, supplied the defects of her sex.

The other tale is of a man still living, named Germain, of humble condition, without trade or office, who was a girl up to the age of twenty-two, seen and known as such by all the inhabitants of the town, and remarkable for having a little more hair about her chin than other girls; and they called her Bearded Mary. One day, making an effort in leaping, her virile utensils came out, and the Cardinal de Lenoncourt, at that time Bishop of Châlons, gave her the name of Germain. He did not marry, however; he has a large and very thick beard. We could not see him, for he was in the village. They have still in this place a song, common in the mouths of the girls, in which they warn one another not to stretch their legs too wide, lest they should become men, like Marie Germain. They say that Ambroise Paré has inserted this story in his book on surgery,

which is very certain and testified to as such to M. de Montaigne by the chief officials of the town.[1]

From thence we set out on Sunday morning after breakfast, and came without a stop to

BAR, nine leagues, where M. de Montaigne, who had been there before,[2] found nothing new to remark but the wonderful expenditure that a private priest and dean of the place had gone to, and was still continuing daily, in public works. He is called Gilles de Treves; he has built the most sumptuous marble chapel, with pictures and decorations, to be seen in France; and has built, and almost finished furnishing, the handsomest town-house also that is to be seen in France; in construction the finest and best proportioned, the best upholstered, the most elaborately decorated and enriched, and the most comfortable, of which he intends to make a college. He is about to endow it and set it working at his own expense; from Bar, where we dined on the Monday morning, we came to sleep at

MANNESE,[3] four leagues, a little village where M. de Montaigne was obliged to halt on account of his colic, which also occasioned him to abandon the plan he had formed of seeing Toul, Metz, Nancy, Joinville and St. Dizier, as he had decided, which are towns scattered around this route, in order to get in all haste to the baths of Plombières. From Mannese we departed on Tuesday in the morning and came to dine at

VAUCOULEURS, one league from there; and we passed along the river Meuse to a village called

DOMRÉMY, on the Meuse, three leagues from the said Vaucouleurs, where was born that famous maid of Orleans, whose name was Jane Darc or Dullis. Her descendants were ennobled by the

[1] This 'story' is retold, with slight variations, in the *Essays*, vol. i. p. 92.

[2] Bar-le-Duc; see *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 105.

[3] Mauvese, according to Lautrey.

favour of the King; and we were shown the arms which the King gave them, which are azure, a straight sword crowned, and with a hilt of gold, and two gold fleurs-de-lys at the side of the said sword; of which a receiver of Vaucouleurs gave M. de Casalis a painted shield. The front of the little house in which she was born is all painted with her exploits, but age has greatly defaced the painting. There is also a tree along a vine which they call the Maid's Tree, which has nothing else remarkable about it.[1] We came this evening to sleep at

NEUFCHÂTEAU, five leagues, where, in the church of the Cordeliers, there is abundance of tombs, three or four hundred years old, of the nobility of the country, all of the inscriptions on which are in this style: '*Cy git tel, qui fut mors lors que li milliaires couroit per mil deux cens*,' etc. M. de Montaigne saw their library, in which there are abundance of books, but nothing rare, and a well from which water is drawn in very large buckets, by turning with the feet a plank of wood, supported on a pivot, with which is connected a piece of round wood, to which the cord of the well is attached. He had seen some of the same sort elsewhere. Adjoining the well is a large stone vessel, raised five or six feet above the brim, which the bucket mounts up to, and without further help the water empties itself into the said vessel, and lowers itself when empty. This vessel is so high that from it, by means of leaden pipes, the well-water is conveyed to their refectory and kitchen and bake-house, and gushes through raised stone bodies in the form of natural springs. From Neufchâteau, where we breakfasted in the morning, we came to sup at

MIRECOURT, six leagues, a pretty little town where

[1] When Charles VII. in 1429 ennobled the family (not the descendants, of course) of Jeanne d'Arc, her two brothers took the name of Du Lys. The Maid's Tree was a beech, called *Arbre des Dames* (*i.e.*, Fairies' Tree).

M. de Montaigne heard tidings of M. and Madame de Bourbon, who are very near to it. And next morning after breakfast he went to see, at a quarter of a league thence, out of his way, the nuns of Poussay. They are religious houses, of which there are several established in this district, for the education of girls of good family. They each have a benefice, for their maintenance, of a hundred, two hundred, or three hundred crowns a year, some worse, some better, and a private habitation where they live each apart. Girls at nurse are received. There is no obligation of virginity, except for the officials, such as the abbess, prioress and others. They are dressed in all freedom, like other young ladies, saving a white veil on the head, and in church, during service, a large cloak, which they leave in their seats in the choir. Company is received in all freedom in the rooms of the individual nuns whom people go to see, either to solicit them in marriage, or for any other purpose. Those who leave may give up and sell their benefice to whomsoever they will, provided she be of the requisite condition; for there are lords of the country whose formal duty it is, and who are bound by oath, to testify to the lineage of the girls who are presented. There is no objection to one nun's having three or four benefices. For the rest, they perform the same divine service as elsewhere. The greater part of them end their days there, and have no desire to change their condition. Thence we came to sup at

Épinal, five leagues. This is a pretty little town on the river Moselle, into which we were refused admission on account of having been at Neufchâteau, where the plague had been not long before. Next morning we came to dine at

Plombières, four leagues. From Bar-le-Duc the leagues resume the measure of Gascony, and become longer and longer as one approaches Germany,

until they are doubled and even trebled. We entered on the Friday, 16th of September 1580, at two in the afternoon. This place is situated on the confines of Lorraine and Germany, in a deep valley between a number of high and precipitous hills which close it in on all sides. At the bottom of this valley spring several fountains, both naturally cold and hot. The hot water has neither smell nor taste, and is as hot for drinking as one can possibly bear it, so that M. de Montaigne was obliged to pour it from one glass to another. There are only two springs the water of which is drunk. That which turns its back to the east, and produces the bath called the Queen's Bath, leaves in the mouth a sort of sweet taste, like liquorice, without any after-taste, except that, as it appeared to M. de Montaigne, if you notice very attentively, it smacks somewhat of iron. The other, which rises from the foot of the opposite mountain, of which M. de Montaigne drank only one day, is slightly harsh, and one may detect in it the flavour of alum.

The custom of the place is to bathe only, and that two or three times a day. Some take their meals in the bath, where they usually have themselves cupped and scarified; they never take the bath till they have been purged. If they drink, it is a glass or two in the bath. They were surprised at M. de Montaigne's method, who, without any previous physicking, would drink nine glasses of it, which came to about four pints, every morning at seven o'clock, dining at twelve; and the days that he bathed, which was every other day, it was about four o'clock, remaining in the bath only about an hour. On these days he generally went without supper. We saw some men who had been cured of ulcers, others of red pimples all over the body. The custom is to be there at least a month. Rooms are taken much more in the spring season, in May. They seldom take the waters after the month

of August, on account of the coldness of the climate; but we still found company there, the dry warm weather having been more intense and lasted longer than usual.

Among others, M. de Montaigne contracted friendship and intimacy with the Seigneur d'Andelot, of Franche-Comté, whose father was grand equerry to the Emperor Charles V., and himself first field-marshal in the army of Don John of Austria, and was the man who was still governor of Saint-Quentin when we lost it. One part of his beard was quite white, and one of his eyebrows; and he told M. de Montaigne that this change had come upon him all in an instant, one day that he was at home full of grief at the death of a brother of his, whom the Duke of Alva had put to death as an accomplice of the Counts Egmont and Horn; that he had his head supported on his hand at that place in such a way that those who were with him thought it was flour which by some chance had fallen on those parts. It has remained so ever since.

This bath was formerly frequented by the Germans only; but, for several years past, people from Franche-Comté, and many French, have been coming here in crowds. There are several baths, but there is a large and principal one, built in an oval form, and of ancient structure. It is thirty-five paces long and fifteen wide. The hot water rises from underneath by several springs, and cold water is made to flow in from above, to temper the bath according to the wish of those who are taking it. The places are divided off along the sides by bars, suspended like those in our stables, and planks are laid over the top, to ward off the sun and rain. All round the baths are three or four degrees of stone steps, in the manner of a theatre, whereon the bathers can sit or lean. A singular modesty is observed; and yet it is indecent for the men to bathe otherwise than quite naked, saving a

little pair of drawers, and for the women, saving a shift.[1]

We lodged at the *Angel*, which is the best inn, as it communicates with both baths. The whole accommodation, consisting of a number of rooms, costs only fifteen sous a day. The landlords in all the places supply wood into the bargain; but the country about is so full of it that it only costs the cutting. The landladies are very good cooks. In the full season this lodging would have cost a crown a day, which is cheap; the feed of the horses at seven sous; and all other charges are equally reasonable. The rooms are not sumptuous, but very convenient; for, by making use of abundant galleries, each chamber is independent of the others. The wine and bread are bad.

They are a good people, frank, sensible and attentive. All the laws of the country are religiously observed. Every year they renew on a tablet, in front of the great bath, in the German and French languages, the rules written here below:[2]

Claude de Rynach, Knight, Lord of St. Balesmont, Montureulz en Ferrette, Lendacourt, etc., Counsellor and Chamberlain to our Sovereign Lord Monseigneur the Duke, etc., and his Bailly for the Vosges:

Be it known that, for securing the peace and quiet of sundry ladies and other notable personages, assembling from various regions and countries to these baths of Plommières, we have, pursuant to the intention of His

[1] Mixed bathing is no new thing. A little Handbook on the Baths of Plombières, which Montaigne no doubt consulted, gives the following account of the bathing customs: 'Le matin on se met au bain . . . l'homme y entre avec des maronnes ou brayes, la femme avec sa chemise d'assez grosse toile; la trop déliée découvrirait ce que le bain ne veut voir. On se baigne pesle-mesle, tous ensemble d'allegresse joyeuse. Les uns chantent, les autres jouent d'instruments, les autres y mangent, autres y dorment, autres y dancent de manière que la compaignie ne s'y ennuye point, n'y jamais ne trouve le temps long.'—J. Le Bon, *Abbrégé de la propriété des Bains de Plommières*, Paris, 1576.

[2] Montaigne seems to have had no particular object in copying out these regulations. They probably just appealed to his sense of humour as a curiosity which was worth preserving.

Highness, instituted and ordained, and do institute and ordain, as follows:

Be it known, that the former corrective discipline for minor offences will remain in the hands of the Germans, as of old; to whom is enjoined the causing to be observed the ceremonies, statutes and rules already in use for the decoration of the said baths, and the punishment of the offences which shall be committed by the people of their nation, without exception of persons, by form of ransom, and without making use of any blasphemous and other irreverent language against the Catholic Church and the traditions of the same.

All persons, of whatever quality, condition, district or province they may be, are forbidden to provoke one another by insulting language tending to incite quarrelling; to bear arms at the said baths; or to give the lie, or to have recourse to arms, under penalty of being severely punished, as infringers of the safeguard, rebels and disobedient to His Highness.

All prostitutes and immodest girls are forbidden to enter the said baths, or to approach the same within five hundred paces, under penalty of being whipped at the four corners of the said baths; and of imprisonment of their persons and arbitrary fine, for the landlords who shall have received or harboured them.

Under the same penalty, all persons are forbidden to use towards the ladies, gentlewomen and other women and girls, frequenting the said baths, any lascivious or immodest language; to touch their persons indecorously; or to enter or quit the said baths disrespectfully, contrary to public propriety.

And because, by the benefit of the said baths, God and Nature afford us many cures and reliefs, and that it is essential to maintain a seemly purity and cleanliness, to obviate various contagions and infections which might there be engendered, it is expressly ordered that the Master of the said baths shall take careful heed and examine the bodies of those who enter the baths, as well by day as by night, and shall make them observe modesty and silence there during the night, without noise, scandal or derision. And if any person shall not obey in doing this, he shall promptly inform against him to the magistrate, to have exemplary punishment inflicted upon him.

Moreover, it is forbidden and prohibited to all persons

coming from infected places to enter or approach this place of Plommières, on pain of death; and all Mayors and officers of justice are expressly enjoined to take careful heed to this; and all inhabitants of the said place are ordered to give us billets containing the names and surnames and residences of the persons whom they have received and lodged, under penalty of imprisonment of their persons.

All which ordinances above declared have this day been made public before the Grand Bath of the said Plommières, and copies of the same affixed, both in the French and German languages, on the nearest and most conspicuous place to the Grand Bath, and signed by us, Bailly de Vosges. Given at the said Plommières, the 4th day of the month of May, in the year of grace of our Lord, one thousand five hundred. . . . (The name of the Bailly.)

We stopped at the said place from the said day 18th to the 27th of September. M. de Montaigne drank of the said water eleven mornings, nine glasses eight days, and seven glasses three days, and bathed five times. He found the water easy to drink, and always passed it before dinner. He felt no other effect from it than in causing urine. His appetite was good; sleep, bowels, his ordinary condition in no way impaired by his drinking. On the sixth day he had an unusually severe attack of colic, and he had it in his right side, where he had never felt any pain, except a very slight one at Arsac, without any effect. This attack lasted four hours, and he clearly felt the operation of it and the gliding of the stone through the ureters and the lower part of the bowels. On the two first days he passed two little stones that were in the bladder, and afterwards, at intervals, gravel. But he left the said baths in the opinion that he still had in the bladder both the stone of the aforesaid colic, and some other little stones of which he thought he had felt the descent. He estimates the effect of these waters, and their quality, as regards himself, to be very like that of the high fountain of Bagnères, where

the bath is. As to the bath, he finds it very mild in temperature; and indeed children of six months and a year old are commonly seen playing about in it. He perspired copiously and gently. He commanded me, to gratify his hostess, according to the humour of the nation, to leave an escutcheon of his arms on wood, which a painter of the said place made for a crown; and the hostess had it carefully fixed against the wall on the outside. [1]

On the said day of the 27th day of September, after dinner, we departed and passed through a mountainous country, which everywhere resounded under our horses' hoofs as if we were riding over a vault, and it seemed as if drums were drumming all around us; and came to sleep at

REMIREMONT, two leagues, a pretty little town, and a good lodging at the *Unicorn*; for all the towns of Lorraine (and this is the last) have as comfortable hostelries and as good entertainment as in any place in France. Here is that so famous abbey of nuns, of the description of those I spoke of at Poussay. They claim, against M. de Lorraine, the sovereignty and principality of this town. MM. d'Estissac and de Montaigne went to see them immediately after their arrival, and went over several private apartments, which are very handsome and very well furnished. Their abbess was dead (of the house of the d'Interville), and they were about creating another, one of the candidates being the sister of the Comte de Salmes. They went to see the Doyenne, who is of the house of Lutre, and who had done M. de Montaigne the honour of visiting him by deputy, at the baths of Plombières, and sending artichokes, partridges and a barrel of wine. They learned here that certain villages in the neighbourhood owe them as rent two basins of

[1] Montaigne describes his coat of arms in the *Essays*, vol. i. p. 272: 'I bear azure powdered with trefoils or, with a lion's paw of the same, armed gules in fesse'.

snow every Pentecost day, and, in default of that, a waggon harnessed with four white oxen. They say that this rent of snow never fails them, yet at the season when we passed through there the heat was as great as it is during any season in Gascony. They have only a white veil on the head, and above it a little bit of crape. The robes they wear are black, of whatever material or fashion they please, while they are about the place; elsewhere coloured ones; petticoats at their pleasure, and shoes and pattens; coifs over their veils. Like the others, they must be noble by four descents, both on the father's and the mother's side. They took leave of them as soon as night fell.

Next morning, at daybreak, we set out from there. When we were mounted, the Doyenne sent a gentleman to M. de Montaigne, requesting him to come to her, which he did. This detained us an hour. This society of ladies gave M. de Montaigne a procuration to manage their affairs in Rome. On leaving there we rode for a considerable time through a very beautiful and very pleasant valley, skirting the river Moselle; and came to dine at

Bussang, four leagues, a wretched little village, the last of the French language, where MM. d'Estissac and de Montaigne, clothed in linen smock-frocks, which were lent them, went to see some silver mines that M. de Lorraine has there, quite two thousand paces in the hollow of a mountain. After dinner we proceeded along the mountains, where we were shown, among other things, upon inaccessible rocks, the nests where they take goshawks (and they cost here only three *testons* of the country money), and the source of the Moselle; and came to supper at

Thann, four leagues, the first town of Germany, subject to the Emperor, very handsome. Next morning we found a wild and beautiful plain, flanked on the left by hill-sides covered with vineyards of the

finest and most cultivated description, and of such extent that the Gascons who were there said they had never seen so many in succession. The vintage was going on. We came to dine at

Mülhausen, two leagues, a pretty little town of Switzerland, canton of Basel. M. de Montaigne went to see the church, for they are not Catholics here. He found it, as throughout the country, in good condition—for hardly anything had been changed, saving the altars and images, which are wanting—without defacement. He had infinite pleasure in observing the freedom and good government of this nation; and his host of the *Bunch of Grapes*, returning from the Council of the said town, and from a very magnificent, all gilded palace, where he had been presiding, waiting upon his guests at table; and a man without any train and without authority, who served them with drink, had led four companies of foot into France under the Casimir, against the service of the King, and had been a pensioner of the King with three hundred crowns a year, for more than twenty years. Which gentleman gave M. de Montaigne, at table, an account of his life and condition, without any ambition or affectation: he told him, among other things, that they have no hesitation, notwithstanding their religion, in serving the King against the Huguenots themselves—which several others said, as we went along; and that at our siege of La Fère there were more than fifty of their town; that they marry indifferently women of our persuasion, the priest officiating, and do not oblige them to change.

From this place we proceeded, after dinner, through a fine, open, very fertile country, studded with many pretty villages and hostelries, and came to sleep at

Basel, three leagues; a handsome town, of the size of Blois or thereabouts, in two parts: for the

Rhine passes through the middle, under a large and very wide wooden bridge. The municipality did MM. d'Estissac and de Montaigne the honour of sending them, by one of their officers, some of their wine, with a long harangue which was delivered while they were at table, to which M. de Montaigne replied at considerable length, both parties remaining uncovered, in presence of a number of Germans and French, who were with them in the dining-room. The host acted as interpreter. The wines there are very good.

A remarkable thing we noticed here was the house of a physician, named Felix Platerus, as richly painted and decorated in the dainty French fashion as it is possible to see; which the said physician had built, very large, roomy and sumptuous. Among other things he is preparing a book of simples, which is already well advanced; and whereas others paint the herbs according to their colours, he has found the art of pasting the plants in their natural state on the paper, so neatly that the smallest leaves and fibres appear just as in nature, and he turns over the leaves of his book without any of them dropping out; and he showed us some simples which had been pasted there for more than twenty years. We also saw, both at his house and in the public school, some entire anatomies of dead men which stand without support.

They have this singularity about their clock, the town clock, not the one in the *faubourg*, that it always strikes the hours an hour before the time. When it strikes ten o'clock it means that it is only nine: because, they say, once this accidental error of their clock saved their town from an assault that had been planned against it.

Basilée is so called, not from the Greek word, but because *Base* means *passage* in German.

We here saw a great many men of learning, such

as Grineus, and the man who wrote the *Theatrum*, and the said physician (Platerus), and François Hottoman.[1] These two last came to sup with Messieurs the day after their arrival. M. de Montaigne concluded that they were in disagreement about their religion, from the answers he received: some calling themselves Zwinglians, others Calvinists, and others Martinists; and indeed he was advised that many still cherished the Roman religion in their hearts. The form of giving the Sacrament is generally into the mouth; yet any one who so wishes may reach out his hand for it, and the ministers do not dare to touch this chord in their religious differences.

The churches are, inside, in the condition I have elsewhere described. The outsides are covered with images, and the old tombs are untouched, on which are prayers for the souls of the departed; the organs, the bells, the crosses of the belfries, and every kind of image in the stained windows are in their entirety, as well as the benches and seats in the choir. They put the baptismal fonts in the former place of the high altar, and raise another altar at the head of the nave for their Lord's Supper: the one at Basel is very finely planned.

The church of the Carthusians, which is a very handsome edifice, is carefully preserved and kept up. Even the ornaments are there and the furniture, which they allege as proof of their good faith, they having obliged themselves thereto by the promise they gave at the time of their agreement. The bishop of the place, who is very hostile to them, resides outside the town, within his diocese, and he holds

[1] There were several men of the name of Grineus. There was one Thomas Zwinger, a professor of Greek, Morality and Theoretical Medicine, who wrote a *Theatrum vitae humanae*. Hottoman (1524–1590) was one of the most learned lawyers of the 16th century, who escaped the Massacre and took refuge in Switzerland. Montaigne wrote to him from Bozen before leaving German soil; see p. 77.

the greater part of the remaining country people to the old faith, and enjoys an income of 50,000 livres from the town; and the election of the bishop goes on.

Several people deplored to M. de Montaigne the dissoluteness of the women and the drunkenness of the inhabitants.

We saw a poor man's little boy cut for rupture, who was very roughly treated by the surgeon.

We saw there a very fine public library they have on the river, and in a very pretty situation.

We were there all next day, and the day after we dined there and took the road along the banks of the Rhine for two leagues or thereabouts, and then left it on our left hand, proceeding through a very fertile and rather level country.

They have an infinite abundance of fountains throughout this country; there is no village or cross-road where you do not find a very handsome one; they say that there are more than three hundred at Basel, if you count them up.

They are so accustomed to balconies, even towards Lorraine, that they leave in every house, between the windows of the upper rooms, doors opening upon the street, with a view to making balconies there some day. In all this part of the country, from Épinal, there is no house, however small, in the villages, but has glass windows; and the good inns derive, both within and without, a great accession of ornament from being amply provided with them, and from panes worked in various fashions. They also have plenty of iron, and are good workers in this material; they greatly surpass us, and in every church, however small, they have a magnificent clock and sun-dial. They are also excellent in the manufacture of tiles, so that the roofs of the houses are richly embellished with these tiles—soldered with lead and arranged

in a variety of motley forms—and the floors of their rooms; and nothing can be more dainty than their stoves, which are of earthenware. They use a great deal of pine-wood, and their carpenters are very good workmen: for their casks are carved all over, and are mostly painted and varnished.

Their *poiles*, that is, the common rooms where they take their meals, are sumptuous. In every dining-room, which is, besides, very well furnished, there will be generally five or six tables, provided with benches, where all the guests dine together, each party at their table. The smallest inns have two or three such rooms, very handsome; they are well lighted by windows richly glazed.

It is very evident, however, that they pay more attention to their dinners than to anything else; for the bed-rooms are just as mean. There are never any curtains to the beds, and always three or four beds in a room, placed close together; no fireplaces, and you warm yourselves only in common and in the dining-room: for of a fire there is no sign anywhere else, and they take it very ill if you go into their kitchens. A great want of cleanliness in the bedroom service: for he is a lucky man who can have a white sheet; and the pillow, according to their custom, is never covered with linen; and they usually have no covering but a feather-quilt, and that very dirty. However, they are excellent cooks, especially in the article of fish. Their rooms have no protection against the night air or wind but the simple windows, which are never covered with wood; and their houses are very well provided with windows and light, both in the public rooms and in the bedrooms; and they themselves seldom close the windows, even at night.

Their service at table differs greatly from ours. They never mix water with their wine, and almost have reason for not doing so: for their wines are so

small that our gentlemen thought them even weaker than those of Gascony when well baptized; and yet they are very delicate.

They make the men-servants dine at the masters' table, or at an adjoining table, at the same time with them; for it needs only one servant to attend to a large table, seeing that, every person having his goblet or cup of silver placed before him, the attendant takes care to fill this goblet as soon as it is empty, without moving it from its place, pouring out the wine from a distance out of a wooden or pewter vessel which has a long beak; and as to the viands, they only serve up two or three dishes at each course. They mix several sorts of well-dressed meats together, in an order very different from ours, and sometimes put them one on top of the other, by means of certain utensils which have long legs. On top of this utensil is a dish, and another under it. Their tables are very large, both round and square, so that it is difficult to place the dishes upon them. The servant easily removes these dishes all at once, and serves up other two, up to six or seven of such changes—for one dish is never served up till the other is off; and as to the plates, when they wish to serve up the fruit, they place in the middle of the table, after the meat is taken away, a wicker basket, or a large dish of plaited wood, into which basket the most distinguished throws his plate first, and then the others: for in this they strictly observe the rank of honour. The basket is easily removed by the servant, and all the fruit is then served up in two dishes, like the rest, pell-mell; and they usually include radishes, as well as baked pears, with the roast.

Among other things, they hold the crayfish in great esteem, and serve up a dish of them, which always has a cover, as a privilege; and they offer them to one another, a thing which they seldom do with any other viand. All the country is full of them,

and they are served up every day, yet they regard them as a delicacy. They do not give you water to wash with, at the end or beginning; everyone goes to get it at a little water-jug fixed in a corner of the dining-room, as in our monasteries.

Most of them use wooden plates: nay, even wooden pots and chamber-utensils, and those as clean and white as possible. Others, in addition, place pewter plates upon the wooden ones, till the last course of fruit, when there are never any but wooden ones. They use wood only as a matter of custom; for even where they use it, they give you silver goblets to drink from, of which they have any quantity. They most carefully clean and polish their wooden furniture, and even the floors of the bedrooms. Their beds are so high that you generally mount up to them by steps; and almost everywhere there are little beds underneath the large ones.

As they are excellent workers in iron, almost all their spits are turned by springs, or by means of weights, like clocks; or even turned by a sort of sail of pine-wood, broad and light, which they place in the funnel of their chimneys, and which revolve very rapidly in the draught of the smoke and the steam of the fire; the roasting is a long and gradual process, and, indeed, their meat is a little too dry.[1] These windmills are only used in the large hostelries, where there is a large fire, as at Baden. Their motion is very uniform and continuous. Most of the chimneys, after Lorraine, are not after our fashion: they build up the hearth in the middle or the corner of the kitchen, using almost the entire breadth of this kitchen for the chimney flue: this is a wide opening seven or eight paces square, which gradually narrows to the top of the house; this gives them room to fix their large sail, which with us would take up so much

[1] Montaigne preferred his meat underdone; see the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 583.

space in the funnels as to block up the passage of the smoke.

The least meals take up three or four hours, by reason of the slowness of the service; and, in truth, they also eat much less hastily and in a more wholesome manner than we do. They have great abundance of all sorts of provisions, both flesh and fish, and cover the tables very sumptuously—at least, ours.[1] On the Friday they served meat to nobody; and they say that they do not generally eat it on that day. The dearness as in France, round about Paris. The horses generally have more oats than they can eat. We came to sleep at

HORNES,[2] four leagues, a little village in the Duchy of Austria. Next day, being Sunday, we heard Mass there; and I remarked that the women keep all on the left side of the church and the men on the right, without mixing. They have several rows of cross-benches, one behind the other, of a proper height for sitting upon. There the women kneel and not on the ground, so they look as though they were standing; besides these, the men have wooden rails to lean upon, and they, too, only kneel on the seats in front of them. Instead of joining hands in prayer to God, as we do, at the elevation of the Host, they hold them apart from one another and wide open, and keep them thus raised until the priest exhibits the pax. They showed MM. d'Estissac and de Montaigne to the third bench among the men; and those in front of them were afterwards occupied by men of inferior appearance, as was the case on the women's benches. It seemed to us that the first were not esteemed the most honourable. The interpreter and guide we had taken at Basel, a sworn messenger of the town, came to Mass with us,

[1] 'I dislike a crowd of dishes and courses as much as I do any other crowd. I am easily satisfied with few dishes.' See the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 580.

[2] Perhaps Hornassen.

and his bearing showed that he had come there with great longing and devout feeling.

After dinner, we crossed the river Aar at Brügg, a small town belonging to MM. of Bern, and thence went to see an abbey[1] that Queen Catherine of Hungary gave to the lords of Bern in the year 1524, where are buried Leopold Archduke of Austria and a great number of gentlemen who were defeated with him by the Swiss in 1386.[2] Their arms and names are still inscribed there, and their remains are carefully preserved. M. de Montaigne spoke there to a gentleman of Bern who has the command there, and who ordered everything to be shown to them. In this abbey there are loaves of bread kept ready, and soup, for travellers who may ask for them; and never has any person been refused this relief since the founding of the abbey.

Thence we crossed in a ferry-boat, which is worked by means of an iron pulley attached to a high cord, which crosses the river Reuss, which flows from the lake of Luzern, and came to

BADEN, four leagues, a small town, and a separate borough where the baths are. It is a Catholic town, under the protection of the eight cantons of Switzerland, in which several great assemblies of princes have been held. We did not lodge in the town, but in the said borough, which is quite at the base of the mountain, along a river, or torrent rather, called the Limmat, which comes from the lake of Zürich. There are two or three uncovered public baths, of which only the poor people make use. The others, in very great number, are enclosed in houses, and they are divided and separated into many little private cells, closed in and covered, which are let out with the apartments: which cells are as dainty and well fitted as possible, and to which they draw veins of hot water for each bath.

[1] Königsfelden. [2] At Sempach.

The inns are very magnificent. In that where we lodged there have been seen, in one day, three hundred mouths to feed. There was still much company when we were there, and quite a hundred and seventy beds provided for the guests who were there. There are seventeen heated rooms and eleven kitchens, and in an inn adjoining ours fifty furnished chambers. The walls of the inns are all adorned with the escutcheons of the gentlemen who have lodged in them.

The town is above, on the brow of the hill, small and very pretty, as almost all are in these parts. For, besides that they make their streets wider and more open than ours, their squares larger, and so many windows everywhere richly glazed, they have this custom of painting nearly all the houses on the outside, and they cover them with mottoes, which offer a very pleasant sight; and, furthermore, there is no town wherein you do not find many fountains with running water, which they have erected, and richly ornamented, at the street corners, either of wood or stone. This gives their towns a very much handsomer appearance than those of France.

The water of the baths gives out a sulphurous smell, like those of Aigues-Caudes and others. The heat is tempered, like those of Barbotan or Aigues-Caudes, and the baths are consequently very mild and agreeable. Anyone escorting ladies who wish to bathe with respect and delicacy, may bring them here, for they are also alone in the bath, which has the appearance of a very rich cabinet, light, with glazed windows, covered all round with painted wainscoting, and very neatly floored, with chairs and little tables, to read or play while in the bath, if they wish. The bather can empty and receive as much water as she pleases; and each has a chamber adjoining her bath. Fine walks along the river, besides artificial ones of several galleries.

These baths lie in a valley commanded by the slopes of lofty hills, which are, nevertheless, fertile for the most part and cultivated. The water for drinking is rather flat and insipid, as if it had been many times poured from one glass into another; and as to taste, it smacks of sulphur and has a certain sharp and acid taste.

The people of the country use the waters principally for bathing, during which they have themselves so severely cupped and bled that I have sometimes seen the water in the two public baths looking like pure blood. Those who habitually drink generally take a glass, or two at the most. People usually stop here five or six weeks, and the place is frequented nearly all through the summer. No other people, or very few, resort to them, except Germans; and these come here in very great crowds.

The baths are of very ancient use; and they are mentioned by Tacitus.[1] He (Montaigne) tried his best to discover the chief source of these baths, and could learn nothing about it; but it would appear that they lie very low, and almost on a level with the river. The water is not so clear as others we have seen elsewhere; and, when you draw it, it brings with it certain little, very slender filaments. It has not those little bubbles which sparkle in other sulphurous waters when poured into a glass, and like those of Spa, according to what the Seigneur Maldonat said. M. de Montaigne, the morning after we arrived, which was Monday, drank seven small glasses of this water, which came to a big *chopin* of his house; next morning he drank five large glasses, which came to ten of the small, and might be a pint. On this same Tuesday, at nine o'clock in the morning, while the others were at dinner, he went into the bath, and

[1] 'Caecina shifted camp, devastated the fields, and ravaged a place that during the long peace had been built up into the semblance of a town, and was much resorted to for its beauty and its healthful waters.' Tacitus, *Histories*, i. 67.

perspired a great deal in bed after leaving it. He remained in it only half an hour; for the people of the country, who are in it all day long, playing and drinking, are in the water only up to their middle: he was plunged up to the neck, lying stretched the full length of the bath.

And on this day there left the bath a Swiss lord, who had done very good service to our Crown; he had a long conversation with M. de Montaigne all the preceding day respecting the affairs of the country of Switzerland, and showed him a letter which the French ambassador, son of the President du Harlay, wrote him from Soleure, where he is staying, recommending him to serve the King during his absence, he being sent for by the Queen to meet her at Lyons, and oppose the designs of Spain and Savoy. The Duke of Savoy, who had just died, had made an alliance a year or two ago with some of the cantons; which the King had openly resisted, alleging that they, having already bound themselves to him, could not accept any new obligations without prejudice to him; which some of the cantons had been induced to admit, especially through the intervention of the said Swiss gentleman, and had declined this alliance.

In truth, in all these parts they receive the name of the King with respect and friendship, and they show us all possible courtesy. The Spaniards are in bad odour here.

The train of this Swiss consists of four horses. His son, who is already a pensionary of the King, like the father, on one; a valet on another; a tall and handsome daughter on another, with cloth housings and a *planchette*[1] in the French fashion, a

[1] *Planchette*, 'a woman's stirrup' (Cotgrave). — 'Catherine de Médicis étoit fort bien à cheval, et s'y tenoit de fort bonne grâce, ayant été la première d'avoir mis la jambe sur l'arçon, d'autant que la grâce y étoit bien plus belle et apparoissante que sur la *planchette*.' (Brantôme).

portmanteau behind her, and a bonnet-box at the saddle-bow, without any woman with her—and yet they were a long two days' journey from their home, which is a town where the said lord is governor. The goodman on the fourth.

The ordinary dress of the women here appeared to me as neat as that of our own, even the head-dress, which is a bonnet *à la coquarde*, turning up behind, and in front, over the forehead, a slight prominence; this is ornamented all around with flocks of silk, or edgings of fur, and the natural hair hangs down behind, all corded. If you take off this bonnet in jest, for it holds on no more firmly than ours, they are not offended, and you see their heads quite bare. The younger ones, instead of a bonnet, wear merely a garland on their heads. There is no great difference in the dress of the women to distinguish their ranks.

You salute by kissing the hand, and offering to touch theirs. Otherwise, if in passing you make them a bow and doff your hat, most of them will be stuck there without any movement; and that is their time-honoured custom. Some incline the head slightly, to return your salute. The generality of them are fine women, tall and fair.

They are a very kindly people, especially to those who conform to their ways. M. de Montaigne, in order thoroughly to sample their different manners and customs, allowed himself in every place to be waited upon after the fashion of each country, however troublesome it might appear to him. In Switzerland, however, he suffered, he said, no inconvenience therefrom, except that at table he had only a little clout of half a foot for a napkin; and this same clout the Swiss do not even unfold at their dinner, and they have abundance of sauces and several varieties of soups; but they always place as many wooden spoons, with silver handles, as there

are men, and never is a Swiss without a knife with which they pick up everything, and they seldom put their hands into the dish.

Almost all their towns bear, above the private arms of the town, those of the Emperor and the house of Austria; and yet the majority of the towns have been dismembered from the said archduchy, through the mismanagement of that house. They say here that all those of this house of Austria, excepting the Catholic King, are reduced to great poverty, especially the Emperor, who is held in small esteem in Germany.

The water that M. de Montaigne drank on Tuesday caused him three stools, and he had voided it all before noon. On the Wednesday morning he took the same quantity as the day before. He finds that, when he perspires in the bath, he makes much less urine the next day and does not void the water he has taken, and he experienced this also at Plombières. For the water that he took the second day was coloured, and he voided very little of it; whence he judges that it had immediately turned into aliment, owing either to the evacuation of the preceding perspiration or to his fasting: for when he bathed he took only one meal. This was the reason why he only bathed once.

On the Wednesday his landlord bought abundance of fish; the said Seigneur asked him why that was so. The answer was that most of the people of the said place of Baden ate fish on Wednesdays from religious motives; which confirmed what he had heard say, that those who hold the Catholic faith there are made the more strict and devout by the circumstance of the contrary faith. He argued, in this way, 'that when confusion and admixture arise in the same town, and are sown into one and the same system of government, this relaxes the affections of men. The mingling descends to in-

dividuals, as happens at Augsburg and in the Imperial towns; but when a town has but one system of government (for the Swiss towns have each its separate laws and government, apart from one another, and are not dependent on one another in the matter of administration; their union and coherence are only found in certain general conditions), the towns which form a separate state and a separate civil body, each by itself, have wherewith to fortify and maintain themselves; they undoubtedly become stronger and more closely joined, through the shock of the neighbouring contact.'

We quickly became accustomed to the heat of their stoves, and none of us felt any inconvenience from it. For, as soon as you have swallowed a certain smell in the air, which strikes you at the moment of entering, there only remains a gentle and equable warmth. M. de Montaigne, who slept in a room with a stove in it, was greatly pleased with it, and felt throughout the night an agreeable and temperate warmth of air. At all events, you do not burn either your face or your boots, and you are free from the smoke you get in France. Besides, while we put on our warm furred morning-gowns when we enter the house, they on the contrary strip themselves to their doublets and go bareheaded in the warm room, and clothe themselves warmly to go back into the open air.[1]

On the Thursday he drank the same quantity; the water operated both before and behind, and he voided gravel, not in any great quantity; and he found the waters even more active than others he had tried, whether it was the strength of the water, or whether his body was so disposed; however this may be, he drank less than he had done of any others and voided them not so crude as the others.

On this same Thursday he spoke with a minister of Zürich, a native of that place, who had arrived

[1] On the advantages of stoves, see also the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 558.

there; and found that their first religion had been Zwinglian, from which, this minister told him, they had approximated to the Calvinian, which was rather milder. And when questioned about Predestination, he replied that they held a mean between Geneva and Augsburg, but that they did not trouble their people with that dispute. In his own particular judgment, he rather inclined to the extreme of Zwinglius, and eulogised it highly, as approaching most nearly to primitive Christianity.

On the Friday, after breakfast, at seven o'clock in the morning, 7th of October, we left Baden; and before we set off, M. de Montaigne again drank the measure of the said waters: thus he drank of it five times. On the moot point as to their operation, in which he sees as much occasion for hope as in any others, both for drinking and for bathing, he would recommend these baths as soon as any of those he has hitherto seen, seeing that there is not only so much comfort and convenience of place and lodging, so clean, so well portioned out that everyone has his desired share: no rooms that are not independent of others and easy of access, so that there are apartments for unimportant individuals, and others for great personages: baths, galleries, kitchens, cabinets, separate chapels for a retinue. And in the house adjoining ours, which is called *La Cour de la Ville*, and ours *La Cour de Derrière* (these are public houses belonging to the Seigneury of the Cantons, and are held by tenants), the principal rooms have stoves. In the said adjoining house they also have some fireplaces in the French fashion.

The exaction of payment is somewhat tyrannical, as is the case in all countries, and especially in our own, towards strangers. Four chambers, furnished with nine beds, in two of which were stoves and a bath, cost us a crown a day for each of the masters; for servants, four *batzen*, that is to say, nine sous and

a little over; the horses six *batzen*, which is about fourteen sous a day; but besides that, they added many little tricky charges, contrary to their custom.

They have guards in their towns, and even in the baths, which are but a village. Every night two sentinels go the round of the houses, not so much to be on their guard against enemies as from fear of fire or any other disturbance. When the hours strike, one of them is obliged to call out aloud, at the top of his voice, to the other, and ask him what the hour is; to which the other replies, in the same voice, what o'clock it is, adding 'that he must keep good watch'.

The women here do their washing in the open, in the public place, building up a little wood fire at their side, on which they heat their water; and they do it better, as they also scour their pots and pans much better, than in our hostelries in France. Each chambermaid in the inns here has her particular department, as well as each manservant.

It is a pity that, however much you exert yourself, it is impossible for a stranger to gain information from the people of the country, unless you happen upon somebody more intelligent than the ordinary, with regard to the noteworthy things of each place; they do not know what you are asking them. I say this apropos of the fact that we had been here five days, with all possible curiosity, and had heard no mention of what we discovered on leaving the town: a stone, of the height of a man, which seemed to be a portion of some pillar, plain and without any work upon it, stuck up at the corner of a house, so as to be visible to anyone passing along the high road, on which was a Latin inscription, which I had no means of transcribing; but it was merely a dedication to the Emperors Nerva and Trajan.[1]

[1] Montaigne here reveals himself for the first time in the character of a keen archæologist.

We came to cross the Rhine at the town of Kaiserstuhl, which is one of the allies of Switzerland, and Catholic; and from thence followed the said river through a very pretty flat country, till we came across the falls, where it dashes against rocks, and these they call cataracts, like those of the Nile. Namely, below Schaffhausen the Rhine encounters a bed full of big rocks, where it is broken; and below, in these same rocks, it comes to a descent about two pikes high, where it makes a great leap, foaming and making an amazing din. This arrests the course of the boats and interrupts the navigation of the river. We went on, without a stop, till we got by supper time to

SCHAFFHAUSEN, four leagues, the capital town of one of the cantons of the Swiss, of the religion I have mentioned above, of the people of Zürich. Leaving Baden we had left Zürich on the right, whither M. de Montaigne had decided to go, as it was only two leagues away, but he was informed that the plague was there. At Schaffhausen we saw nothing uncommon. They are engaged in building a citadel, which will be a very fine one. There is a butt for crossbow-shooting, and a place for this exercise, as fine and large, and provided with shade, with seats, galleries and rooms, as it is possible to see: and there is a similar place for musket-shooting. There are water-mills for sawing wood, of which we had noticed several elsewhere, and others for scutching flax and shelling millet.

There is here also a tree, similar to others we had seen, especially at Baden, but not so large. The first and lowest branches are used to form the floor of a round platform of twenty paces in diameter; these branches are then bent upwards, and trained to enclose this platform all round, and to grow upwards as high as possible. The tree is afterwards clipped, to prevent its throwing out branches, up to the

height they wish to give to the platform, which is about ten feet. There they take the other branches coming from the tree, which they lay over a sort of wicker-hurdles, to form the roof of the cabinet, and then they bend them downwards, to make them join the ascending branches, and thus fill the whole empty space with verdure. After this they again clip the tree up to the top, where they leave the branches to spread as they please. This gives a very fine shape, and forms a very fine tree. Besides that, at the foot of the tree they have made a fountain to spring, which spouts up above the floor of the platform.

M. de Montaigne paid a visit to the Burgomasters of the town, who, to return the compliment, came, with other public officers, to sup at our inn, and there made a present of some wine to M. d'Estissac and him. This not without several ceremonious speeches on both sides. The principal burgomaster was a gentleman, and had been bred up as a page with the late M. d'Orléans, but he had already forgotten all his French.

This canton professes to be very much on our side, and has given this recent proof of it, that it refused, in our favour, the federation which the late M. de Savoie sought with the cantons, of which I have made mention above.

On the Saturday, 8th of October, we left, at about eight o'clock in the morning, after breakfast, Schaffhausen, where there is very good lodging at the *Crown*. A learned man of the country had a talk with M. de Montaigne and among other things told him that, in reality, the inhabitants of that town were not very well disposed towards our crown; so much so that in all the deliberations he had attended, touching the alliance with the King, the great majority of the people were always of the opinion that it should be broken off; but, by

the intrigues of some of the richer men, the matter took a different turn.

As we were leaving we saw an iron machine, such as we had also seen elsewhere, by which large stones are raised, without making use of human strength, to load the waggons.

We proceeded along the Rhine, which we had on our right, as far as Stein, a little town in alliance with the cantons, of the same religion as Schaffhausen (and yet on the road there was an abundance of stone crosses), where we recrossed the Rhine over another stone bridge; and, skirting the river, having it on our left hand, we passed along another little town, also one of the allies of the Catholic cantons. The Rhine here spreads out to a marvellous width, as our Garonne does before Blaye, and then narrows again as far as

Constance, four leagues, where we arrived at about four o'clock. This is a town of the size of Châlons, belonging to the Archduke of Austria, and Catholic; having been formerly, and that within the last thirty years, possessed by the Lutherans, who were forcibly dislodged from it by the Emperor Charles V. The churches still give evidence of it in the images. The Bishop, who is a nobleman of the country, and a cardinal, living at Rome, derives a revenue of full forty thousand crowns from it. There are canonries, in the church of Nôtre Dame, which are worth fifteen hundred florins, and are held by noblemen. We saw one of these on horseback, coming from outside, licentiously dressed as a warrior; and indeed they say there are a great many Lutherans in the town.

We ascended the bell-tower, which is very lofty, and found there a man fixed as a sentinel, who never leaves the place, whatever occasion he may have, and indeed is a prisoner there.

They are erecting, on the bank of the Rhine,

a large covered building, fifty paces long and forty wide, or thereabouts; here they are going to put twelve or fifteen large wheels, by means of which they will continually raise a great quantity of water to a platform which will be a story higher, and other iron wheels in like number (for the lower ones are of wood), and will raise it in the same way from this platform to another still higher. This water, thus raised to this height, which is about fifty feet, will discharge itself into a large and wide artificial channel, through which it will be conveyed into their town, and will there set several mills to grind. The architect who directed this building had five thousand seven hundred florins for his labour alone, besides being supplied with wine.

Quite at the bottom of the water they are making a platform, closed all round, for the purpose, they say, of breaking the course of the water, so that the water may lie dormant in this box, in order to be drawn up more easily. They are also erecting some machines by means of which all this wheelwork may be raised or lowered, according as the river happens to be high or low.

The Rhine has not that name here, for at the head of the town it spreads out into the form of a lake, which is quite four German leagues wide and five or six long. There is a fine terrace overlooking this large lake which ends in a point, where they collect the merchandise; and at fifty paces from the lake a pretty little house where a sentinel is constantly stationed; and they have attached to it a chain, by means of which they close the entrance to the port, having set numerous piles which enclose this part of the lake on two sides, in which part the boats are docked and unloaded. In the church of Nôtre Dame there is a conduit which leads above the Rhine into the faubourg of the town.

We perceived that we were losing the country

of Switzerland by this, that shortly before arriving at this town we saw several noblemen's seats,[1] for they are very rarely to be seen in Switzerland. But, as to private houses, these are, both in the towns and in the country, all along the route we had come, without comparison finer than they are in France; all they want is slates; and especially the hostelries, and better entertainment: for what they lack for our service is not due to indigence; that is pretty evident in the rest of their equipment, and there is hardly an inn where they do not all drink out of large silver vessels, for the most part gilded and chased; but they are deficient from custom. It is a very fertile country, especially in vines.

To come back to Constance: we were badly lodged at the *Eagle*; and we got from the landlord a sample of the barbaric independence and arrogance of the Teutonic character, over the quarrel of one of our footmen with our guide from Basel. And because the matter was carried before the judges, to whom he went to complain, the provost of the place, an Italian gentleman who is settled there and married, and has long had the right of citizenship, in reply to M. de Montaigne, when asked whether the servants of the said seigneur could be believed in their testimony on our behalf, he replied yes, provided that he discharged them; but that immediately after he might take them back again into his service. This was a remarkable piece of subtlety.

Next day, which was Sunday, because of this disturbance, we stopped till after dinner, but changed our lodging to the *Pike*, where we were very well. The son of the commandant of the town, who was bred up as a page in the household of M. de Meru, always attended Messieurs at their meals and elsewhere; yet he knew not a word of French.

The courses at their table often vary. Here, and

[1] Montaigne probably means fortified houses or castles.

often since, they gave them, after the cloth was removed, other fresh courses among the glasses of wine: first, *canaules*,[1] as the Gascons call them; then gingerbread; for the third, a loaf of delicate white bread, cut into slices, but still holding together, into the interstices of which they had put plenty of spices and plenty of salt, and on the top also some of the crust of the bread.

This country is extremely full of leper-hospitals, and the roads are quite full of lepers.

The village people give their labourers for breakfast very flat *fouaces*,[2] in which there is fennel, and on the top of the *fouaces* little bits of bacon very small, and heads of garlic.

Among the Germans, to pay respect to a man, they always go to his left side, in whatever position he may be, and take it as an offence to place themselves on his right, saying that deference to a man requires that you should leave his right side free to put his hand to his weapons.

On the Sunday, after dinner, we left Constance, and, after crossing the lake at a league from the town, came to sleep at

MARKDORF, two leagues, which is a little Catholic town, at the sign of the *Dove*,[3] the posting-house which is situated here for the crossing from Italy into Germany, for the Emperor. Here, as in several other places, they fill the mattresses with the leaves of a certain tree, which answers the purpose better than straw, and lasts longer. It is a town surrounded by a large vine district, where grow very good wines.

On the Monday, 10th of October, we set off after breakfast; for M. de Montaigne was tempted by the fineness of the weather to change his plan of going

[1] *Canaulo*: gateau en forme de couronne, en Gascogne.—Mistral, *Lou tressour dou Felibrige.*

[2] *Foüace*: A thicke cake hastily baked, on a hot harth, by hot imbers layed on it, and burning coales ouer them.—Cotgrave.

[3] *A l'enseigne de Coulogne*; perhaps it should be the *Kölnische Hof.*

to Ravensburg on that day, and turned aside a day's journey to go to Lindau. M. de Montaigne never ate breakfast; but they brought him a piece of dry bread, which he ate on the way; and it was sometimes helped down by grapes which he found, the vintage not being over, and the country covered with vines, and even around Lindau. They raise them from the ground on trellis-arbours, thus leaving numerous fine roads full of verdure, which are very beautiful. We passed a town named Buchhorn,[1] which is Imperial and Catholic, on the shores of the lake of Constance; to which town all the merchandise from Ulm, Nuremberg, and other places is brought in waggons, and thence taken through the lake along the Rhine route. We arrived, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, at

LINDAU, three leagues, a small town standing in the lake, at about a hundred paces from the shore, which hundred paces you traverse over a stone bridge; there is only this entrance, all the rest of the town being surrounded by the lake. It is a full league wide, and behind the lake rise the mountains of the Grisons. This lake and all the rivers hereabouts are low in winter and full in summer, by reason of the melting of the snow.

In all this country the women cover their heads with fur hats or bonnets like our *calottes*;[2] the outside is of a better sort of fur, such as squirrel, and such a bonnet costs only three *testons*.[2] The window which we have in front of our *calottes* they wear behind, through which is seen all their plaited hair. They are also usually shod with boots, either red or white, which are not unbecoming.

Both religions are practised here. We went to see the Catholic church, built in the year 866, where

[1] Now Friedrichshafen.

[2] *Calotte*: a coife or halfe Kerchiefe for a woman; also a little light cap, or night-cap, worn under a hat. *Teston*: a Testoone; a piece of silver coyne worth xviij d. sterling.—COTGRAVE.

everything is in its entirety; and saw also the church which the ministers use. All the Imperial towns are free of the two religions, the Catholic and the Lutheran, according to the wish of the inhabitants. They devote themselves more or less to that which they favour. At Lindau there are only two or three Catholics, from what the priest told M. de Montaigne. The priests, however, continue to receive their revenues freely, and to perform the service, as also do some nuns that are here. The said Sieur de Montaigne also spoke to the minister, of whom he learned no great deal, except their common hatred for Zwingli and Calvin. It is thought that there are indeed few towns which have not something special in their belief; and, under the authority of Martin, whom they recognise as their chief, they get up many disputes on the interpretation of the meaning of Martin's writings.[1]

We lodged at the *Crown*, which is a fine inn. On the panelled wall of the dining-room there was a sort of cage, of the same length as the wall, to harbour a great many birds; it had galleries, hung and fitted with wire, which gave the birds room to move about from one end of the dining-room to the other.

For furniture and woodwork they use only pine, which is the most common tree in their forests; but they paint, varnish and polish it with care, and even have brushes of hair with which they dust their benches and tables.

They grow a great abundance of headed cabbage, which they cut up small with an instrument for that purpose; and thus cut up they put a great quantity of it into tubs with salt, of which they make soups all the winter.[2]

[1] 'I have observed that in Germany Luther had left as many divisions and disputes concerning the uncertainty of his beliefs, and more, than he raised concerning the Holy Scriptures.'—*Essays*, vol. ii. p. 545.

[2] Presumably a kind of *Sauerkraut*.

Here M. de Montaigne tried the experiment of covering himself in bed with a feather-quilt, as is their custom; and he was greatly pleased with the fashion, finding this sort of covering both warm and light. In his opinion there is nothing to complain of here except the sleeping arrangements for pampered persons; but anyone who brought a mattress, which is unknown here, and a curtain in his baggage, would have all he needs; for, as to the table fare, they have such an abundance of provisions, and they diversify their courses with so many kinds of messes, sauces, salads (for instance, besides what is customary with us, they gave us messes made of quinces; others with baked apples, cut into slices upon the soup, and salads of headed cabbage. They make also broths without bread, of different kinds, as of rice, from which they all fish in common, for they do not serve it out to each individually); and that all so well flavoured in the good inns, that the kitchens of our French nobility would hardly seem to compare with them, and there are few who have dining-rooms so well furnished. They have a great abundance of good fish, which they serve up with the meat course; they disdain trout and eat only the roe; they have plenty of game, woodcocks, leverets, which they dress in a manner very different from ours, but at least as good. We never saw victuals so tender as they are generally served up here. They mix stewed plums, pear and apple tarts, with the meat course; sometimes they serve up the roast first and the soup at the end, and sometimes the other way. The only dessert they have is pears, apples, which are very good, walnuts and cheese. Together with the meat they place on the table an implement of silver or pewter, with four compartments, into which they put different sorts of pounded spices; and they have caraway, or a similar kind of seed, which is biting and hot, and which they mix

with their bread; and their bread is mostly made with fennel. After the meal they replace on the table full glasses, and make two or three courses of divers things to provoke thirst.

M. de Montaigne found three things wanting in his travels: one, that he had not brought with him a cook, to be instructed in their ways, and to be able some day to show proof of it at home; another, that he had not brought a German valet, or had not sought the companionship of some gentleman of the country (for to live at the mercy of some poor beggar of a guide he found to be a great inconvenience); the third, that before setting out on his travels he had not seen the books which might have given him information on the rare and noticeable things in each place, or that he had not a Münster[1] or some other book in his luggage.

With his estimate there was in truth mingled a slight feeling of disdain for his own country, against which he had a hatred and aversion on other grounds; but, be that as it may, he preferred without compare the ways of this country to the French; and he adapted himself to them so far as to drink his wine without water. As to their drinking bouts, he was never challenged to any except as a matter of courtesy, and he never took up the challenge.[2]

Things are dearer in Upper Germany than they are in France: for according to our reckoning a man and horse cost at least a sun-crown a day. The landlords charge us, in the first place, four, five or six

[1] In the Payen collection is a *Cosmographie universelle, contenant la situation de toutes les parties du monde*, etc., par Sebast. Monstere (Sebastian Münster, a German scholar), which has Montaigne's signature at the bottom of the frontispiece. He must have acquired it later on his travels, or after his return home. It is a ponderous folio of over 1400 closely printed pages, dealing with every part of the known globe, and hardly the equivalent of a Baedeker, as has been supposed. It was published in 1544.

[2] Montaigne alludes to one of these challenges in the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 100.

batzen each for the table d'hôte meals. They make another item of all you drink before and after these two meals and the smallest collation; wherefore the Germans generally set out in the morning from their inns without drinking. Whatever is served after the meal, and the wine that goes with it, which with them constitute the principal item of expense, is put down to the account of collation. Indeed, to see the profusion of the fare, and chiefly in the matter of wine, especially where it is extremely dear and has been brought from a distant part, I find their dearness excusable.

They themselves invite the servants to drink, and keep them at table two or three hours. Their wine is served up in vessels like large pitchers and it is a crime to see an empty goblet and not to fill it at once; and never any water, even if it is asked for, and only then if the person is held in great respect.

They afterwards put down the oats for the horses, and then the stable, which also includes hay. There is this good point about them, that almost the first thing they do is to tell you what their charges are; and you seldom gain anything by haggling. They are vainglorious, choleric and given to drinking; but, M. de Montaigne said, they are neither traitors nor thieves. We set out from this place after breakfast and, at about two in the afternoon, reached

WANGEN, two leagues, where an accident to our baggage-mule, which was injured, forced us to stop, and we were obliged to hire a waggon for the next day, at three crowns a day, the waggoner, who had four horses, keeping himself on that. This is a small Imperial town which has never consented to harbour a congregation of any other form of religion than the Catholic. Here are made those scythes which are so famous that they send them for sale even as far as Lorraine. He left here the next day, which was Wednesday, 12th of October, in the morning, and

turned off short towards Trent, along the most direct and usual route, and we came to dine at

Isny, two leagues, a little Imperial town, very pleasantly laid out. M. de Montaigne, as was his custom, immediately went and found out a learned theologian of this town, in order to pick up what information he could from him, which doctor dined with them. He found that all the people are Lutherans, and saw the Lutheran church, which, like the others they have in the Imperial towns, has been usurped from the Catholic churches. Among other talk they had together upon the sacrament, M. de Montaigne bethought himself that some Calvinists had informed him on his way that the Lutherans mixed up with the original doctrines of Martin several strange errors, such as *Ubiquitism*; maintaining that the body of Christ is everywhere, as in the Host; thus falling into the same difficulty with Zwingli, though by different ways: the one by being too sparing of the presence of the body, the other by being too lavish of it (for by this reckoning the sacrament had no privilege over the body of the Church, or gathering of two or three good men); and that their principal arguments were: that the divinity was inseparable from the body, wherefore, the divinity being everywhere, the body was also everywhere. Secondly, that, Jesus Christ being always bound to be at the right hand of the Father, he is everywhere, inasmuch as the right hand of God, who is power, is everywhere. This doctor denied with loud words this imputation, and defended himself from it as from a calumny; but in fact it seemed to M. de Montaigne that he did not cover himself very well against it.

He accompanied M. de Montaigne to visit a very fine and sumptous monastery, where mass was being said; and he entered and stood aside during the service, without taking off his bonnet, until MM. d'Es-

tissac and de Montaigne had finished their orisons. They went to see, in the cellar of the abbey, a long and round stone,[1] without any work about it, which seemed to have been broken from a column, and on which, in very legible Latin characters, was this inscription: 'that the Emperors Pertinax and Antoninus Verus had repaired the roads and bridges at a distance of eleven thousand paces from Campidonum', which is Kempten, where we spent the night. This stone might have been on the road which was repaired; for they hold that the said town of Isny is not very ancient. However, having reconnoitred the approaches to the said Kempten, on both sides, besides that there is no bridge, we could not discover any repairing worthy of such workmen. There are indeed some cuttings through the hills, but that is nothing in the way of great handiwork.

KEMPTEN, three leagues; a town as big as Sainte-Foy, very pretty, populous, richly situated. We went to the *Bear*, which is a very fine inn. They gave us large silver cups in greater variety (which are used only for ornament, very elaborately worked and covered with the coats of arms of different gentlemen) than you will find except in a few of the good houses. Here was proof of what M. de Montaigne said elsewhere: that if these people neglect the use of what we use, it is because they despise it; for, though they have great abundance of pewter plate, scoured as at Montaigne, they gave us only wooden plates, well polished indeed and very handsome.

On the chairs in all this country they place cushions to sit upon, and most of their wainscoted ceilings are vaulted half-moon fashion, which gives them a pretty charm. As to the linen, of which we complained at the outset, we never since had any lack of it; and for my master I have never failed in procuring some to make him curtains for his bed.

[1] The stone is now in the museum at Augsburg.

And if one napkin was not enough for him, they changed it for him several times.

In this town there is a certain merchant who does a business of a hundred thousand florins in linen. M. de Montaigne, on leaving Constance, would have visited that canton of Switzerland which furnishes all Christendom with linen,[1] had it not been that, to return to Lindau, he would have had a four or five hours' crossing of the lake.

This town is Lutheran; and what is strange, here as well as at Isny, the Catholic church has its services very solemnly celebrated; for on the next day, which was Thursday morning, a working-day, mass was said in the abbey outside the town, as it is at Nôtre Dame in Paris on Easter day, with music and organ, when the monks only were present. The common people, outside the Imperial towns, have not had that liberty of changing their religion. Those here go on fête-days to this service. It is a very fine abbey. The abbot holds it by right of principality, and it brings him in an income of fifty thousand florins. He is of the house of Stein. All the monks are of necessity gentlemen. Hildegarde, wife of Charlemagne, founded it in 783, and is buried here, and deemed a saint; her bones have been disinterred from a vault where they used to be, to be placed in a shrine.

The same Thursday morning, M. de Montaigne went to the church of the Lutherans, which was like the other churches of the sect and of the Huguenots, except that at the place of the altar, which is at the head of the nave, there are some wooden benches on which are rails to lean on, so that those who take their Lord's supper may kneel, as we do. He met there two aged ministers, one of whom was preaching in German to a not very large congregation. When he had finished they sang a psalm in German, in a somewhat different chant from ours. At each

[1] St. Gall.

verse a very fine organ, which has been recently placed there, played a response; and as often as the preacher named Jesus Christ, both he and the people took off their bonnets. After the sermon the other minister went and placed himself against the altar, with his face turned to the people, having a book in his hand, to whom a young woman advanced, her head uncovered and her hair loose, who there made a little curtsy, in the fashion of the country, and stood there alone. Presently a young man, who was an artisan, with a sword at his side, also came forward and placed himself by the side of this woman. The minister spoke some words into the ear of each, directed each to say the paternoster, and then began to read out of a book. It was certain rules for people who marry; and he made them touch each other's hand, without kissing. This being done he went away, and M. de Montaigne caught up with him; they talked together for a long time; he took the said sieur to his house and study, which is a handsome one and well fitted up. His name was Johannes Tilianus, of Augsburg. The said sieur questioned him about a new Confession which the Lutherans have drawn up, and which all the doctors and princes who support it have signed, but it is not in Latin.

As they were leaving the church, the fiddles and drums came out from the other side, and escorted the newly married ones. To the question put to him: 'Whether they permitted dancing?' he replied: 'Why not?' To this question: 'Why on the windows and on the newly erected organ they had Jesus Christ painted, and many images?' he replied: 'That they did not prohibit images for instructing people, provided they did not worship them'. To this: 'Why then they had removed the old images from the churches?' (he replied): 'That it was not they; but that their good disciples the Zwinglians, incited by the evil spirit, had been there before them and com-

mitted this outrage, as well as several others', which was the same reply that others of the same profession had already made to the said sieur; and in particular the doctor at Isny, who, when asked 'if he hated the figure and effigy of the Cross', forthwith exclaimed: 'What! do you imagine me such an atheist as to hate this image, so blissful and glorious to Christians?' and that opinions like those were of the devil. The same person declared very brazenly, when at dinner, that he would rather hear a hundred masses than participate in the Calvinist supper.

At this place we had white hares served up. The town is seated on the river Iller. We dined there on the said Thursday, and left there, through a hilly and sterile country, to sleep at

Pfronten, four leagues, a little village, Catholic like all the rest in this part of the country, and belonging to the Archduke of Austria. I forgot to mention, under the head of Lindau, that at the entrance to the town there is a large wall which gives evidence of great antiquity, on which I perceived nothing inscribed. I understand that its name means, in German, Old Wall, which they told me comes from that.

On the Friday morning, though it was a very miserable inn, we did not fail to find plenty of provisions.

It is never their custom to warm either their sheets when they go to bed or their clothes when they get up; and they are offended if you light a fire in their kitchens, or if you make use of the fire which is there, for that purpose: this occasioned one of the biggest quarrels we had in all the inns. Even here, in the midst of mountains and forests, where ten thousand feet of fir do not cost fifty sous, they would not let us make a fire, any more than they would elsewhere.

Friday morning we left this place and again went

by the easier road, on the left, leaving the mountain path which leads direct to Trent—M. de Montaigne having a mind to make a detour of a few days' journey, in order to see certain fine towns of Germany, and was sorry that at Wangen he had abandoned his first intention of going there, and taken the other road. On our way we came across some water-mills, as we had done elsewhere in several places, which only receive water through a wooden gutter which takes the water at the foot of some height, and then, being raised and supported high above the ground, discharges its stream down a very steep incline which they impart to it, to the end of this gutter; and came to dine at

FÜSSEN, one league. This is a little Catholic town belonging to the Bishop of Augsburg. We found here a great number of men of the retinue of the Archduke of Austria, who was at a castle near by there[1] with the Duke of Bavaria. Here we embarked the trunks on the river Lech, and myself with others, to be conveyed to Augsburg, upon what they call a *floton*—pieces of timber joined together, which take to pieces when they are in harbour.

There is an abbey in this place, where they showed Messieurs a chalice and a stole which they preserve as relics of a saint they call Magnus, who, they say, was son of the King of Scotland, and a disciple of Columbanus. In favour of this Magnus, Pepin founded this abbey, and made him the first abbot of it; and at the top of the nave there is this sentence inscribed, and above the said sentence the notes of music to give it the tone: *Compertâ virtute beati Magni famâ, Pipinus princeps locum quem sanctus incoluit regiâ largitate donavit.*[2] Charlemagne afterwards enriched it, as is also recorded in the said

[1] Hohenschwangau, about four miles from Füssen.

[2] King Pepin, having learned by the voice of fame the great virtues of the blessed Magnus, has endowed with his royal liberality the place which the saint inhabited.

monastery. After dinner, both parties of us came to sleep at

Schöngau, four leagues, a little town of the Duke of Bavaria, and consequently strictly Catholic: for this Prince, more than any other in Germany, has kept the country under his rule free from contagion, and is stubbornly bent on continuing to do so. There is good lodging at the *Star*, and a new ceremonious arrangement: they ranged the salt-cellars on a square table from corner to corner, and the candlesticks at the other corners, so as to form a St. Andrew's cross. They never serve eggs, at least hitherto, except hard-boiled, cut into quarters in the salads, which are very good and made with quite fresh herbs; they serve new wine as a rule, as soon as it is made; they thresh their corn in the barns as they want it, and thresh the corn with the big end of the flail. On the Saturday we went on to dine at

Landsberg, four leagues, a little town of the Duke of Bavaria, situated on the said river Lech, very handsome for its size, town, faubourg and castle. We arrived on a market-day, when there was a great number of people, and in the middle of a very large square there is a fountain, which spouts water by a hundred pipes to the height of a pike, and scatters it about in a very artistic way, as they turn the tubes in what direction they please. There is a very fine church, both in the town and in the faubourg, which are on the rise of a steep hill, as is also the castle. M. de Montaigne went to see a College of Jesuits, who are very comfortably settled here in a quite new building,[1] and are engaged in building a fine church. M. de Montaigne had as long a conversation with them as his time would permit. The Count of Helfentein commands at the Castle. If anyone even dreams of any other religion than the Roman, he had need keep it to himself.

[1] The College was founded in 1576 by the Graf von Helfenstein.

On the gate which divides the town from the faubourg there is a great Latin inscription, of the year 1552, where they say in these words that 'the *Senatus populusque* of this town have built this monument to the memory of William and Louis, brothers, Dukes *utriusque Boïariae*'. There is abundance of other mottoes in this same place, as this: *Horridum militem esse decet, nec auro coelatum, sed animo et ferro fretum*; and at the head: *Cavea stultorum mundus*.[1] And in another very conspicuous place some words extracted from some Latin historian, relating to the victory which the Consul Marcellus lost against a king of the nation: *Carolami Boïorumque regis cum Marcello Cos. pugna quâ eum vicit*,[2] etc. There are many other good Latin mottoes over the doors of private houses. They often repaint their towns, which gives them a very flourishing appearance, as well as their churches. And, as if just in time to honour our visit, during the last three or four years they had almost all been renovated where we were: for they put the dates of their work.

The clock of this town, like that of many others in this country, strikes all the quarters; and they say that that at Nuremberg strikes the minutes. We left this place after dinner, through a long, very level plain of pasture-land, like the plain of La Bausse, and came to

Augsburg, four leagues, which is considered the finest town in Germany, as Strasburg the strongest.[3] The first novel arrangement, and which shows their cleanliness, was to find, on our arrival, the steps of the staircase of our inn all covered with linen, on

[1] It beseems a soldier to be rough, indifferent to gold, but relying on his courage and his sword.—The world is a cage of fools.

[2] Battle of Carolam (Carloman?) and the king of the Bavarians, against Marcellus the Consul, in which he defeated him. See Livy, xxxiii. 36.

[3] According to Münster, it was the finest city in the whole Roman empire, both in wealth and beauty; but Münster was a German.

which we had to walk, so as not to dirty the steps of their staircase, which they had just washed and scoured, as they do every Saturday. We have never noticed any cobwebs or mud. In some inns they have curtains to stretch before the windows, for those who like to use them.

There are seldom tables in the bedrooms, except those which they fix to the foot of each bed, which hang there by hinges and may be raised or lowered at your pleasure. The feet of the beds are raised two or three feet above the body of the bed, and often to the level of the bolster; the wood of which it is made is very handsome and elaborately carved, but our walnut is much superior to their pine. Here they also gave us very shining pewter plates under those of wood, out of disdain. They often hang against the wall, at the side of the bed, linen and curtains, that people may not soil their wall with spitting.

The Germans are very fond of coats of arms: for in all the inns you will find thousands that the gentlemen of the country who pass through leave behind them on the walls; and all their windows are adorned with them.

The order of the courses is often changed: here crayfish were served up first, which everywhere else are served up before the end, and of a wonderful size. In some hostelries, the large ones, they serve everything covered. What makes their window-panes shine so brightly is that they have no fixed windows in our fashion, and that their frames can be taken out when they please, and they furbish the glasswork very often.

M. de Montaigne next day, which was Sunday, went to see several churches; and in the Catholic places of worship, which are very numerous, he found everywhere the service very well done. There are six Lutheran churches and sixteen ministers; two

of the six are usurped from the Catholic churches, the four have been built by them. He saw one this morning which looks like a great college hall: neither images, nor organs, nor crosses; the wall covered with abundance of inscriptions in German, passages from the Bible; two pulpits, one for the minister—and there was one there preaching at the time—and below that another where the man is who leads in singing the Psalms. At each verse they wait until this person gives the tone for the following one; and they sing, if they please, anyhow, and those who wish remain covered. After this a minister who was in the crowd went to the altar, where he read a number of prayers out of a book; and at certain prayers the people rose and joined their hands, and at the name of Jesus Christ made a low bow. After he had finished reading, uncovered, he had on the altar a napkin, a ewer and a saucer, in which was water; a woman, followed by twelve other women, then brought him a child, swaddled up, its face uncovered. The minister with his fingers three times took water from this saucer, flicking it into the child's face, and pronouncing certain words. This being done, two men approached, and each of them put two fingers of his right hand upon this child; the minister spoke to them, and it was done. M. de Montaigne spoke to this minister as he was leaving. They do not receive any revenue from the churches; the Senate pays them in public. There was a far larger crowd in this one church than in two or three of the Catholic churches.

We did not see one pretty woman here. Their dress differs very much among themselves. Of the men it is difficult to distinguish who are nobles, inasmuch as all kinds of people wear their velvet bonnets, and all have swords at their sides.

We were lodged at the sign of the tree called the *Linden-tree* in this country, adjoining the palace of the

Fuggers.[1] One of this family, dying a few years ago, left his heirs two millions of crowns, according to French value; and these heirs, to pray for his soul, gave to the Jesuits who are here thirty thousand florins, ready money, with which they were very well set up. The said house of the Fuggers is roofed with copper. In general the houses are much handsomer, larger and higher than those of any town in France, the streets far wider; he estimates it of the size of Orleans.

After dinner we went to see the fencing in a public hall, where there was a great crowd. You pay on entering, as you do at the mountebanks, and, besides that, for seats on the benches. They were fighting with the poniard, the two-handed sword, the staff with two ends, and the cutlass; we afterwards saw some matches at crossbow and long-bow shooting, in a place even more magnificent than that at Schaffhausen.

Thence, at one of the gates of the town, through which we had entered, we observed that under the bridge we had passed over, there runs a great channel of water, which, coming from outside the town, is conducted over a wooden bridge, beneath that used for walking, and above the river which flows through the town moat. This channel of water sets in motion certain very numerous wheels, which work several pumps, and by means of two leaden pipes raise the water of the fountain, which here lies very low, to the top of a tower, at least fifty feet high. Here the water discharges itself into a large stone vessel, and from this vessel descends through a number of pipes, and thence is distributed all over the town, which is, by this means alone, quite peopled with

[1] The Fuggers, a famous banking family, descended from Johann Fugger, who started as a weaver at Augsburg in 1368. In a letter written in 1535, Rabelais, speaking of one Philip Strozzi, remarks: 'Next to the Fuggers of Augsburg in Germany, he is considered the richest merchant in Christendom'.

fountains. Private individuals who desire a runnel for themselves are allowed to have it on payment to the town of a rent of ten florins a year, or two hundred florins in a single payment. It is now forty years ago since the town was first adorned with this rich work.

Marriages of Catholics and Lutherans are quite common, the more eager party submitting to the rules of the other; there are a thousand such marriages; our landlord was Catholic and his wife Lutheran.

They dust their glasses with a hair-duster, fixed to the end of a stick.

They say that there are very fine horses at forty or fifty crowns.

The corporation of the town did MM. d'Estissac and de Montaigne the honour of presenting them, when at their supper, with fourteen large vessels full of their wine, which was handed over to them by seven sergeants dressed in livery, and a superior officer of the town, whom they invited to supper—for that is the custom; and one has something given to the porters: it was a crown that was given them. The officer who supped with them told M. de Montaigne that there were three of them in the town whose duty it was to pay this compliment to strangers of some quality, and that for this reason they took pains to know their quality, in order, in accordance with that knowledge, to observe the ceremonies which are due to them; to some they give more wine than to others. To a duke, one of the burgomasters comes to offer the present: they took us for barons and knights. M. de Montaigne, for some reasons, had desired them to dissemble and not to tell their rank; and he walked all day quite by himself through the town: he thinks that that even served to make them be held in greater honour. It is an honour that all the towns in Germany have paid them.

When he passed through the church of Nôtre Dame, feeling very chilly (for the cold began to prick them when they left Kempten, and up to that time they had had the finest weather possible), he unwittingly had his handkerchief up to his nose: for he thought that, being alone and very plainly dressed, no one would notice him. When they were more intimate with him, they told him that the church people had thought his behaviour strange. Thus he committed the fault he most avoided, that of making himself noticeable by some action opposed to the taste of those who saw him; for, as much as in him lies, he adapts and conforms himself to the manners of the place where he happens to be—and he wore at Augsburg a fur cap when going about the town.

They say at Augsburg that they are free, not from mice, but from those big rats which infest the rest of Germany; and in that connection they tell many a miracle, attributing this privilege to one of their bishops who lies buried there; and with the earth of his grave, which they sell in little lumps the size of hazel-nuts, they say they can drive away this vermin wherever it is carried.

On the Monday we went to see, in the church of Nôtre Dame, the ceremony of marriage of a rich and ugly young lady of the town with an agent of the Fuggers, a Venetian; we saw no pretty women there.

The Fuggers, who are many, and all very rich, occupy the principal positions in the town. We also saw two of the rooms in their house; one was lofty, large, paved with marble; the other, low, was rich in antique and modern medallions, with a small chamber at the end. They were among the richest apartments I have ever seen.

We also witnessed the dancing of the company; it was all *Allemandes*; they break off every now and then, and the gentlemen lead the ladies back to their seats; the latter sit on benches which are along the sides of

the room, in two rows, covered with red cloth; the hes and the shes do not mix. After a short pause the gentleman goes to take his partner out again; he kisses his hand to her; the lady receives the gentleman, but does not kiss her hand; then passing his hand under her armpit he embraces her, so that they are cheek to cheek, and the lady puts her right hand on his shoulder. The men dance and converse with the ladies bare-headed and not very richly dressed.[1]

We saw other houses of these Fuggers in other parts of the town, which is beholden to them for the great expense they incur in embellishing it; they are pleasure-houses for the summer. In one we saw a clock which is worked by the motion of water, which serves as a counterpoise. In the same place were two large fish-ponds, under cover, full of fish, twenty paces square. On all the four sides of each pond are many little pipes, some straight, others bent upwards; through all these pipes the water pours into these fish-ponds in a very agreeable manner, some discharging the water in a straight line, the others shooting up to the height of a pike. Between these two ponds there is a space ten paces wide, floored with planks, through which planks go a number of brass jets which cannot be seen. While the ladies are absorbed in looking at the fishes disporting themselves, you let go some spring: immediately the water spouts up from all these pipes in minute, strong jets to a man's height, and fills the petticoats and thighs of the ladies with this refreshing coolness. In another place, where there is a pleasant fountain-pipe, whilst you are looking at it, any one that likes can open the passage of little invisible tubes, which from a hundred places spurt water into your face in little threads; and there is this Latin sentence: *Quaesisti nugas, nugis*

[1] The manners of a German ball-room appear to have changed very little during three hundred years. Omitting the hand-kissing, Montaigne's description might have been written in 1880.

gaudeto repertis.[1] There is also an aviary, twenty paces square, and twelve or fifteen feet high, closed on all sides with well-knitted and interlaced wirework; inside, ten or twelve fir-trees and a fountain; this is all full of birds. We saw some Polish, or, as they call them, Indian pigeons, which I have seen elsewhere; they are large, and have a beak like a partridge.

We also saw the ingenuity of a gardener who, foreseeing the ravage done by frost, had transplanted into a little covered shed abundance of artichokes, cabbages, lettuces, spinach, endive and other plants which he had gathered as if to be eaten on the spot; and, by putting their roots into a certain sort of earth, had hopes of keeping them fresh and good for two or three months. And, in fact, he had at that time a hundred artichokes, not in the least withered, and yet they had been gathered for more than six weeks. We also saw a bent leaden instrument, open at both sides, and pierced; having once filled this with water, holding both holes up, you suddenly and dexterously turn it upside down, so that one end drinks out of a vessel full of water, and the other discharges it outside; having set this stream going, the result is that, to avoid the vacuum, the water incessantly fills the tube and runs out.[2]

The arms of the Fuggers are a shield divided in the middle; on the left, a fleur-de-lys azure on a field or; on the right, a fleur-de-lys or on a field azure; which the Emperor Charles the Fifth gave them when he ennobled them.

We went to see some people who were leading two ostriches from Venice to the Duke of Saxony; the

[1] 'You were in search of trifling amusements; take them and make much of them.' These practical jokes, which are repeated in other gardens that Montaigne visited, were no doubt regarded by him as 'trifling amusements'. They may still be indulged in in the royal gardens of the Alcazar palace in Seville (and possibly elsewhere), where the attendants have not the doubtful taste to play them upon visitors.

[2] A description of the syphon.

male is the blacker of the two, and has a red neck; the female more greyish, and laid abundance of eggs. They were leading them on foot, and say that their beasts got less tired than they, and would escape from them every now and then; but they hold them fast by a collar, which girds them over the reins above the thighs, and another above the shoulder, encircling the whole body, and they have two long leashes with which to stop or turn them as they please.

On the Tuesday, by a singular courtesy of the Seigneurs of the town, we were shown a postern which is in the said town, through which they admit, at all hours of the night, any person who wishes to enter, whether on foot or horseback, provided he gives his name and that of the person to whom he is addressed in the town, or the name of the hostelry he is seeking. Two trusty men, paid by the town, control this entry. People on horseback pay two *batzen* to enter, and those on foot one. The door which leads outside is a door sheathed with iron; at the side there is a piece of iron attached to a chain, which piece of iron is pulled. This chain, having a long way to go with many turnings, ends in the bedroom of one of the porters, which is very high up, and strikes a bell. The porter, from his bed and in his shirt, by means of certain machinery which he moves backwards and forwards, opens this first door, distant a good hundred paces from his room. The man who has entered finds himself on a bridge of forty feet or thereabouts, quite under cover, which is above the town-moat; along this bridge is a wooden channel, along which the machinery moves which opens this first door, which immediately shuts again on those who have entered. When this bridge is passed, you find yourself in a little place where you speak with this first porter, and tell him your name and address. Having heard it, the latter, with a bell, gives notice

to his mate, who is lodged on a lower floor of the gate-tower, where there is a large apartment; and he, by a spring which is in a gallery adjoining his room, opens, in the first place, a small iron barrier, and then, by means of a big wheel, raises the drawbridge, without any of these movements being perceived: for they are carried on in the thickness of the walls and doors; and straightway all that is again closed with a great clatter. Beyond the bridge a large door, very thick, opens, which is of wood and reinforced with many big sheets of iron. The stranger finds himself in a large room, and all the way sees no one to speak to. After he is shut up in this room, they open to him another similar door, and he enters a second large room, in which there is a light; here he finds a brass vessel hanging down by a chain; into this he puts the money which he owes for his passage. This money is pulled up by the porter: if he is not satisfied, he leaves him to catch cold there till morning; if he is satisfied, as he is usually, he opens in the same way another large door, similar to the others, which closes as soon as he has passed through: and there he is in the town. It is one of the most artful things you can see. The Queen of England has sent an ambassador for the express purpose of requesting the Seignory to disclose the mode of working the machines; but they say that they refused to do so. Under this gate-tower there is a vault, large enough to house five hundred horse under cover, to receive succour, or send to the war without the knowledge of the community.

From there we went to see the church of the Holy Cross, which is a very fine one. They make a great fuss here about a miracle, which took place nearly a hundred years ago, of a woman who would not swallow the body of our Lord, and having taken it out of her mouth and put it, wrapped in wax, into a box, confessed, and the whole was found to be

changed into flesh. For which they advance abundance of testimonies; and this miracle is recorded in several places in Latin and in German. They show under crystal that wax, and a little lump besides, of the redness of flesh.[1] This church is roofed with copper, like the house of the Fuggers, and that is not very uncommon here.

The church of the Lutherans immediately adjoins this church, for, as elsewhere too, they are lodged and have built themselves in, as it were, in the cloisters of the Catholic churches. At the door of this church they have placed the image of Our Lady holding Jesus Christ, with other saints and some children, and these words: *Sinite parvulos venire ad me*, etc.

In our inn there was a machine of pieces of iron which dropped to the bottom of a very deep well in two places; and then a boy at the top, working a certain instrument, raising and lowering these pieces of iron two or three feet, they beat and press the water at the bottom of this well, one after another, and, propelling the water with their valves, force it to gush through a leaden channel which gives it out to the kitchens and wherever it is needed. They keep a whitewasher in their pay, who immediately passes his brush over any part of the walls that has been blackened.

They serve us up pasties, large and small, in earthenware vessels of the colour and quite the shape of pie-crust. There occur few meals in which you are not offered comfits and boxes of sweetmeats; the bread the most excellent possible; the wines good, which in this country are more often white; none is grown around Augsburg, and they have it sent from a distance of five or six days' journeys. Of a hundred

[1] Montaigne describes a number of 'miracles' during his travels, but, as we may gather from the *Essays*, with the *Credat Judaeus Apella* at the back of his mind. See the *Essays*, vol. i. pp. 98, 107; vol. ii. p. 499.

florins that the innkeepers spend on wine, the republic claims sixty, and a half less from any private individual who buys it only for his own provision.

They have besides, in many places, the custom of putting perfumes in bed- and dining-rooms.

The town was originally entirely Zwinglian. Afterwards, the Catholics having been recalled, the Lutherans took the second place; at the present day the Catholics are greater in authority and much fewer in number. M. de Montaigne also paid a visit to the Jesuits, and found some very learned ones.

Wednesday morning, 29th of October, we breakfasted there. M. de Montaigne much regretted leaving, being a day's journey from the Danube without seeing it, and the town of Ulm, which he will pass by, and from a bath half a day's journey beyond, which is called Sauerbrunnen. It is a bath, in a flat country, of cold water, which is warmed when used for drinking or bathing. It has a certain prickliness to the taste, which makes it pleasant to drink, good for maladies of the head and stomach: a noted bath, and a place where you are very magnificently lodged in well-appointed inns, as at Baden, so we were told; but the winter-time was rapidly advancing, and then the road was quite in the opposite direction, and we should have had to retrace our steps to Augsburg; and M. de Montaigne was greatly averse to going the same road twice.

I left an escutcheon of the arms of M. de Montaigne in front of the door of the dining-room where he lodged; which was very well painted, and cost me two crowns for the painter, and twenty sous for the carpenter.

The town is washed by the river Lech, *Lycus*. We travelled through a very pretty country, fertile in corn, and came to sleep at

Bruck, five leagues, a big village in a very fine situation in the duchy of Bavaria, Catholic. We left

next morning, which was Thursday, 20th of October; and after continuing through a wide plain of corn-fields (for this district has no vines), and then a prairie, as far as the sight could reach, and came to dine at

Munich, four leagues, a town about the size of Bordeaux, chief town of the duchy of Bavaria, where they have their principal residence, on the river Isar, *Ister*. It has a fine castle, and the finest stables I ever saw, either in France or Italy, vaulted, to house two hundred horses. It is a town strongly Catholic, populous, handsome, devoted to trade.

From a day's journey above Augsburg you may reckon on spending four livres a day, horse and man, and forty sous a footman at the lowest.

We found here curtains in our rooms and no testers; and for the rest everything very neat. They cleaned their floors with sawdust, which they boil.

Throughout this country they slice turnips and radishes with the same care, and press them, as they thresh corn; and when they have collected a quantity, seven or eight men, having in each hand large knives, beat upon them in measure, in vessels like our wine-presses; that serves them, like their head-cabbages, for salting for the winter. They fill, not their gardens but their fields in the country, with these two products, and have harvests of them.

The Duke, who is here now, married the sister of M. de Lorraine, and has by her two biggish boys and a girl. There are two brothers in the same town; and on the day we were there they had gone to the chase, ladies and all. On the Friday morning we left there, and, through the forests of the said Duke, saw an infinite number of fallow deer in flocks, like sheep; and came in one stage to

Kinief,[1] six leagues, a miserable little village in the said duchy. The Jesuits, who rule strongly in this

[1] Icking?

district, have set on foot a great movement, which has drawn upon them the hatred of the people, for having forced the priests to turn off their concubines, under great penalties; and, to see them complain of it, it would seem that that was formerly so much tolerated in them that they practised it as if it were a lawful thing; and they are still after making remonstrances about it to the Duke.

We had here the first eggs we have had served up to us in Germany on a fish-day, or otherwise than cut up into quarters in salads. They also gave us wooden goblets, ribbed like barrels, with several silver ones. A lady of gentle birth in this village sent M. de Montaigne some of her wine.

Early on the Saturday morning we left this place; and, after encountering on our right hand the river Isar, and a large lake at the foot of the Bavarian mountains, and having ascended after an hour's ride a little mountain, on the top of which is an inscription to the effect that a Duke of Bavaria had cut through the rock a hundred years ago, or thereabouts, we were entirely swallowed up in the bowels of the Alps, by an easy, commodious and pleasingly kept up road, the fine and calm weather favouring us. On descending this little mountain we came upon a very fine lake, a Gascon league long and as much broad, surrounded on all sides by very high and inaccessible mountains; and, still pursuing this route at the foot of the mountains, here and there came upon little plains of meadow-land, on which are very pleasing dwelling-houses, and came to sleep at

MITTENWALD, a little village belonging to the Duke of Bavaria, rather well situated along the river Isar. We had here served up to us the first chestnuts we had in Germany, and quite raw. There is a vapour-bath in the hostelry, where travellers are wont to be sweated, for a *batzen* and a half. I went there while Messieurs were at supper. There was an

abundance of Germans who were being cupped and bled.

Next day, Sunday morning, 23rd of October, we continued along this path between the mountains, and came upon a gate and a house which closes the pass. It is the entrance to the county of Tyrol, which belongs to the Archduke of Austria; we came to dine at

SEEFELD, a little village and abbey, three leagues; pleasant situation. The church is rather fine, famous for this miracle: In 1384 an individual, who is named and described in every particular, not satisfied on Easter day with the common host, asked for the great one, and having it in his mouth the ground opened beneath him, where he was swallowed up to the neck, and he held on with his hands to the edge of the altar; the priest took that host out of his mouth. They still show the hole covered with an iron grating, and the altar which took the impression of the man's fingers, and the host, which is all reddish, as though from drops of blood.

We found here too a recently written account, in Latin, of a Tyrolean who, having a few days before swallowed a piece of meat which stuck in his throat, and being unable for three days either to force it down or throw it up, made a vow and came to this church, where he was forthwith cured.

On leaving there we found, at this height where we were, some pretty villages; and then, having made a half-hour's descent, we came upon a pretty little market-town at the foot of it, well situated, and above, on a precipitous and apparently inaccessible rock, a fine castle,[1] commanding the road by which we had descended, which is narrow and cut out of the rock; it is a little too narrow for an ordinary waggon, which is indeed the case in several other parts of these mountains; so that the waggoners who

[1] Fragenstein.

land here are accustomed to reduce the ordinary waggons by at least a foot. Beyond we found a valley of great length, through which flows the river Inn, which runs into the Danube at Vienna. It is called in Latin *Aenus*. It is a five or six days' journey from Innsbruck to Vienna.

This valley appeared to present to M. de Montaigne the most agreeable landscape he had ever seen; now contracting itself, the mountains crowding together, and then widening out, now on one side, we being on the left of the river, and gaining land for ploughing and cultivating on the very slopes of the hills which are not so steep, now on the other side; and then disclosing fields on two or three levels, one over the other, and the whole covered with handsome gentlemen's houses and churches: and all this shut and walled in on all sides by mountains of infinite height. On our side we discovered upon a rocky hill[1] a crucifix, to which it is impossible any man could have gone without the artificial aid of ropes, by means of which he could let himself down from above. They say that the Emperor Maximilian, grandfather of Charles V., having gone hunting, lost himself in these mountains, and as a witness of the danger he had escaped he had this image erected. This story is also painted in the town of Augsburg, in the hall used by the crossbow-men. In the evening we reached

INNSBRUCK, three leagues, chief town of the county of Tyrol, *Aenopontum* in Latin. Here resides Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria; a very pretty little town and very well built, in the depth of this valley, full of fountains and rivulets, which is a very ordinary commodity in the towns we have seen in Germany and Switzerland. The houses are almost all built in terrace form. We lodged at the *Rose*, a very good house; they gave us pewter plates. As to nap-

[1] The Martinswand; the incident took place in 1493.

kins in the French fashion, we had already had them a few days before. Some of the beds had curtains round them; and to show the humour of the nation, they were handsome and rich, of some kind of linen, cut and open-worked, for the rest short and skimpy; in short quite unfitted for the purpose we put them to; and a little tester of about three fingers' width, with plenty of tassels. They gave me for M. de Montaigne sheets edged all round with rich white lace-work, four fingers deep.

Here, as in most of the other towns of Germany, there are men in the streets who all night call out the hours that have struck.

Wherever we have been they have the custom of serving up fish with the meat; but on fish-days, on the contrary, they do not serve up meat, at least not to us. On the Monday we left this place, coasting the said river Inn on our left hand, along that beautiful plain. We came to dine at

HALL, two leagues, and made this journey solely to see it. This is a little town like Innsbruck, the size of Libourne, or thereabouts, on the said river, which we recrossed by a bridge. It is here they obtain the salt which provides all Germany; and every week they make nine hundred loaves of it, at a crown apiece. These loaves are the thickness of a half hogs-head, and nearly of that shape; for the vessel which they use as a mould is of that kind. This belongs to the Grand-duke; but the expenses are very great. For the service of this salt I saw there more wood collected together than I ever saw anywhere else; for in a number of large cauldrons made of iron plates, thirty good paces in circumference, they boil this salt water from which they extract their salt, which comes from a distance of two good leagues, from one of the neighbouring mountains.

There are several fine churches here, especially those of the Jesuits, which M. de Montaigne visited,

as at Innsbruck he had visited the churches of other Jesuits, who are magnificently lodged and provided for.

After dinner we again saw that side of the river, as in that place there is a handsome house, the residence of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria,[1] whose hand M. de Montaigne wanted to kiss; and he had called there in the morning, but found that he was busy in council, according to what a certain count told him. After dinner we recrossed and found him in a garden; at least we thought we caught a glimpse of him. However that may have been, those who went to tell him that Messieurs were there and the occasion, brought back word that he begged they would excuse him; but that on the morrow he would be more at leisure; that in any case, if they had any need of his favour, they might communicate it to a certain Milanese count. This coolness, added to their not permitting them even to see the castle, somewhat offended M. de Montaigne; and when he made complaint of it on the same day to one of the officers of the household, he was answered that the said prince had replied that he was not fond of seeing the French and that the house of France was hostile to his. We returned to

Innsbruck, two leagues. Here we saw in a church eighteen very fine effigies in bronze,[2] of princes and princesses of the house of Austria. We went also to assist at a supper-party given by the Cardinal of Austria and the Marquis of Burgaut, sons of the said Archduke and a concubine,[3] daughter of a merchant of the town of Augsburg, whom, after having had these two sons and no others, he had married in

[1] Schloss Ambras.

[2] The marble sarcophagus of the Emperor Maximilian I. in the church of the Franciscans (Hofkirche) is surmounted by his statue in bronze, and surrounded by colossal bronze statues, now to the number of 28.

[3] Philippine Welser.

order to legitimise them; and in the same year the said woman passed away. The whole court is still in mourning for her.

Their serving was nearly like that of our princes; the hall was hung with black cloth, as were also the dais and the chairs. The Cardinal is the elder, and is, I believe, not yet twenty. The Marquis drinks only hydromel, and the Cardinal much-diluted wine. They have no cadenas, and the courses are served in our fashion. When they take their seats, they do so at a short distance from the table, and it is moved up to them ready laden with viands, the Cardinal at the head; for the head with them is always the right side.

We saw in this palace some tennis-courts and a rather fine garden. This Archduke is a great builder and contriver of such commodities. We saw at his place ten or a dozen field-pieces, carrying a ball about the size of a large goose-egg, mounted on wheels as richly gilded as it is possible to see, and the pieces themselves are gilt all over; they are only wood, but the muzzle is covered with an iron plate, and all the inside is lined with the same plate; one man can carry one on his back, and fires them not so often, but they make almost as big a bang as if they were cast in metal.

At his castle, in the fields, we saw two oxen of an unusual size, all grey with white heads, which M. de Ferrara had given him; for the said Duke of Ferrara is married to one of his sisters, the Duke of Florence to another, the Duke of Mantua to another. He had three at Hall, who were called the three Queens; for the daughters of the Emperor are given those titles, as others are called Countesses or Duchesses by reason of their estates, and they give them the surnames of the kingdoms possessed by the Emperor. Of the three, two are dead; the third is still there, whom M. de Montaigne could not see: she is shut up like a nun, and has gathered together and established

the Jesuits there. It is thought here that the Archduke cannot leave his estates to his children, and that they revert to the successors to the Empire; but they could not explain the reason to us, and what they say of his wife does not appear likely, seeing that she was not of a suitable lineage; because he married her everyone thinks that she was legitimate, as well as the children; however that may be, he has amassed many crowns, in order to have something to give them.

On the Tuesday morning we left and resumed our journey, crossing that plain and following the mountain-path. At a league from the inn we ascended a little mountain to the height of an hour's ride, by an easy road. On our left we had a view of several other mountains, which, for having a more extended and gentler incline, were covered with villages and churches, and were for the most part cultivated to the summit, very agreeable to see on account of the diversity and variety of the situations. The hills on the right hand were a little wilder, and only in a few spots were there any habitations. We crossed several streams, or torrents, running in different directions; and on our way, both on the heights and at the foot of our mountains, we found numerous big and little towns and villages and many pretty hostelries, and among other things, two castles and gentlemen's houses on our left hand.

About four leagues from Innsbruck, on our right, on a very narrow road, we came upon a bronze tablet, richly worked, fixed to a rock, with this Latin inscription: 'That the Emperor Charles Fifth, returning from Spain and Italy, after receiving the Imperial crown, and Ferdinand, King of Hungary and Bohemia, his brother, coming from Pannonia, seeking each other after having been eight years without seeing one another, met on this spot in the year 1530, and that Ferdinand ordered this memorial to be made,' where they are represented embracing each

other.[1] A little way further, passing under a gateway that encloses the road, we discovered upon it some Latin verses, making mention of the passage of the said Emperor, and his lodging at this place, after he had taken the King of France, and Rome.[2]

M. de Montaigne said that he was greatly pleased with this gorge, on account of the variety of the objects which presented themselves, and we found no discomfort there except the thickest and most intolerable dust we had ever experienced, which accompanied us in this mountain pass.[3] Ten hours after (M. de Montaigne said that this was one of his stages; it is true that his habit, whether he was to halt on the road or not, is to give the horses a feed of oats before starting from the inn in the morning) we arrived, and he fasting all the time, late at night at

STERZING, seven leagues, a little town in the said county of Tyrol, rather pretty, above which, a quarter of a league off, there is a fine new castle. They gave us there at table rolls of bread, quite round, joined together. Throughout Germany the mustard is served up in a liquid state, and has the flavour of the French white mustard. The vinegar everywhere is white. They grow no wine in these mountains; but indeed corn in almost sufficient abundance for the inhabitants; but they drink very good white wines.

There is the very greatest security in all these passes, and they are extremely frequented by merchants, carriers and carters.

Instead of the cold for which this pass is decried we had an almost intolerable heat.

The women in these parts wear cloth bonnets quite like our *toques*,[4] and their hair hanging in

[1] This monument seems to be still in existence in the defile called the Lueg Pass.

[2] At the battle of Pavia. [3] The Brenner Pass.

[4] *Toque*: a (fashion of) bonnet, a cap (somewhat like our old courtier's velvet cap) worn ordinarily by scholars, and some old men.—Cotgrave.

plaits, as elsewhere; M. de Montaigne, coming across a young and pretty girl in a church, asked her whether she could not speak Latin, thinking she was a schoolboy.

There were curtains to the beds here, of coarse linen dyed red, divided into strips of four fingers' width, the one being of full linen, the other of drawn threads. In all our travels through Germany we found no bedroom or dining-room that was not wainscoted, the ceilings being very low.

M. de Montaigne had the colic this night for two or three hours, very sharp, as he told us in the morning; and on rising in the morning he passed a stone of middling size, which broke easily. It was yellowish on the outside, and more whitish inside when broken. He had caught a cold the day before, and felt indisposed. He had not had the colic since those at Plombières. This one partially removed a suspicion he had, that at the said Plombières more gravel had descended into the bladder than he had got rid of, and he feared that some matter had been arrested which had become firmly fixed; but seeing that he had got rid of this one, he thinks it reasonable to suppose that it would have attached itself to the others, if there had been any. As soon as we started he complained of his loins, which was the reason, he said, why he had prolonged this stage, thinking he would feel more relieved on horseback than he had been elsewhere.

In this town he sent for the schoolmaster, to entertain him with his Latin; but he was a fool from whom he could get no information about the things of the country.

Next day after breakfast, which was Wednesday, 26th of October, we left there through a plain half a quarter of a league wide, having the Eisach on our right side. This plain went on for about two leagues, and we saw on the neighbouring mountains a number of cultivated and inhabited spots, and often in places

the approaches to which we could not conjecture. On this road there are four or five castles. We crossed the river afterwards over a wooden bridge, and followed it on the other side. We came across a number of pioneers dressing the roads, merely because they were stony, something like those in Périgord. After this, passing through a stone gateway, we ascended a height where we found a plain, a league or thereabouts, and discovered, on the other side of the river, another plain at an equal height, but both barren and stony. The rest of the country along the river beneath us consisted of very fine prairies. We went on, without stopping, to sup at

Brixen, four leagues, a very pretty little town through which flows that river under a wooden bridge; it is the residence of a bishop. We saw here two very handsome churches, and were lodged at the *Eagle*, a fine inn. The plain in which the town is situated is not very wide, but the mountains round about, especially on our left hand, extend in so gentle an incline that they can be combed and curled to the very ears. All seems to be filled with steeples and villages well up the mountain-side, and near the town numbers of fine houses, very pleasantly built and situated.

M. de Montaigne said 'he had all his life distrusted other people's judgments with regard to the amenities of foreign countries; as every man's tastes are regulated by habit or the usages of his village, and that he had attached very little importance to the information given him by travellers; but when he came to this place, he wondered more than ever at their stupidity, having been told, and especially on this journey, that the passes of the Alps in this part of the country were full of difficulties, that the manners of the people were uncouth, that the roads were impassable, the inns savage places, the climate insupportable. As to the climate he thanked God

that he had found it so mild, inclining rather to an excess of heat than of cold; and throughout his journey up to this time we had had but three days of cold, and about an hour's rain. But that in all other respects, if he wished to take his daughter, a girl only eight years old, on an excursion, he would as soon take her on this road as along one of the walks in his garden. As to the inns, he had never been in a country where they were so thickly scattered and so fine, having always put up in handsome towns well supplied with provisions and wine, and at a more reasonable rate than anywhere else.'

They have a mode of turning the spit here which was by a machine with several wheels, by which a cord was forcibly wound round a large iron vessel. When this was let loose, its recoil was arrested, so that the movement lasted nearly an hour, and then it had to be wound up again; as to smoke-jacks, we had already seen several. They have so great an abundance of iron that, besides that all their windows are grated, and in divers fashions, their doors, even their shutters, are covered with iron plates.

Here we again came upon vineyards, which we had lost sight of before Augsburg.

Hereabouts most of the houses are vaulted on every floor; and, what they cannot do in France they do in Germany, they make use of pantiles to cover very steep roofs, even on the steeples. Their tiles are smaller and more hollow, and in some places plastered at the joints.

We left Brixen on the following morning, and came to that same very open valley; and the hillsides most part of the way were adorned with a number of handsome houses. Keeping the river Eisach on our left, we passed through a little town where there are many artisans of all kinds, called Klausen; from there we came to dine at

KOLMANN, three leagues, a little village where the

Archduke has a pleasure-house. Here we were served in goblets of painted earthenware, as well as in silver ones, and they cleaned their window-panes with white salt; and the first course was served in a very neat little frying-pan, which they placed on the table with a little iron implement to support it and raise its tail. In this frying-pan were eggs poached in butter.

On leaving this place the road cramped us a little, and some rocks crowded so closely upon us that the path was hardly wide enough for us and the river together; we were in danger of colliding, if they had not built between the river and the wayfarers a protecting wall, which in divers places extends for more than a German league. Although most of the mountains which stood around us were wild rocks, some of them massive, others split up and broken by the flow of the torrents, others scaling away and dropping innumerable fragments of astonishing size (I should think it is dangerous here in very stormy weather), as elsewhere, we also saw whole forests of pine-trees which had been torn up from their footing, dragging with them in their fall little mountains of earth clinging to their roots. And yet the country is so populous that above these first mountains we saw others higher up, cultivated and inhabited; and we heard that on those heights there are broad and lovely plains, which furnish corn to the towns below them, and very wealthy labourers, and fine houses.

We passed the river over a wooden bridge, of which there are several, and put it on our left. We descried, among others, a castle on the most eminent and inaccessible mountain height that offered itself to our sight, which they say belongs to a baron of the country, who resides there and possesses up there a fine estate and fine hunting-grounds. Beyond all these mountains there is still a border of the Alps; those they leave in peace, and they check the outlet

from this pass, in such a way that we had continually to return to the course of our stream, and emerge again at one of the ends.

The Archduke derives from this county of Tyrol, the whole revenue of which consists of these mountains, three hundred thousand florins a year; and has more of the wherewithal from these than from all the rest of his property. We once more passed the river over a stone bridge, and came in good time to

Botzen, four leagues, a town of the size of Libourne, on the said river, very disagreeable compared with the others in Germany; so much so that M. de Montaigne exclaimed 'that he saw very clearly that he was beginning to leave Germany': the streets narrower, and no handsome public squares. There still remained fountains, rivulets, paintings and glass windows.

There is so great an abundance of wine that they supply all Germany. The best bread in the world is eaten all about these mountains.

We saw the church here, which is one of the handsomest. Among others there is a wooden organ; it is high up, near the crucifix, before the high altar, and yet the person who plays it sits more than twelve feet below it, at the foot of the pillar to which it is joined; and the bellows are outside the walls of the church, more than fifteen paces behind the organist, supplying the wind from under the ground.

The open space in which this town stands is scarcely more than sufficient to contain it; but the mountains, especially those on our right hand, open their flank a little and leave more room for the town.

From this place M. de Montaigne wrote to François Hottoman, whom he had seen at Basel, 'that he had had so much pleasure in his visit to Germany that he left it with great regret, although it was Italy he was going to; that foreigners had to suffer the ex-

actions of innkeepers there as elsewhere, but that he thought this might be corrected by one who was not at the mercy of guides and interpreters, who sell them and participate in the profits. In all other respects it seemed to him replete with comforts and civilities, and especially with justice and security.'

We left Botzen on the Friday morning early, and came to give a measure of oats, and to breakfast at

BRANZOL, two leagues, a little village above which the river Eisach, which had accompanied us so far, comes to mingle with that of the Adige, which flows on to the Adriatic Sea, with a broad and tranquil current, no longer like those which we had met with in the mountains above, noisy and furious. So this plain, as far as Trent, begins somewhat to widen, and the mountains to lower their horns a little in some parts; and yet they are less fertile on their flanks than the preceding ones. There are some marshes in this valley, which close in the road, the rest very easy, and almost always at the bottom of the valley, and level.

Two leagues after leaving Branzol we came to a big town, where there was a great concourse of people by reason of a fair. Farther on another village, well built, called Salurn, where the Archduke has a small castle, on our left hand, in a strange position, on the crest of a rock. We came to sleep at

TRENT, five leagues, a town somewhat larger than Agen, and not very pleasant, having entirely lost the charm of the German towns: the streets mostly narrow and tortuous. About two leagues before arriving there we entered the language of Italy. This town is equally divided between the two languages, and there is a quarter of the town and church which they call of the Germans, and a preacher of their language. As to the new religions, there is no talk of them after Augsburg. Trent is situated on the river Adige. We saw there the cathedral, which appears to

be a very ancient structure,[1] and very near it there is a square tower which gives evidence of great antiquity.[1] We saw the new church of Our Lady, where our Council was held. In this church is an organ, the gift of a private individual, exceedingly fine, raised up on a marble structure, elaborately carved, with numerous excellent statues, and notably with certain little boys who sing. This church was built, as it tells us, in the year 1520, by Bernardus Clesius, Cardinalis, who was bishop of this city and a native of this same place.[2]

This used to be a free town, and under the charge and rule of the Bishop. Afterwards, in the stress of a war against the Venetians, they called in the Count of Tyrol to their assistance, in return for which he has retained a certain authority and right over their city. The Bishop and he are at strife, but the Bishop, who is at present Cardinal Madruccio, holds possession.

M. de Montaigne said that he had taken note of the way of citizens who have laid the town of their birth under obligation: at Augsburg the Fuggers, to whom are due most of the embellishments of that town, for they have filled all the street corners with their palaces, and the churches with many works; and this Cardinal Clesius, for, besides this church and many streets that he restored at his own expense, he made a very fine addition to the castle of the town.[3] Outside it is no great thing, but the interior is as well furnished, painted and richly decorated, and as comfortable as it is possible to see. On all the panels down below are numerous rich paintings and

[1] The cathedral appears to have been originally a Roman basilica; the tower is known by the name of *La Torre di Piazza.*

[2] The Council of Trent was held in the church of S. Maria Maggiore in 1545–63. The organ, which is remarkable for its sculpture, is the work of Vincenzo Vicentino.

[3] The *Castello del Buon Consiglio*, formerly a seat of the Prince-bishops, now a barrack.

devices; the boss very elaborately carved and gilt; the floor of a certain earth, hardened and painted like marble, partly arranged in our fashion, partly in the German way, with stoves. Among others is one of earthenware, burnished like brass, made in the likeness of several large human figures, which receive the heat into their limbs; and one or two of them, near a wall, give out the water which comes from the fountain in the court very far below: it is a fine piece. We saw also, among other paintings on the ceiling, a nocturnal triumph by torchlight,[1] which M. de Montaigne greatly admired. There are two or three circular chambers; in one there is an inscription: 'this Clesius, in the year 1530, being sent to the coronation of the Emperor Charles V., which was performed by Pope Clement VII. on St. Matthew's Day, as ambassador from Ferdinand, King of Hungary and Bohemia, Count of Tyrol, brother of the said Emperor, he being Bishop of Trent, he was made a Cardinal'; and all round the chamber he has caused to be placed and painted on the walls the arms and names of the gentlemen who accompanied him on this journey, about fifty, all vassals of this bishopric, and counts or barons. There is also a trap-door in one of the apartments, by which he was able to slip into the town without passing through his doors. There are also two rich fireplaces.

He was a good Cardinal. The Fuggers built, but for their posterity;[2] this man for the public: for he has left this castle, with better than a hundred thousand crowns' worth of furniture, which is still there, to the

[1] The Triumph of Caesar.

[2] Montaigne had evidently not heard of the 'Fuggerei': 'In 1510 the Fuggers alone founded more than a hundred habitations in the suburb of St. James, quite like a little town, which were left to poor townspeople honestly and laboriously earning their living' (Münster). This colony is known by the name of the 'Fuggerei': and the tenants of the houses pay a nominal rent (about 4s. 2d. a year). Montaigne remarks besides that they enriched the churches. The good Cardinal appears to have built for the rich more than for the poor.

bishops who succeeded him; and in the public purse of the following bishops, a hundred and fifty thousand *thaler*, in ready money, which they use without prejudice to the capital; yet they have left his church of Our Lady unfinished, and him very meanly interred. Among other things, there are several life-like pictures and a great number of cartoons. The succeeding bishops use no other furniture in this castle—and there is furniture for the two seasons of winter and summer—and it cannot be alienated.

We are now going by the Italian mile, five of which come to a German mile; and they reckon twenty-four hours a day, without dividing them in the middle.[1] We lodged at the *Rose*, a good inn.

We left Trent Saturday after dinner, and followed a similar path in that valley, widened and flanked by lofty mountains, without any habitations, having the said river Adige on our right hand. We passed there a castle belonging to the Archduke, which covers the road, as we have also found elsewhere many similar constructions which hold the roads subject and enclosed; and arrived when it was already very late (and we had not hitherto had a taste of the night air, so well had we regulated our days' journeys) at

Roveredo, fifteen miles, a town belonging to the said Archduke. Here, in respect of lodging, we found ourselves back to our own form, and missed not only the cleanliness in the bedrooms and furniture of Germany, and their window-panes, but also their stoves, in which M. de Montaigne found much more comfort than in our open fireplaces.

In the matter of eatables, the crayfish here failed us, as to which M. de Montaigne remarked and greatly wondered that they had been served up to them at every meal since Plombières, and for nearly

[1] 'The day of 24 hours begins half an hour after sunset. If the night was 10 hours long, and the day 14 hours, they say the sun rises at 10 o'clock, and that it is noon at 17 o'clock.'—Lalande, *Voyage d'un Français en Italie dans les années 1765 et 1766.*

two hundred leagues of country. Here and along these mountains they very generally eat snails, much larger and fatter than in France, and not of so good a flavour. They eat also truffles, which they peel and slice up small into oil and vinegar, which are not bad. At Trent they served up some which had been kept a year. Here again, to M. de Montaigne's liking, we found plenty of oranges, lemons and olives.[1]

To the beds, curtains slit, either of cloth or a kind of serge, in broad bands and hitched up at intervals. M. de Montaigne also missed those feather-beds which are used as a covering in Germany. They are not beds such as ours, but of very fine down, enclosed in very white fustian in the good inns. The underbedding even in Germany is not like this, and cannot be used as a coverlid without discomfort.

I believe, in truth, that had he been alone with his attendants, he would rather have gone to Cracow or towards Greece by land, than have taken the trip to Italy; but the pleasure he took in visiting strange countries, which he found so great as to make him forget the weakness of his health and his age, he could not infuse into any of his party, all of whom only wanted to return home. He, on the other hand, was wont to say 'that after having spent a restless night, when in the morning he called to mind that he was going to visit a town or a new district, he would get up with eager desire and alacrity.'

I never saw him less tired, and never heard him complain less of his pains; his mind, both on the road and indoors, so on the alert for what he might encounter, and seeking every occasion for conversing with strangers, that I believe it made him forget his malady. When they complained to him that he often led the company by divers roads and districts, often

[1] Montaigne was fond of orange salad (*salade au sucre*), and his wife seems to have shared his taste, as may be gathered from letters she wrote to a Revd. Père Feuillant.

returning to very near the spot whence he had set out (which he used to do, either when he received information of something worth seeing or because he changed his mind according to the occasion), he would reply 'that for his part he went to no place except where he happened to be, and that he could not miss or go aside from his route, seeing that he had no plan but to go about to unknown places; and provided that he did not travel twice by the same road, or go twice to see the same place, he did not fail in carrying out his design. And as to Rome, which the others regarded as their goal, he was the less desirous of seeing that than other places, because everybody knew it; and there was not a lackey who could not give an account of Florence and Ferrara.' He also said 'that he appeared to himself like a person who is reading some amusing story or a fine book and begins to be afraid that he is getting towards the end of it; so he took such great pleasure in travelling that he hated the very approach to the place where he was to rest, and he formed several plans for travelling at his ease, if he could manage to be alone.'

On the Sunday morning, having a wish to inspect the Lago di Garda, out of which comes very excellent fish, which are noted in that country, he hired three horses for himself and the Seigneurs de Casalis and de Mattecoulon, at twenty *batzen* each; and M. d'Estissac hired two others for himself and the Sieur du Hautoy, and without any servant, leaving their own horses at this inn for that day, went to dinner at

Torbole, eight miles, a little village within the jurisdiction of the Tyrol. It is situated at the head of this great lake. At the other side of this head is a little town and castle, called La Riva, to which they were conveyed over the lake, which is five miles going and the same coming back. They made this trip with five rowers in three hours or thereabouts.

They saw nothing at the said La Riva but a tower,[1] which seems to be very ancient, and, by chance, the lord of the place, who is Signor Fortunato Madruccio, brother of the Cardinal who is at present Bishop of Trent. The view down the lake is boundless, for it is thirty-five miles long. The width, and all they could discover, did not exceed the said five miles. This head belongs to the County of Tyrol, but all the lower portion, on both sides, to the Signoria of Venice; and this abounds in fine churches and a plenitude of fine parks of olive, orange and other such fruit-trees. This lake is subject to extreme and furious agitations when the weather is stormy. Around the lake the mountains are more forbidding and barren than any others we had seen on the road, according to the report of the said gentlemen, who added that on leaving Roveredo they had passed the river Adige, and, leaving the road to Verona on their left, they had entered a low-lying valley, where they found a very long village and a little town; that it was the roughest road they had seen, and the scenery the wildest, owing to these same mountains, which obstructed the way. Leaving Torbole, they returned to supper at

Roveredo, eight miles. Here they put their baggage on one of those rafts which in Germany are called *flottes*,[2] to be conveyed to Verona on the said river Adige for a florin, and I had the charge next day of conveying it. At supper they gave us poached eggs for the first course, and a pike, with great abundance of every kind of flesh. Next day, which was Monday, they set out very early in the morning, and following this valley, which was rather populous but not very fertile, and flanked on both sides by

[1] Probably the watch-tower known as *La Rocca*, which was restored in 1850.

[2] *Flösse* in German; *flotte* seems to have been a French word, as Cotgrave has: *flotte de marrein*—a raft or float boat of timber joined together.

high, craggy and arid mountains, they came to dine at

Borghetto, fifteen miles, which is still in the County of Tyrol; this county is very large. In this connection, M. de Montaigne, enquiring whether it consisted of anything but this valley through which we had passed, and the mountain-tops which had offered themselves to our view, was answered, 'that there were many such mountain valleys as extensive and fertile, and other fine towns; that it was like a gown that we only see pleated, but that, if it were spread out, the Tyrol would be a very large country'.

We still had the river on our right hand. Leaving that place after dinner, we followed the same kind of road as far as Chiusa, which is a little fort which the Venetians have got possession of, in the hollow of a rock on this river Adige, along which we descended by a steep slope of massive rock, where the horses have a very insecure footing, and through the said fort, in which the Venetian State, whose jurisdiction we had entered a mile or two after leaving Borghetto, keeps twenty-five soldiers. They came to sleep at

Volargne, twelve miles, a little village and a wretched inn, as are all those on this road as far as Verona. From the castle here, a maiden lady, sister of the absent lord, sent M. de Montaigne some wine. Next morning they entirely lost the mountains on their right hand; and on their left, some hills which held together receded to a far distance. For a good time they travelled through a sterile plain, which, as they got nearer the said river, became rather better and fertile with vines perched upon trees, as they are in this country; and arrived on All Souls' Day, before mass, at

Verona, twelve miles, a city of the size of Poitiers, and having, like that town, a vast quay on the said river Adige, which flows through it, and on which it has three bridges. I also arrived here with my baggage.

Without the certificates of the *Sanità*, which they had taken at Trent and had confirmed at Roveredo, they could not have entered the city: and yet there was no rumour of danger of the plague; but it is a matter of custom, or of filching the few *quattrini* which they cost.

We went to see the cathedral, where M. de Montaigne thought the behaviour of the men strange, on such a day, at high mass: they talked in the very choir of the church, standing covered, with their backs turned to the altar, and looking as if they were not thinking of the service, except at the elevation. There was an organ, and some violins which accompanied it during mass. We also saw other churches, in which there was nothing singular: nor, among other things, in the dress and beauty of the women.

They were, among others, in the church of S. Giorgio, where the Germans have abundant testimony of their having been there, and a number of escutcheons. There is, among others, an inscription that certain German noblemen, having accompanied the Emperor Maximilian to take Verona from the Venetians, placed some work or other on an altar. He thought it remarkable that this Signoria should preserve in their city the evidence of their reverses; as they likewise preserve entire the brave tombs of the poor Seigneurs de l'Escale.[1] It is true that our host of the *Nag*, which is a very good inn, where we were entertained with superfluous abundance, at a cost of a fourth more than in France, enjoys possession of one of these tombs for his race.

We saw the castle there,[2] over the whole of which we were guided by the Castellano's lieutenant. The Signoria keep sixty soldiers there—more, as he was told on the spot, against the people of the town than against foreigners.

[1] Della Scala, better known as the Scaligers.
[2] The Castello San Pietro.

We also saw a convent of monks who call themselves the Jesuates of St. Jerome.[1] They are not priests, nor do they say mass or preach, and most of them are ignorant. They pride themselves on being excellent distillers of lemon-flower waters and similar waters, both there and elsewhere. They are clothed in white, with little white birettas and a gown of dark brown over it; many handsome young men.

Their church is very well fitted up and their refectory, where their table was already laid for supper. They saw there certain very old ruins, of the time of the Romans, which they said had been an amphitheatre; and they patch them up with other fragments which are uncovered beneath. On our return from there we found that they had perfumed their cloisters for our benefit, and made us enter a cabinet full of phials and earthenware vessels, and there they perfumed us.

The finest thing we saw in this place, and that he said was the finest building he had seen in his life, was a place they call the Arena. This is an oval amphitheatre, which seems almost entire—all the seats, all the arches and surrounding walls, with the exception of the furthest end of the outside portion: in short, there remains enough to disclose vividly the shape of those buildings and the use they were put to.[2] The Signoria are employing upon it a few fines paid by criminals, and are repairing a bit of it, but that is very far from enough to restore it completely; and he doubts very much whether the whole city is

[1] This order was founded by San Giovanni Colombini of Siena in 1363, confirmed by Pope Urban V., and suppressed in 1668 by Clement IX. at the request of the Republic of Venice, because of its extensive manufacture and sale of distilled liquors. They were first called *Gesuati*, on account of always having the name of Jesus on their lips; and were popularly known as the *Padri dell' acquavite*.

[2] The Arena is supposed to have been built by Diocletian towards the end of the third century A.D. In the *Essays*, vol. ii. pp. 336-8, Montaigne gives a vivid picture of the use it was put to.

equal to this work of restoration. It is oval in shape; there are forty-three tiers of steps, each a foot or more high, and it is about six hundred paces round at the top. The noblemen of the country still make use of it for jousting and other public pleasures.

We saw also the Jews, and he was in their synagogue and had a long talk with them about their ceremonies.

There are some very fine squares and some fine market-places. From the Castle, which stands high, we discerned Mantua in the plain, twenty miles off, on the right of our road. There is no lack of inscriptions, for no wretched gutter is repaired but they stick up, both in the town and on the roads, the name of the *Podestà* and of the artisan.[1] They have this in common with the Germans, that everybody has a coat of arms, tradesmen as well as others; and in Germany not only the cities, but most of the market-towns, have some sort of arms of their own.

We started from Verona, and as we were leaving it we saw the church of Our Lady of Miracles, which is famous for a number of strange incidents,[2] in consideration of which they are rebuilding it anew, of a very handsome circular form. The steeples here are roofed in many places with bricks, laid crosswise.

We passed through an extensive plain of varied character, now fertile, now otherwise, having the mountains a long way off on our left, and some on the right; and went on without stopping, to sup at

Vicenza, thirty miles. This is a large city, rather

[1] 'Fame does not prostitute herself so cheaply. The rare and exemplary deeds which deserve her would not tolerate the company of that numberless crowd of little everyday actions. The marble will exalt your titles as much as you please for having patched up a bit of old wall or cleaned out a public gutter; but men who have any sense will not.'—*Essays*, vol. ii. p. 494.

[2] Church of the *Madonna della Campagna*, which is round outside, with an octagonal interior, finished in 1586.

smaller than Verona, full of noblemen's palaces.[1] Next day we saw several churches, and the fair which was being held there in a large square, in numerous wooden booths which are erected on the spot for that purpose.

We also saw some Jesuates, who have a fine monastery here; and saw the shop in which they keep up a public sale of their waters, and had two of perfume for a crown: for they also make medicinal waters for all maladies. Their founder is [P. Urb.] S. Jan Colombini, a gentleman of Siena, who founded it in the year 1367. Cardinal di Pelveo is for the present their protector. They have no monasteries except in Italy, where they have thirty. They have a very handsome habitation. They flagellate themselves, they say, every day; each of them has his little chains in his place in their oratory, where they meet at certain hours and pray to God, without singing.

The old wines were already beginning to fail us, which alarmed me, because of his colic, when I thought of his drinking these muddy wines—which, however, are otherwise good. Those of Germany were already regretted, although they are mostly spiced, and are perfumed with various things which they consider dainty, especially sage; and they call that sage-wine, which is not so bad when you get used to it: for it is in other respects a good and generous wine.

We left this place on Thursday after dinner, and, by a very level, wide, straight road, ditched on both sides and a little raised, having on all sides a fertile soil—the mountains, as usual, visible a long way off—we came to sleep at

Padua, eighteen miles. The hostelries are in no respect comparable to those of Germany. It is true

[1] For the most part the work of Palladio, the last great architect of the Renaissance, who was a native of that city.

they are a third less dear, the prices being very nearly the same as in France. The city is of vast extent, and, I should say, encloses within its boundaries an area at least as big as that of Bordeaux. The streets narrow and ugly, very few people about, few handsome houses; its situation very pleasant, in an open plain extending to a far distance all around.

We were here all next day, and saw the fencing, riding and dancing schools, where there were more than a hundred French gentlemen, which M. de Montaigne thought a great disadvantage to the young men of our country who go there, inasmuch as this associating together accustoms them to the ways and language of their own nation and deprives them of the means of making acquaintance with foreigners.[1]

He thought the church of S. Antonio a handsome one; the roof is not in one piece, but in several cupola-like projections. There are numerous rare sculptures in marble and bronze. He regarded with approval the face of Cardinal Bembo, which reveals the amiability of his character and an indefinable refinement of intellect.

There is a large hall, the largest without pillars that I ever saw, in which justice is dispensed.[2] At one end is the head of Titus Livius—a lean face, suggesting a studious and melancholy man: an antique work that seems to want nothing but speech. His epitaph is there, too, which after its discovery they erected there to redound to their honour—and they were right.[3] Paulus, the jurist-consul, is there, too, over the door of this palace; but he thinks this a

[1] On this subject of the Frenchman abroad, see also the *Essays*, vol. ii. pp. 145, 454.

[2] The hall of the Palazzo della Ragione, now the Municipio, erected in the 12th century; the hall is 91 yards long and 20 wide, and 95 feet high.

[3] According to Baedeker, there is a tombstone to a freedman (T. Livius Halys) of the family of the historian; perhaps Montaigne took the epitaph to be that of Livy himself.

recent work. The house which is on the spot of the ancient Arena, is not unworthy to be seen, and its garden.

The students live reasonably, at the rate of seven crowns a month for the master and six for the valet, in the most respectable pensions.

We left there very early on the Saturday morning, and by a very fine causeway along the river, having on our flanks very fertile corn-fields, well shaded by trees sown in orderly rows between the fields, on which their vines are trained, and the road plentifully furnished with handsome pleasure-houses—and among others a house of those of the Contarini family, at the gate of which is an inscription that the King[1] lodged there on his return from Poland—we came to

Fusina, twenty miles, where we dined. This is only a hostelry where people take to the water to go to Venice. Here all the boats along the river land. By means of machines and pulleys which are turned by two horses after the manner of those that turn the oil-mills, these boats are transported, with wheels placed underneath, over a wooden plank and launched into the canal which runs to the sea where Venice stands. We dined there, and, having entered a gondola, came to sup at

Venice, five miles. Next day, which was Sunday morning, M. de Montaigne saw M. de Ferrier, the King's ambassador, who welcomed him cordially, took him to mass, and kept him to dinner. On the Monday, M. d'Estissac and he dined with him again. One thing among others that the said ambassador told him he thought strange: that he held no sort of communication with any man in the city, and that the people here are of so suspicious a humour that if one of their gentlemen were to speak twice with him,

[1] Henri III. of France, who was King of Poland for about five months.

they would hold him suspect;[1] and this, too: that the Signoria drew a revenue of fifteen hundred thousand crowns from the city.

For the rest, the curiosities of this city are sufficiently well known. He said he found it other than he had imagined, and not quite so wonderful; he made a most careful inspection of it in all its details. The system of government, the situation, the arsenal, the square of St. Mark, and the crowd of foreigners seemed to him the most noticeable features.

On the Monday, 7th of November, while he was at supper, Veronica Franca, a Venetian gentlewoman, sent a man to present him with a small volume of letters which she had composed; he made them give the said man two crowns.[2]

On the Tuesday, after dinner, he had the colic,

[1] Note in Montaigne's own hand: 'This old man, who, as he told me, was over seventy-five years of age, enjoys a healthy and cheerful old age. There is something of the scholar in his manners and speech, little vivacity or wit; his opinions, in the matter of our affairs, very evidently lean in the direction of Calvinistic innovations.'

A similar state of feelings to that which Montaigne describes in the text seems to have prevailed in Venice during the Austrian occupation in the 19th century. See W. H. Howell's (who was American consul there) *Venetian Life*.

[2] Waters, in his translation of the *Journal*, has a note on this lady, which throws an interesting light on the life of the Venetian courtesans: There is a Life of this lady by Tassini, *Veronica Franca celebre letterata e meretrice veneziana*. She was married in her youth to one Paniza, a physician, but she left him to take up the career of a courtesan. Her name appears in that extraordinary document which the late Earl of Orford printed for private circulation in 1870: 'Catalogo di tutte le principali et piu honorate Cortegiane di Venetia, il nome loro, et il nome delle loro pieze, et le stantie ove loro habitano, et di piu ancor vi narra la contrata ove sono le loro stantie, et etiam il numero de li dinari che hanno da pagar quelli gentil homini, e tali che desiderano entrar nella sua gratia.' Her description runs: '204, Veronica Franca, a Santa Maria Formosa, pieza so mare 2 scudi.' In 1574 she gave up her profession, and by her wit and beauty gained a status not unlike that of her forerunners in Athens. She certainly enjoyed the friendship of divers men of note . . . and Tintoretto. Henri III. visited her when passing through Venice and took away her portrait. In middle life she devoted herself to religion and good works, and tried to induce the Signoria to found an asylum for penitent women. . . . According to Fynes Moryson, 'the tribute to the State from the Cortizans was thought to exceede three hundreth thousand crownes yearely.'

which lasted two or three hours—not, to look at him, one of his worst—and before supper he passed two big stones, one after the other.

He did not discover that famous beauty which is attributed to the ladies of Venice, and yet he saw the noblest of those who make a traffic of it; but what seemed to him as wonderful as anything else was to see so large a number of them, some hundred and fifty or thereabouts, spending money like princesses on dress and furniture, and yet having no other livelihood but that traffic; and many of the nobles of the place even keeping courtesans at their own expense, in sight of and to the knowledge of all.

He hired for his own use a gondola, for day and night, at two lire, which is about seventeen sous, without any expense for the boatman. Provisions are as dear as at Paris, but it is the city in the world where one lives most cheaply, as a train of valets is here of no use whatever to us, everybody going about by himself; and the price of clothes the same—and, then, there is no need of a horse. On the Saturday, 12th of November, we left there in the morning, and came to

Fusina, five miles, where we embarked, men and baggage, for two crowns. He used to be afraid of the water, but, being under the impression that the motion alone upset his stomach, and wishing to try whether the motion of this river (which is steady and uniform, this boat being drawn by horses) would hurt him, he tried it and found that it did him no ill.[1] There are two or three locks to be passed on this river, which open and close for the travellers. We came by water to sleep at

Padua, twenty miles. Here M. de Casalis parted company with us, and stayed here *en pension* for seven crowns a month, well lodged and boarded. He

[1] See Montaigne's remarks on sea-sickness, *Essays*, vol. ii. pp. 359, 361.

might have had a lackey for five crowns; and yet they are pensions of the highest class, where there was good company, and especially the Sieur de Millac, son of M. de Salagnac. They do not usually have valets, and there is only a house-boy or some women who wait upon them. Each one has a very neat bedroom; fire in their rooms and candles they provide for themselves. The catering, as we saw, very good; one lives there very reasonably, which is the reason, I think, why many foreigners, even when they are no longer students, settle there. It is not the custom here to ride about the town on horseback, and not many are followed by a lackey. In Germany I noticed that everybody wears a sword at his side, even workmen; in the territory of this Signoria, on the other hand, nobody carries one.

Sunday (after dinner), 13th of November, we left this place to see some baths that lie on the right. He made straight for Abano. This is a little village near the foot of the mountains, above which, three or four hundred paces higher, there is a place somewhat elevated and stony. This height, which is very spacious, has a number of springs of hot and boiling water spouting from the rock; around the source it is too hot to bathe in, and still more so to drink. The channel through which it flows is quite grey, like burnt ashes; it leaves a great quantity of sediment, which takes the form of hard sponges; the taste is rather salt and sulphury. The whole of the district is in vapour, for the streams which flow here and there into the plain carry the heat and the smell a long way.

There are two or three little houses in this place, very poorly provided for invalids, into which they turn channels from those springs, to provide baths for the houses. Not only is there steam wherever there is water, but the rock itself sends forth steam through all its joints and crevices, and gives out heat

on all sides: so that they have pierced holes in some places, where a man may lie down in the exhalations and get into a heat and perspiration, which he does very quickly. He took some of this water into his mouth, after it had stood for a good time to lose its excessive heat; he found that it tasted more of salt than of anything else.

Further on, to the right, we discovered the Abbey of Praglia, which is very famous for its beauty, its wealth and its courtesy in receiving and entertaining strangers. He would not go there, intending to revisit all this part of the country, and especially Venice, at his leisure, and thought nothing of his present visit; and what had made him undertake it was his extreme hunger to see that city. He remarked that he could not have stayed quietly at Rome, or in any other part of Italy, without having viewed Venice; and that for that reason he had turned out of his way. In this hope he left at Padua, with one Master François Bourges, a Frenchman, the works of Cardinal Cusan, which he had bought in Venice.

From Abano we passed on to a place called San Pietro, low-lying, and still had the mountains very near on our right. It is a land of meadows and pastures, which is likewise in divers places quite covered with steam from the hot springs, some boiling, others warm, others cold; the taste is rather dead and insipid compared with others: less or hardly any smell of sulphur, a little taste of salt.

We found here some traces of ancient buildings. There are two or three wretched little houses round about for harbouring invalids; but, to tell the truth, it is all very rude, and I should not think of sending my friends there. They say it is the Signoria who neglect the place, and apprehend the influx of foreign gentlemen. These last baths, he said, reminded him of those of Preissac, near Dax. The track of the water is quite reddish. He took some of the

mud on his tongue: he found it had no taste; he thinks the waters contain more iron.

From there we passed a very fine house belonging to a gentleman of Padua, where M. the Cardinal d'Esté, ill with gout, had been staying for more than two months, for the convenience of the baths, and more in order to be near the ladies of Venice; and came to sleep at the quite adjoining

Battaglia, eight miles, a little village on the Freschino canal, which, having no depth, only two or three feet at times, yet conveys heavily laden craft. We were here served in earthen dishes and wooden plates, for want of pewter; otherwise passably enough.

On the Monday morning I went on ahead with the mule. They went to see some baths, which are five hundred paces from there, by the causeway along that canal. There is, as he reported, only one house over the bath, with ten or twelve rooms. In May and August, they say, a good number of people go there, but the greater part of these lodge in the village or at that château of the Signor Pic in which M. the Cardinal d'Esté was residing. The water of the baths comes down from a small mountain ridge, and runs through channels into the said house and further down; they do not drink it, and drink rather that of San Pietro, which they send for. It comes down from that same ridge through channels quite near the sweet and good water; it is more or less warm, according as the length of its course is greater or less. He went to the top of the hill to see the source; they could not point it out to him, but put him off with the excuse that it came from underground. He found that it left little taste in the mouth—like that at San Pietro—little smell of sulphur, little saltness; and he thinks that the effect of drinking it would be the same as that of the water of San Pietro. The track which it leaves in its trenches is red.

In this house there are baths and other places where the water only trickles down, and you hold the sick limb under it; they told him that it is usually the forehead for head ailments. At different places along these channels they have made little stone cells, in which one shuts oneself up, and then, the vent-hole of this channel being opened, the steam and heat immediately make you sweat; they are dry vapour-baths, which are of several kinds.

What is principally used here is the mud-bath; it is taken in a large bath below the house, in the open, by means of a contrivance with which they draw it, to be carried to the house, which is quite near. Here they have divers wooden appliances, adapted for the legs, arms, thighs, and other parts, the said limbs being laid and enclosed within them, after that wooden vessel has been quite filled with that mud, which is renewed according to requirement. The mud is black, like that at Barbotan, but not so sandy, and fatter, warm with a moderate warmth, and it has hardly any smell. All these baths enjoy no great advantage, unless it be their proximity to Venice; everything about them is coarse and unsavoury.

They left Battaglia after breakfast, and followed that canal which is called the Canal of the Two Roads, from the causeways that are on each bank. Very near there they came upon the bridge of the canal.

At this place they have made arches on the outside of the height of the said roads on which the travellers pass; the arches on the inside gradually descend to the level of the bottom of the canal; at the place where a stone bridge is being built which supports those two arches, over which bridge flows this canal. Above, from one arch to the other, on this canal, is a very high bridge, under which pass the boats which follow the canal and above those who wish to cross this canal. There is another big stream

quite at the bottom of the plain which comes from the mountains whose course traverses this canal. In order to conduct it without interrupting this canal, this stone bridge has been made over which the canal flows, and below which flows this stream and cuts it on a plank clothed with wood on the flanks, in such a way that this stream is capable of bearing boats; it would have enough room both in width and height. And then on the canal other boats continually passing there and on the arch of the highest of the bridges, coaches. There were three roads one above the other.[1]

From there, keeping this canal still on our right, we passed by a little town called Monselice, low-lying, the enclosing wall of which, however, extends up to the top of a mountain, enclosing an old castle which belonged to the former lords of this town; it is now no more than a ruin. And leaving the mountains to the right, we followed on the left the fine raised level road, which in the season must be well shaded; on either side of us very fertile plains, having, according to the usage of the country, amid the cornfields, numbers of trees ranged in lines, from which hang their vines. Very large oxen, of a grey colour, are so common here that I no longer wondered at what appeared remarkable to me in those of the Archduke Fernand. We came to a raised causeway; on both

[1] The above impossible passage, which probably contains a number of misreadings of the MS., is thus ingeniously paraphrased by Hazlitt: We saw here a very curious construction: at a particular point of the road, a stream which descends from the mountains has to traverse the canal in its course; in order to make way for it, without interfering with the canal, the latter is carried over it by a viaduct, and again over the viaduct a bridge, so high as to admit of vessels passing under it on the canal, traverses the canal for the use of travellers on land. The stream beneath is at this place contracted in its course by artificial banks, and is thus made deep enough to float boats, so that at one and the same time there may be one boat sailing along the stream, another above it on the canal, and above both there may be coaches rolling along the road. Here are three highways, one above the other.

sides marshes more than fifteen miles in breadth, and extending as far as the eye could reach. These formerly were large pools, but the Signoria attempted to drain them to get arable land out of them; they have succeeded in some places, but very few. At present it is a vast extent of muddy land, sterile and full of reeds. They lost more than they gained in trying to change the character of the ground.

We crossed the river Adige on our right hand, over a bridge stuck on two little boats, capable of fifteen or twenty horses, sliding along a rope attached more than five hundred paces from there in the water, and to hold it up there are several little boats in between, which support that long rope on forks. From there we came to sleep at

Rovigo, twenty miles, a little *villette* still belonging to the said Signoria. We lodged outside. They began to serve us up the salt in lumps from which you take some as from sugar. There is no less abundance of viands than in France, whatever they are wont to say; and their not larding their roast does not take much from the flavour.

Their bedrooms, for want of glass and properly closing windows, less neat than in France; the beds are better made, smoother, with plenty of mattresses; but there are generally only badly woven little canopies; and they are very chary of white sheets. One travelling alone or with little retinue would get none at all. The prices as in France, or a little higher.

This is the birthplace of the good Celius, who took from it the surname Rodoginus.[1] It is very pretty, and has a very handsome square; the river Adige runs right through it.

Tuesday morning, 15th of November, we left there, and after going a considerable distance along

[1] Luigi Ricchieri, a Humanist, who assumed the name of Ludovicus Coelius Rhodiginus (of Rovigo). J. C. Scaliger called him the Varro of his age.

the causeway, like that at Blois, and crossing the river Adige, which we came upon on our right, and then that of the Po, which we found on our left, on bridges like those of the day before, except that on this plank there is a fixed cabin, where you pay the toll in crossing, according to the regulations there printed and prescribed; and in the middle of the crossing their boat comes to a stop, to reckon up and take their money before landing. After disembarking into a low-lying plain, where in very rainy weather the road would appear to be impassable, we came in one stage, in the evening, to

FERRARA, twenty miles. Here they kept us waiting a long time at the gate on account of the passports and certificates of health, and the same at all the places. The city is of the size of Tours, situated in a very flat country; numerous palaces; most of the streets wide and straight; a large population.

On the Wednesday morning MM. d'Estissac and de Montaigne went to kiss the Duke's hands. He was informed of their intention;[1] he sent a gentleman of his court to receive them and conduct them to his cabinet, where he was with two or three, waiting for them. [We passed through several closed rooms, in which were a number of well-dressed gentlemen. We were all admitted. We found him standing at a table.] He put his hand to his bonnet as they entered, and remained uncovered all the while that M. de Montaigne spoke with him, which was for a considerable time. He first asked him whether he understood the language, and when he was answered yes, he told them in very eloquent Italian, that he was very glad to see gentlemen of that nation, being at the service of the Most Christian King and under great obligation to him. They had some other talk

[1] Young Estissac was provided with letters of introduction to the Duke from King Henri III. (who calls the Duke 'uncle'), and from the Queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis.

together and then they withdrew, the lord Duke never having covered.

We saw the effigy of Ariosto in a church, somewhat fuller in the face than he is in his books; he died aged fifty-nine, on the 6th of June 1533.[1]

They serve up fruit here on plates.

The streets are all paved with bricks. Those colonnades which are continuous at Padua, and offer great convenience for walking about under cover in all weathers, free from dirt, are wanting here. At Venice the streets are paved with the same material, and so sloping that there is never any mud.

I forgot to say about Venice that the day we left it we met on our way a number of large boats with all their holds laden with fresh water; a boat-load is worth a crown, delivered at Venice, and it is used for drinking or for dyeing cloth. When we were at Fusina we saw how with horses incessantly turning a wheel, water is drawn from a stream and discharges itself into a trough, from which trough the said boats appear below to take it in.

We were all day at Ferrara, and saw several fine churches, gardens and private houses, and all the remarkable things we were told of, among other things, at the Jesuates, a rose-tree that bears flowers every month in the year; and even then there was one, which was given to M. de Montaigne. We saw also the *Bucentaur*, which the Duke, in emulation with that at Venice, had had made for his new wife, who is handsome and too young for him, to take her about on the river Po. We also saw the Duke's arsenal, where there was a piece of ordnance, thirty-five spans long, which carries a shot a foot in diameter.

The thick new wines we were drinking, and the

[1] Ariosto lived at Ferrara, where he built himself a little house, which is still standing, and wrote his *Orlando Furioso*, which charmed Montaigne in his younger days. See the *Essays*, bk. ii. ch. 10, where he compares his poem with the *Aeneid*. Montaigne here notes the year of his death, which was the same as the one in which he himself was born.

water, as muddy as when it comes from the river, alarmed me on account of his colic.

Over the doors of all the rooms in the hostelry is written: *Ricordati della bolleta.*[1] As soon as you have arrived you must send your name to the magistrate, and the number of your attendants; he then sends word that you may be put up; otherwise you will not be admitted.[2]

On the Thursday morning we left this place and proceeded through a level and very fertile country, difficult for pedestrians in muddy weather, as the soil of Lombardy is very rich; and then, the roads being closed in on either side by ditches, they cannot turn aside to avoid the mud; hence many of the people of the country walk on little stilts half a foot high. We came in the evening without stopping to

Bologna, thirty miles, a large and handsome city, bigger and much more populous than Ferrara. At the inn where we put up the young Seigneur de Montluc had arrived an hour before, having come from France, and stayed in the said city for the schools of arms and horses.[3] On the Friday we saw the fencing of the Venetian who boasts of having invented a new system in that art which will supersede every other system; and certainly his method of fencing differs in many ways from the ordinary. The best of his pupils is a young man of Bordeaux, named Binet.

[1] Remember your certificate.

[2] From a remark on Tasso which Montaigne made in the *Essays*, vol. i. p. 487, it has been generally inferred that he saw the unfortunate poet in the Hospital of Sta Anna at Ferrara. But there is no need to suppose that he actually saw him, as he often uses the word *voir* rather vaguely in the sense of *savoir*. If he did visit him it is very strange that he does not mention the fact in the Diary.

[3] Blaise de Montluc, grandson and heir to the renowned Marshal. His father died at Madeira when he himself was about three years of age. In the *Essays*, vol. i. p. 385, there is a touching passage in which Montaigne tells of the old man's regrets for not having been on more intimate terms with his son. Montaigne and young Montluc met again at Rome, from whence they made an excursion together to Ostia.

We saw here a square tower,[1] very old, so constructed that it leans all on one side, and seems to threaten its own downfall. We also saw the School of the Sciences,[1] which is the finest edifice I have ever seen for that purpose.

On the Saturday after dinner we saw the comedians, with whom he was greatly pleased; and from this or some other cause he caught a headache, which he had not felt for several years; and yet at the same time he said he felt more free from pain in the kidneys than he had been wont for a long time, and was as well in the stomach as he was on his return from Bagnères; his headache passed away during the night.

This city is quite rich in broad and handsome colonnades, and a very great number of fine palaces. One lives as at Padua, or nearly so, and very reasonably; but the town is a little less peaceable, in consequence of ancient feuds which exist between factions of certain families of the city, one of these having always had the French on their side, the other the Spaniards, who are there in great numbers.[2] In the square there is a very handsome fountain.[3]

On the Sunday he had intended to take the road to the left towards Isola, the marches of Ancona and Loreto, to get to Rome; but a German told him that he had been robbed by banditti in the duchy of Spoleto. So he took the road to the right towards

[1] There are two leaning towers at Bologna, the *Torre Asinelli*, erected about 1190, and the *Torre Garisenda*, built a year later. The former is 320 feet in height, and four feet out of the perpendicular; the latter is 163 feet high, and has an inclination of ten feet. The School of Sciences was probably the *Archginnasio antico*, recently built by Terribilia for the University.

[2] These feuds seem to have existed in all the Italian cities, in which there were two factions favoured respectively by France (Guelfs) and by the Spaniards and the Emperor (Ghibelins).

[3] The fountain, standing in one of the most interesting piazzas in Italy, is adorned with a gigantic statue of Neptune, the work of Giovanni da Bologna (Jean Boulogne, a Frenchman), erected in 1564.

Florence. We very soon plunged into a rough road and mountainous country, and came to sleep at

LOJANO, sixteen miles, a small and very disagreeable village. There are only two hostelries in this village, which are noted among all those in Italy for the deception which is practised upon travellers, for feeding them with fine promises of every kind of comfort before they set foot to the ground, and laughing at them when they have them at their mercy: anent which there are popular sayings. We left this place early next morning, and followed until evening a road which, to tell the truth, is the first on our travels that may be called wild and disagreeable, and in the midst of mountains more difficult than in any other part of this journey; we came to sleep at

SCARPERIA, twenty-four miles, a little *villette* of Tuscany, where they sell abundance of etwees, scissors and similar ware. He took all possible delight in the rivalry between the landlords. They have a custom of sending seven or eight leagues to meet strangers, to implore them to choose their inn. You will often meet the landlord himself on horseback; and every here and there several well-dressed men are on the watch for you; and all along the road he amused himself by humouring them and listening to the various offers made by each one of them; and there is nothing that they will not promise [*anche ragazze e ragazzi*]. There was one who offered him a hare purely as a gift, if he would only inspect his house. Their disputes and rivalry terminate at the gates of the town, and they do not venture to say a word more. They have it in common that they offer you a guide on horseback, at their own expense, to guide you and carry a part of your baggage to the inn you are going to; which they always do, and pay the expense. I do not know whether they are obliged to do this by some regulation, because of the danger of the roads. We had bargained, before we left

Bologna, for what we had to pay and get in return at Lojano, being strongly advised to do so by the people of the inn where we stayed, and others. So he had sent one of us others to inspect all the inns, the provisions and wines, and learn the conditions, before dismounting, and he chose the best. But it is impossible to make such good terms as to escape their trickery: for they will keep you short of wood, candles, linen, or they will fail to supply you with the hay which you have omitted to specify.

This route is full of travellers, for it is the ordinary high road to Rome. [I was here informed of a piece of stupidity I had been guilty of, in having omitted, ten miles this side of Lojano, to visit the top of a mountain, about two miles from the road, whence, in stormy and wet weather and by night, you see flames rise to a very great height; and my informant told me that it will sometimes disgorge, with great shocks, little coins with some figure or other. We ought to have gone to find all this out.[1]]

We left Scarperia next morning, with our landlord as guide, and proceeded along a fine road between numerous inhabited and cultivated hills. We turned out of our way about two miles on the right, to see a palace that the Duke of Florence built here twelve years ago, where he exercises all his natural five senses in embellishing it. He would seem to have expressly selected an inconvenient site, sterile and hilly, nay even without springs, that he might have the honour and glory of bringing the water from five miles off, and his sand and lime another five miles. It is a place without anything level about it. You have a view of many hills, which is the general feature of the district. The house is called Pratolino. The building is contemptible seen from a distance, but from near by it is very handsome, but not equal

[1] A little volcano which they call *I fuochi di Pietramala*, which emits flames to the height of a foot or a little higher in wet weather.

to the finest in our France. They say there are six score furnished rooms; we saw ten or twelve of the finest. The furniture is pretty, but not magnificent. There is a marvel of a grotto with many niches and rooms; this part exceeds anything we ever saw elsewhere. It is formed and all crusted over with a certain material which they say is brought from some particular mountains, and they have joined it together with invisible nails. There is not only music and harmony produced, by the movement of the water, but also the movement of a number of statues and doors with different actions, which the water sets going, numerous animals that dive to drink, and the like things. By a single movement the whole grotto is filled with water, and all the seats squirt up water to your backside; and if you fly from the grotto and run up the castle stairs, if anyone takes a pleasure in that sort of thing, he may let loose a thousand jets of water from every two steps of that staircase, which will drench you till you reach the top of the house.

The beauty and richness of this place cannot be pictured in detail. Below the castle there is, among other things, a walk fifty feet wide, and about five hundred paces long, which has been almost levelled at a heavy expense. On two sides there are, at every five and ten paces, long and very handsome parapets of freestone; along these parapets there are springing fountains in the wall, so that all along the walk you see nothing but these fountain jets. At the bottom there is a handsome fountain which discharges its water into a great basin, conducted through a marble statue, which is a woman doing her washing. She is wringing a table-cloth of white marble from which this water drops; and beneath this is another vessel, where the water seems boiling, to make lye with. There is also a marble table in a hall of the castle at which there are six seats; at each of which

you raise a marble lid by a ring; under which is a vessel fixed to the said table. In each of the said six vessels there rises a fountain of running water, where each may cool his glass, and in the centre a large one to put the bottle in.

We also saw some very wide holes in the ground, where they keep a large quantity of snow throughout the year; the snow is placed on a litter of broom, and then the whole is covered over to a great height with thatch, in pyramidal form, like a little barn. There are a thousand reservoirs, and they are now erecting the body of a giant[1] which is three cubits wide at the opening of an eye, the rest being in the same proportion, from which will flow a spring in great abundance. There are a thousand reservoirs and ponds, all these supplied from two fountains, by innumerable earthen pipes. In a very handsome and large aviary we saw little birds like goldfinches, which have two long feathers in the tail, resembling those of a big capon. There is also a singular stove. We stayed here two or three hours and then resumed our journey and came along the top of certain hills to

Florence, seventeen miles, a city smaller in size than Ferrara, situated in a plain, surrounded by a thousand highly cultivated little mountains. The river Arno passes through, and is crossed by bridges. We found no moats around the walls.

He passed that day two stones and a quantity of gravel, without perceiving anything more than a slight pain in the lower bowels.

The same day we saw the Grand-duke's stable, very large, vaulted, in which were not many valuable horses; but then he was not there on that day. We saw there a sheep of very strange form; also a camel, some lions, bears, and an animal as big as a

[1] The *Apennino*, still standing, 19 metres high, the work of Giovanni da Bologna.

very large mastiff, but of the shape of a cat, all speckled black and white, which they call a tiger.

We saw the church of San Lorenzo, where the flags are still hanging which we lost under Marshal Strozzi in Tuscany.[1] In this church there are several pieces of flat painting, and very fine statues, of excellent workmanship, by Michael Angelo.[2] We saw the Duomo, which is a very large church, the bell-tower of which is all faced with white and black marble; it is one of the finest things in the world, and the most sumptuous.

M. de Montaigne said he had so far never seen a nation that had so few handsome women as the Italian.[3]

The inns he found much less comfortable than in France and Germany; for the provisions are neither half so plentiful as in Germany, nor so well dressed. They serve up without larding in both places; but in Germany they are far better seasoned, and varied by sauces and soups. The inns in Italy far inferior; no halls; the windows large and quite open, except for a large wooden shutter, which excludes the light if you wish to keep out the sun and the wind; which he found much more intolerable and irremediable than the want of curtains in Germany. There are besides only little cots with wretched canopies, one at the most in each chamber, with a truckle-bed underneath. Anyone who hates to lie hard would feel very uncomfortable. A like or greater lack of linen.

The wines generally worse, and, for those who hate an insipid sweetness, undrinkable at this season.

[1] At the battle of Marciano, 12th August 1554, where Strozzi was defeated by the Marquis de Marignan, the Emperor's lieutenant in Tuscany.

[2] Montaigne was probably referring to the tombs of Giuliano and Lorenzo de Medicis, which are considered to be Michael Angelo's masterpieces; the latter is, with one exception, the only artist mentioned by Montaigne. The bell-tower is Giotto's Campanile. By flat paintings Montaigne perhaps means frescoes.

[3] But see the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 243.

The charges, it is true, somewhat less. Florence is considered the dearest city in Italy. I had bargained, before my master arrived at the hostelry, the *Angel*, for seven *reals* a day for man and horse, and four *reals* for a footman.

The same day we saw a palace of the Duke, where he takes a pleasure in working himself, counterfeiting oriental stones and cutting crystal; for he is a prince who dabbles a little in alchemy and the mechanical arts, and is above all a great architect.

The next day M. de Montaigne ascended, the first of us, to the top of the cathedral, where there is a globe of gilt brass, which, from below, seems about the size of a ball, and when you get up to it you find it capable of holding four people. He observed there that the marble with which this church is encrusted (even the black, for it is all variegated and carved), is in many places already beginning to give way, and cracking in the frost and sun; which made him suspect that the marble was not very natural.

He wished to see the houses of the Strozzi and the Gondi, where some of their kin still remain. We also saw the Duke's palace, where Cosimo, his father, has had painted the taking of Siena, and the battle we lost; yet in divers parts of this city, and especially on the old walls of the said palace, the fleurs-de-lys hold the first rank of honour.

MM. d'Estissac and de Montaigne attended a dinner of the Grand-duke; for there he is called so. His wife was seated in the place of honour; the Duke below; next below the Duke the Duchess' sister-in-law; below the latter her husband, the Duchess' brother. This Duchess is handsome, according to Italian ideas, a pleasant and dignified face, big bust, and breasts as they like them.[1] He thought she was

[1] 'The Italian's idea of beauty is big and massive.'—*Essays*, vol. i. p. 477. The lady was Bianca Capello, who had been the Duke's mistress during his first marriage.

quite capable of having bewitched this prince, and of retaining him at her feet for a long time. The Duke is a stout, dark man [of my height]; large limbs; a face and bearing full of courtesy, always passing uncovered through the throng of his people, which is great. He bears himself like a healthy man, and a man of forty. On the other side of the table was the Cardinal, and another young man of eighteen, the Duke's two brothers.

They bring drink to the Duke and his wife in a basin, in which is an uncovered glass full of wine and a glass bottle full of water; they take the glass of wine and pour as much as they do not want into the basin, and then fill it up with water themselves, and replace the glass in the basin which the cup-bearer holds for them. He put in a good deal of water; she hardly any. The fault of the Germans is to make use of glasses large out of proportion; here on the other hand they are extraordinarily small.

I do not know why this city should enjoy the privilege of being called *la belle*;[1] it is so, no doubt, but without any advantage over Bologna, and little over Ferrara, and without comparison inferior to Venice. It is in truth a fine thing to descry from the bell-tower the endless number of houses which cover the hill-sides all around in a circuit of quite two or three leagues, and the plain on which the city stands, which appears to extend to the length of a couple of leagues; for they are so thickly scattered that they appear to touch one another. The city is paved with slabs of flat stone, without method or order.

After dinner they, the four gentlemen and a

[1] In the Münster which has Montaigne's signature (which he may have bought on the journey) the following passage is underlined: 'Venise a été appelée la riche par singularité, Milan la populeuse ou la grande, Gennes (Genoa) la superbe, Florence la belle, Bologne la grasse, Ravenne l'ancienne, Naples la gentille, et Rome la sainte.' On a subsequent visit to Florence in the following June Montaigne admits that she is rightly called *la belle*.

guide, took post-horses to go and see a place of the Duke's called *Castello*.[1] The house itself is not worth looking at; but it has divers garden-plots, all situated on the slope of a hill, in such a way that all the straight walks are on an incline, but a gentle and easy one; the cross-walks are straight and level. You see there a number of arbours, very thickly covered with interwoven branches of all kinds of odoriferous trees, such as cedars, cypresses, orange, lemon and olive trees, the branches so joined and interlaced that it is easy to see that the sun, at its greatest power, cannot penetrate them; the avenues of cypress and those other trees disposed in such close order that there is room only for three or four persons to pass through them. There is a large pond, among others, in the centre of which you see a natural-looking artificial rock, which looks all frozen over, by means of that same material with which the Duke has covered his grottoes at Pratolino; and above this rock is a large statue in bronze, representing a very old grey-haired man, seated on his behind, with folded arms, from whose beard, forehead and hair water is incessantly flowing, drop by drop, so as to represent sweat and tears; and the fountain has no other outlet but that.

In another place they saw, by a very amusing experience, what I have noticed above: for, as they were walking about the gardens, looking at the curiosities, the gardener, having left their side for the purpose, while they were in a certain place contemplating certain marble statues, there sprang up from under their feet and between their legs, through an infinite number of tiny holes, jets of water, so thin as to be almost invisible, an excellent imitation of fine, trickling rain, by which they were thoroughly besprinkled by means of some subterranean spring, which the gardener manipulated more than two

[1] La Petraja, near Castello.

hundred paces from there, with such ingenuity that from where he stood he raised or lowered the outflow at his pleasure, turning and moving it just as he desired. This same trick is to be found in several places there.

They also saw the principal fountain, which comes out through the channel of two large bronze figures, the lower of which has taken the other in his arms, and is squeezing him with all his might;[1] the other, half senseless, his head thrown back, seems to discharge the water forcibly from his mouth, and shoots it out with such vigour that the jet of water rises to a height of thirty-seven fathoms above the figures, which themselves are at least twenty feet high. There is also a cabinet among the branches of an evergreen tree, but much more luxuriant than any they had seen before; for it is quite lined with the green and living branches of the tree, and this cabinet is so closed in on all sides by this verdure that there is no view from it except through a few apertures which must be made here and there by thrusting the branches aside; and, in the centre of this, through a pipe which cannot be discovered, there rises a spring of water into this cabinet, which penetrates the middle of a little marble table. They also produce water music, but they could not hear it, as it was late for people who wanted to get back to the city. They also saw the Duke's escutcheon here, high above a gateway, very well formed of some branches of trees, fostered and encouraged in their natural strength by fibres which cannot be very easily chosen. They were there in the season which is most hostile to gardens, which made them wonder all the more. There is also a handsome grotto, in which are to be seen all sorts of animals, copied to the life, spouting out the water of these fountains, some by the beak,

[1] The group of Hercules and Antaeus by Bartolommeo Ammanati.

others by the wing, some by the nail, or the ears, or the nostrils.

I forgot that in the palace of this prince, in one of the large rooms, is to be seen the figure of a four-footed animal in bronze relief upon a pillar, copied to the life, of a strange form, the front part all scaly, and on the backbone some form of limb or other, like horns. They say it was found in a mountain cavern of this country, and brought here alive some years ago.[1] We also saw the palace where the Queen-mother was born.

He wanted, in order to find out all the commodities of this city, as he did in others, to see the rooms to let and the condition of the pensions; but he did not find anything worth mentioning. You find rooms to let, he was told, only in the hostelries: and those he saw were dirty, and dearer than in Paris, or even at Venice; and the boarding miserable, at more than twelve crowns a month for the master.

Nor was there any exercise worth speaking of, neither arms, nor horses, nor letters.

Pewter is scarce all about here; they serve up things only in that painted earthenware, very dirty.

Thursday morning, 24th of November, we left there and found a country moderately fertile, very thickly inhabited and cultivated on all sides, the road bumpy and stony; and in one stretch, which was very long, we arrived very late at

Siena, thirty-two miles, four stages: for they make them of eight miles, usually longer than ours. On the Friday morning he carefully investigated the city, more especially with regard to our wars. It is an irregular town, stuck upon the ridge of a hill, on which the better part of the streets lie; the two slopes are

[1] Montaigne seems to be describing the *Chimaera*, an Etruscan piece of sculpture which was disinterred in 1558 under the walls of Arezzo. The 'scales' are the lion's mane. The person who told him that it was alive must have been 'pulling his leg'. The palace where Catherine de Medicis was born is the Pitti Palace.

covered with divers streets stepwise; some go mounting to still greater heights. It is among the beautiful towns of Italy, but not in the first rank, nor is it so large as Florence; the look of it gives evidence of its being very ancient. It has a great abundance of fountains, from which most of the private inhabitants filch their supply through tubes for their particular use. They have good and cool cellars.

The cathedral, which yields little to that at Florence, is coated almost entirely, inside and out, with that same marble; they are square pieces of marble, some a foot thick, others less, with which they face, as with a wainscot, the buildings made of brick, which is the ordinary material used in this country.

The handsomest part of the town is the Round Place,[1] of a very fine grandeur, all parts of which bend towards the palace, which forms one of the fronts of this round, and is less curved than the rest. Opposite the palace, at the upper end of the place, there is a very handsome fountain, which through a number of spouts fills a large vessel, whence everybody may draw very fine water. Several streets terminate in this circus by a pavement which is a series of steps. Streets abound in the city and very ancient dwellings; the principal ones are those of Piccolomini, of Ciaia, of Tolomei, Colombini, and also of Cerretani. We saw evidence of three or four hundred years. The arms of the city, which you see on a number of columns, are the she-wolf with Romulus and Remus hanging at her teats.

The Duke of Florence treats the noblemen who sided with us with courtesy, and he has near his person Silvio Piccolomini, the most accomplished nobleman of our time in every branch of knowledge and in the exercise of arms. As one who has to be on

[1] The Piazza del Campo, now called Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, with the Palazzo Publico, or Town Hall, and the Fonte Gaja, a fountain adorned with bas-reliefs by Jacopo della Quercia. This fountain has been since removed, and a copy of it erected in its place.

his guard chiefly against his own subjects, he leaves to his towns the care of fortifying them, and concentrates on the citadels, which are provisioned and garrisoned with every care and great outlay of money, and with such suspicion that very few are permitted to approach them.

The women mostly wear hats on their heads. We saw some who took them off, by way of reverence, like the men, at the moment of the elevation during mass.

We lodged at the *Crown*, tolerably well, but still without window-panes or frames. M. de Montaigne, when asked by the concierge at Pratolino whether he was not amazed at the beauty of the place, after praising it, strongly condemned the ugliness of the doors and windows—large planks of pine, without shape or workmanship, and big, ill-fitting locks, like those in our villages—and then the roofing of hollow tiles, and said that if there was no means of getting slate or lead or copper, they ought at all events to have concealed those tiles by the form of the building: which the concierge said he would repeat to his master.

The Duke still allows the ancient mottoes and emblems of the city to remain, which everywhere sound the note of Liberty; yet the tombs and epitaphs of the French who died there have all been carried off from their places and hidden in some place in the town, under colour of some improvement in the building and shape of their church.

On the Saturday, 26th, after dinner, we continued through country of the same aspect, and came to sup at

Buonconvento, twelve miles, a *castello* of Tuscany: for they call by that name such walled-in villages as are too small to deserve to be called towns. Sunday morning, very early, we left this place and because M. de Montaigne wanted to see Mont-Alcino, on account of the associations which the

French have had with it, he turned out of his way to the right, and, with MM. d'Estissac, de Mattecoulon and du Hautoy, went to the said Mont-Alcino, which, they say, is a badly built town of the size of St. Emilion, standing on one of the highest mountains in the whole district, yet not difficult of access. They happened to get there as high mass was being celebrated, which they heard. At one end there is a castle, in which the Duke keeps his garrisons; but, in his opinion, it is all not very strong, the said place being overlooked on one side by another neighbouring mountain a hundred paces away. On this Duke's territories they retain so affectionate a memory of the French that you can seldom remind them of us without bringing tears to their eyes—war itself appearing kinder to them, accompanied by some kind of liberty, than the peace they enjoy under a tyranny. When M. de Montaigne enquired whether there were not some French tombs, he was answered that there had been a number of them in the church of St. Augustine, but that these all had been put out of sight by order of the Duke. The road this day's journey was steep and stony, and brought us in the evening to .

La Paglia, twenty-three miles—a little village of five or six repulsive-looking houses at the foot of several barren mountains. We resumed our journey next morning early, along a very stony bottom, where we passed and repassed a hundred times a torrent which flows all the way. We came to a large bridge, built by the present Pope Gregory, where the States of the Duke of Florence come to an end, and entered upon those of the Church. We came upon Acquapendente, which is a little town; and it is so called, I believe, by reason of a torrent which quite near here precipitates itself over rocks into the plain. From there we passed San Lorenzo, which is a *castello*, and through Bolseno, which is also one; and

then, skirting the lake which is called Bolseno, thirty miles long and ten miles broad, in the middle of which are seen two rocks like islands, on which they say there are monasteries, we arrived in one stage by this steep and bare road at

MONTEFIASCONE, twenty-six miles—a *villette* situated on the crest of one of the highest mountains in all the district. It is small and has every appearance of great antiquity. We left it early in the morning and crossed through a beautiful and fertile plain, where we found Viterbo, which stands partly on the brow of a mountain. It is a beautiful town of the size of Senlis. We observed here many handsome houses, plenty of men at work, fine and pleasant streets; in three parts of the town three very handsome fountains.[1] He would have stopped in this place, on account of its beauty, but his mule, which preceded him, had already gone ahead. We here began the ascent of a high mountain flank, at the foot of which, on this side, is a small lake which they call Vico. Thence through a very pleasant valley, surrounded by little hills on which there is abundance of wood, a rather rare commodity in these parts; and from the lake we arrived in good time at

RONCIGLIONE, nineteen miles—a little town and castle belonging to the Duke of Parma, as there are also on these roads many houses and estates belonging to the house of Farnese.

The inns on this road are among the best, owing to its being the ordinary post high road. They take five *giulios* for draught horses and hacks, two *giulios* for post-horses; and the rate is the same if you want them for two or three stages or for several days, without putting you to any trouble about the care of the horse: for from place to place the landlords take charge of the horses of their fellow-landlords; indeed,

[1] Viterbo was termed by old Italian authors the 'city of handsome fountains and beautiful women'.

if the one you have hired fails, they stipulate that you may replace it by another at some other place on your road. We saw for ourselves that at Siena a Fleming, who was in our company, a foreigner, unknown and quite alone, was trusted with a hired horse to take him to Rome; you only have to pay the hire before leaving, but in other respects the horse is at your mercy, and they trust to your good faith to leave it at the place you have promised.

M. de Montaigne was pleased with their custom of dining and supping late, in accordance with his inclinations: for in the good houses they do not dine till two o'clock in the afternoon, nor sup till nine; so that, where we found actors, they did not begin to play till six o'clock, by torchlight, and are at it for two or three hours, and then you go to supper.

He remarked that it was a good country for lazy people, for they rise very late.

We started next morning three hours before day, so anxious was he to see the pavement of Rome. He found the night-damp very nearly as bad for his stomach in the morning as in the evening, and he was indisposed till daylight, though the night was clear.[1] We descried the city of Rome at a distance of fifteen miles, and then lost sight of it again for a long time. There are some villages on the road, and hostelries. We came across some districts where the roads were raised, and paved with very large paving-stones, which looked like a bit of antiquity; and nearer the city, some ruins that were evidently very ancient, and some stones which the Popes have had re-erected in reverence for their antiquity.

Most of the ruins are brick—witness the Termes of Diocletian—and a brick small and simple like ours, not as large and thick as those we see in the antiquities and ancient ruins in France and elsewhere.

[1] On the effect of the *serein* upon his constitution, see the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 563.

Rome did not seem to us to make much of an appearance as we surveyed it from this road. Far away on the left we had the Apennines; the prospect of the country was unpleasing—irregular, full of deep clefts, and unfit for the orderly leading of troops; a bare soil without trees, a good part of it barren, a country very open for ten miles round and more, and very few houses: this describes nearly the whole of it. Through this sort of country we arrived at about twenty o'clock on the last day of November, the feast of St. Andrew, at the Porta del Popolo and

Rome, thirty miles. Here, as elsewhere, they raised some difficulties on account of the plague at Genoa.[1] We went to lodge at the *Bear*, where we stayed on the next day, and on the 2nd of December rented rooms at the house of a Spaniard, opposite Santa Lucia della Tinta. Here we were well accommodated with three handsome bedrooms, a dining-room, a larder, stable, kitchen, for twenty crowns a month, for which the landlord provided a cook and fire for the kitchen.

The lodgings in Rome are generally furnished a little better than at Paris, as they have great abundance of gilt leather, with which the lodgings of any pretence are upholstered. For the same price we gave for these lodgings we might have had some at the *Vaso d' Oro*, quite near there, upholstered with cloth of gold and silk, like those of kings; but, besides that those rooms opened into each other, M. de Montaigne thought that this magnificence was not only superfluous but also troublesome, on account of taking care of the furniture, every bed being of the value of four or five hundred crowns. At ours we had bargained to be supplied with linen, at much the same price as in France; of which, according to

[1] The plague at Genoa began in the previous year, and carried off 28,000 victims. The *Albergo del Orso* seems to be still in existence as an ordinary tavern.

the custom of the country, they are a little more sparing.

M. de Montaigne was annoyed at finding so many Frenchmen here that he hardly met a person in the street who did not salute him in his own language.

The sight of so great a court, so crowded with prelates and ecclesiastics, was new to him; and it appeared to him more full of wealthy people, and coaches, and horses, by far, than any other he had ever seen. He said that the appearance of the streets reminded him in many respects, especially for the multitude of people, of Paris more than any city he had ever been in.

The city of the present day is all built along the river Tiber, on both banks. The hilly quarter, which was the site of the ancient city, and which he explored on foot a thousand times every day, is occupied by several churches and some few houses and gardens of the Cardinals. He judged from very clear signs, and from the height of the ruins, that the form of these hills and the slopes had altogether changed from what they were in the olden time; and he felt certain that in many places we were walking on the tops of houses still intact. It is easy to judge, from the Arch of Severus, that we are more than two pikes' length above the ancient level; and, in point of fact, almost everywhere one walks on the tops of ancient walls which the rain and the coaches lay bare.

He disagreed with those who compared the freedom of Rome with that of Venice, principally with these arguments: That even the houses here are so insecure that those who were rather amply provided with means were usually advised to give their purse in keeping with the bankers of the city, in order not to find their strong-box broken open, which has happened to many. *Item*, that to go about by night is hardly safe. *Item*, that on the 1st of this month of December the General of the Cordeliers had been

suddenly dismissed from his charge, and locked up, for having, in his sermon, at which were present the Pope and the Cardinals, denounced the idleness and ostentation of the prelates of the Church, without entering into any other particulars, and merely making use, with some asperity of tone, of the ordinary commonplaces upon this topic. *Item*, that his trunks had been searched at his entry into the city by the Customs, and rummaged even to the smallest articles of his apparel, whereas in most of the other Italian towns those officers were satisfied when you merely offered them to be searched; that, besides this, they had taken from him all the books they found there, in order to examine them—which they were so long about that any man who had other business to do might very well give them up for lost;[1] added to which, the regulations here were so extraordinary, that the *Hours of Our Lady*, because they were of Paris and not of Rome, were an object of suspicion to them, and the books of certain German doctors against the heretics, because in combating them they had made mention of their errors. In this connection he congratulated himself on that, not having had any warning whatever of what was to happen to him, and though he had passed through Germany with his enquiring mind, there was no prohibited book in his possession. However, he was told by several gentlemen of the place that, even though any had been found, he would have got off with the loss of the books.

Twelve or fifteen days after our arrival he was taken ill, and, on account of an unusual defluxion of the reins, which threatened him with some kind of ulcer, he made his maiden effort, by order of a French physician of the Cardinal de Rambouillet, aided by the dexterous management of his apothe-

[1] The books were returned on the 20th March, nearly four months later.

cary, to take one day some cassia in large doses at the end of a knife lightly wetted, which he swallowed very easily, and had two or three stools in consequence. Next day he took of Venetian turpentine, which they say comes from the mountains of Tyrol, two large doses done up in a wafer on a silver spoon, washed down with one or two drops of some tasty syrup; he observed no other effects from it than that his urine smelled of March violets. After this he took, at three times, though not one after another, a certain kind of drink which had exactly the taste and colour of milk of almonds: and, in fact, his physician told him that it was nothing more than that; however he thinks there was some *quatre-semences-froides* in it.[1] There was nothing out of the way or difficult in the taking of this physic, except the early hour: all that three hours before the meal. Nor did he know what good that milk of almonds did him, for the same indisposition still continued; and he had since a very severe attack of colic, on the 23rd, which made him go to bed about midday, and he remained there till the evening, when he discharged a quantity of gravel, and after that a large stone, hard, long and smooth, which stopped five or six hours in passing through the yard. All this time, since his baths, his bowels had been in good order, as a result of which he thought he was safe against any worse mishaps. He then skipped several meals, sometimes dinner, sometimes supper.

On Christmas Day he went to hear the Pope's mass at St. Peter's, where he had a convenient place for seeing all the ceremonies at his ease. There are several special forms: the gospel and the epistle are said first in Latin and secondly in Greek, as is also done on Easter Day and St. Peter's Day. The Pope administered the Sacrament to a number of others,

[1] The four cold seeds: seeds of melon, pumpkin, cucumber and gourd.

and with him officiated at this service the Cardinals Farnese, Medicis, Caraffa and Gonzaga. There is a certain instrument for drinking from the chalice, in order to provide safety against poison.[1] It seemed strange to him that, both at this mass and others, the Pope and Cardinals and other prelates were seated, and, during nearly the whole mass, covered, talking and chatting together. These ceremonies appeared to him altogether to partake more of magnificence than of devotion.

For the rest, he did not think there was anything particular in the beauty of the women to merit that pre-eminence which repute had given to this city above all others in the world; and, after all, as at Paris, the most remarkable beauty here was to be found among those who put it up for sale.

On the 28th of December, M. d'Elbène, who was then ambassador, a studious gentleman with whom M. de Montaigne had long been friends, thought he ought to kiss the Pope's feet. M. d'Estissac and he got into the said ambassador's coach. When he had been admitted to audience, he sent for them by the Pope's chamberlain. They found the Pope and with him the ambassador quite alone, which is the fashion; he has a small hand-bell at his side, which he rings when he wants any one to come to him. The ambassador, seated on his left hand, uncovered: for the Pope never doffs his bonnet for anyone whatever, nor is any ambassador ever in his presence with his head covered. M. d'Estissac entered first, and after him M. de Montaigne, and then M. de Mattecoulon, and M. du Hautoi. After a step or two into the chamber, in the corner of which the said Pope is seated, those who enter, whoever they may be, place one knee on the ground and wait until the Pope gives them the benediction, which he does; after that they rise and advance about half-way into the

[1] Called the *fistola*, or reed.

room. It is true that most persons do not go straight towards him, cutting across the room, but shuffle a little way along the wall, and, after this detour, make straight for him. When they are half-way they again go down on one knee, and receive the second benediction. This done, they go towards him as far as a velvet carpet spread out at his feet, seven or eight feet further. Upon the edge of this carpet they go down on both knees. Here the ambassador who was presenting them put one knee to the ground, and turned back the Pope's robe from the right foot, on which there is a red slipper with a white cross upon it. Those who are on their knees drag themselves along in this posture up to his foot, and stoop down to the ground to kiss it. M. de Montaigne said that he had slightly raised the end of his foot. They made way for each other to kiss, withdrawing to one side, always in this posture. The ambassador, that being done, covered the Pope's foot again, and, rising from his seat, said what he thought proper for the recommendation of M. d'Estissac and M. de Montaigne. The Pope then, with a courteous mien, admonished M. d'Estissac to be studious and virtuous, and M. de Montaigne to continue in the devotion he had ever borne to the Church and the service of the Most Christian King, and that he would gladly be of service to them where he was able: those are services of Italian phrases. As for them, they spoke not a word to him; but having there and then received another benediction before rising, which is a sign of dismissal, went back the same way. This is done by each according to his own notion; however the most usual way is to go backwards and keep in the background, or at least to withdraw to one side, in such a way as always to look the Pope in the face. At the half-way, as in coming, they again went down on one knee and had another benediction; and at the door, again on one knee, the final benediction.

The Pope's language is Italian, smacking of its Bolognese twitter, which is the worst idiom in Italy, and then his speech is halting by nature.[1] For the rest, he is a very handsome old man, of the middle height and upright, his face full of majesty, a long white beard; at this time more than eighty years old, as healthy and vigorous at that age as one can possibly wish, without gout, without colic, without stomach trouble, and without any subjection; of a gentle nature, exciting himself little over the affairs of the world; a great builder, and in this respect he will leave in Rome and elsewhere a particularly honoured memory:[2] a great almoner, I should say, beyond all measure. Among other testimony of this [there is not a girl about to marry whom he does not assist in setting up house, if she is of humble origin; and his liberality in this respect is counted upon as ready money. Besides that] he has built Colleges for the Greeks, for the English, Scotch, French, for the Germans and for the Poles—each of which he has endowed with more than ten thousand crowns a year in perpetuity, besides the enormous expense of the buildings. He has done so in order to call to the Church the children of those nations which have been corrupted by evil opinions against the Church; and there the boys are lodged, fed, clothed, instructed and provided with everything, without their having to spend a *quattrino* of their own on anything whatever. The tiresome charge of public business he readily throws on others' shoulders, and avoids giving himself trouble.

He gives as many audiences as you wish. His answers are short and resolved, and you waste your time if you combat his reply with new arguments.

[1] *De sa nature il a la parole mal aysée.* Paul de Foix, in a letter written in 1581, says: 'le pape a naturellement une certaine difficulté d'haleine et la voix cassée' (cracked).

[2] Montaigne again makes mention of him in the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 363.

In what he deems just, he trusts to his own opinion; and even for his son, whom he loves furiously, he will not stir a finger against his idea of justice. He advances his relations, but without any prejudice to the rights of the Church, which he preserves inviolable. He is very magnificent in public buildings and the improvement of the streets of this city; and, to tell the truth, in his life and conduct there is nothing very extraordinary one way or the other, yet inclining much more to the 'good'.

On the last day of December they two dined with M. the Cardinal de Sens, who observes the Roman ceremonies more than any other Frenchman. The very long *benedicite* and *grace* were said by two chaplains, who make response to one another in the manner of the Church service. During the dinner someone reads a paraphrase in Italian of the gospel of the day. They washed with him both before and after the meal. Everyone is provided with a napkin to dry himself with; and before those whom they desire specially to honour, who are seated either at the side of or opposite to the master, they place large silver squares which hold their salt-cellar, of the same kind as those they place before the higher nobility in France. Upon this there is a napkin folded in four; on this napkin the bread, knife, fork and spoon. On the top of all this another napkin, which you are to make use of, leaving the rest in the state in which it is: for after you are at table, they set before you, by the side of the square, a silver or earthenware plate which you make use of. Of all that is served up at the table the carver gives a portion on plates to those who are seated in that order, who do not put their hand to the dish, and they seldom put their hand to the dish of the master.

They also served M. de Montaigne with drink, as they usually did at the ambassador's when he ate there, in this way: that is, they placed before him a

silver basin, on which was a glass with wine, and a small bottle, of the capacity of those used for ink, full of water. He takes the glass in his right hand and in his left the bottle, and pours as much water as he pleases into his glass, and then puts the bottle back into the basin. When he drinks, the man who serves him holds the said basin under his chin, and he himself then replaces his glass into the said basin. This ceremony is only observed with one or two at the most of those below the master.

The table was removed immediately after grace, and the chairs arranged at once along one side of the room, on which the Cardinal made them sit after him. Then came two ecclesiastics, well dressed, with some instruments or other in their hands, who knelt on one knee before him, and gave him notice of some service or other which was being celebrated in some church. He said not a word to them, but as they rose after having spoken and were going away, he raised his bonnet to them slightly. A little after he took them in his coach to the Hall of the Consistory, where the Cardinals were assembled to go to vespers. The Pope arrived and robed himself there to go to vespers too. The Cardinals did not kneel at his benediction, as the people do, but received it with a low inclination of the head.

On the 3rd day of January 1581, the Pope passed before our window. There walked before him about two hundred horses ridden by persons of his court, of one or the other robe. At his side was the Cardinal de Medicis, who was talking with him covered, and was taking him to dine with him. The Pope had a red hat, his white apparel and red velvet hood, as usual, mounted on a white hackney with harness of red velvet, with gold fringes and lace. He mounts his horse without the assistance of a groom, and yet he is in his eighty-first year. Every fifteen yards he gave his benediction. After him came three Cardinals, and

then about a hundred men-at-arms, lance on thigh, and armed at all points except the head. There was also another hackney with the same trappings, a mule, a handsome white charger and a litter following him, and two robe-bearers who carried valises at their saddle-bow.

This same day M. de Montaigne took some turpentine, without any other occasion except that he had a cold, and after it he passed a great deal of gravel.

On the 11th of January, in the morning, as M. de Montaigne was leaving the house on horseback to go *in Banchi*, it happened that they were taking out of prison Catena, a famous robber and captain of banditti who had kept all Italy in terror, and of whom they related some atrocious murders, especially of two Capuchins, whom he had made to deny God, promising them on that condition to spare their lives, and whom he then massacred without any occasion either of gain or revenge. He stopped to see this spectacle. Besides the forms observed in France, they carry before the criminal a large crucifix covered with a black curtain; and on foot were a great number of men clothed and masked in linen, who, they say, are gentlemen and other eminent people of Rome, and who devote themselves to this service of accompanying criminals led to execution and the bodies of the dead; and they form a brotherhood for that purpose. There are two of those, or monks, clothed and masked in the same way, who stand by the side of the criminal in the cart and exhort him; and one of them continually holds before his face, and makes him incessantly kiss, a tablet on which is the image of Our Lord: this is done in order that the face of the criminal may not be seen as they pass along the street. At the gallows, which is a beam between two supports, they still kept this picture close before his face, till he was thrown off. He

made a commonplace death of it, neither moving nor speaking; he was a dark man of thirty or thereabouts.

After he was strangled, they cut him into four quarters. They seldom put a man to any but a simple death, and exercise their barbarity after he is dead. M. de Montaigne noticed here, what he has said elsewhere,[1] how much the people are terrified by the severities practised upon dead bodies: for the people here, who had shown no feeling at seeing him strangled, at every blow that was given to hew him in pieces burst out into piteous cries. As soon as they are dead, one or several Jesuits, or others, mount upon some raised place and shout at the people, one in this direction, another in that, and preach to them to make them relish that example.

We remarked in Italy, and especially at Rome, that there were hardly any bells for the use of the church, and fewer at Rome than in the smallest village in France; also that there are no images, except some of quite recent make. Many old churches have not one.

On the 14th day of January he again took turpentine, without any apparent effect. On this same day I[2] saw two brothers done to death, former servants of the Castellano's secretary, who had killed him by night a few days before in the city, within the very palace of the said Signor Giacomo Buoncompagno, the Pope's son. They pinched their flesh with red-hot pincers, and then cut off their fist, in front of the said palace; and after cutting they applied capons to their wounds, which they had killed and immediately laid open. They were despatched on a scaffold, clubbed with a big wooden mace, and then immediately had their throats cut: that punishment they say

[1] In the chapter on 'Cruelty', *Essays*, vol. i. p. 424, where Montaigne mentions the same incident to illustrate his point.

[2] Presumably the secretary himself, and not Montaigne.

is sometimes practised at Rome; others maintained that it had been adapted to the misdeed, since they had killed their master in that way.

As to the size of Rome, M. de Montaigne said that the space encircled by the walls, which is more than two-thirds vacant, comprehending the ancient and modern Rome, might equal the enclosure made round Paris to include all the faubourgs from one end to the other; but if you estimate the size by the number and crowding of the houses and habitations, he thinks that Rome does not attain to the size of Paris by about a third. In the number and size of public squares, and beauty of the streets and beauty of houses, Rome easily carries the day.

He also found the cold of winter very nearly approaching to that of Gascony. There were some sharp frosts about Christmas, and some intolerably cold winds. It is true that even at that time there is very often thunder, hail and lightning.

The palaces have a long succession of parts, one after another; you thread your way through three or four large rooms before you are at the principal one. In some places where M. de Montaigne dined in state, the buffets are not where you dine, but in another first room, and they go there to fetch your drink when you ask for it; it is there that the silver plate is displayed.

Thursday, 26th of January, having gone to see Mount Janiculum, beyond the Tiber, and to look at the curiosities in that part, among others a large bit of old wall that had fallen to ruin two days before, and to get a view of the lie of all parts of Rome, which you cannot see so clearly from any other point; and having gone down from there to the Vatican to see the statues enclosed in the niches of the Belvedere and the fine gallery that the Pope is erecting for paintings from all parts of Italy,[1] and which is very

[1] The Galleria Geografica.

near its completion, he lost his purse and what was in it; and he thought it was because, when giving alms two or three times, the weather being very wet and disagreeable, instead of returning his purse to his pouch, he had slipped it through the slashings of his hose.

All these days he spent all his time studying Rome. At the beginning he had taken a French guide, but, this fellow having refused his service in some fantastic humour, he piqued himself that by his own study he was able to master that science, with the help of various maps and books[1] which he had read to him in the evening; and in the day-time he would visit the places and make practical use of what he had learned, so that in a few days he could easily have reguided his guide.

He said 'that one saw nothing of Rome but the sky under which it had been grounded and the outline of its form; that the knowledge he had of it was an abstract knowledge and founded on reflection, of which there was nothing perceptible by the senses; that those who said that one saw at least the ruins of Rome affirmed too much, for the ruins of so awe-inspiring a machine would bring more honour and reverence for its memory: it was no more than its sepulchre—the world, hostile to her long domination, had first broken and shattered all the parts of this wondrous body, and because, even though quite dead, overthrown and mutilated, it still filled them with horror, they had buried her very ruins; that those little indications of her ruin which still appear above the bier had only been preserved by chance, as evidence of that infinite greatness which so many centuries, so many conflagrations, the so often repeated conspiracy of the world to ruin her had not

[1] Among the books which have been recovered from Montaigne's scattered library, and bearing his signature, is *Le Antichità di Roma*, by Lucio Mauro.

been able entirely to extinguish, but that, in all probability, the mutilated members that survived were the least worthy of preserving, and that the fury of the enemies of that immortal glory had impelled them to destroy in the first place what was most beautiful and most worthy; that the buildings of this bastard Rome which they were at the present time appending to the antique ruins, though they were fine enough to excite the admiration of the present age, reminded him exactly of those nests which the sparrows and crows in France append to the arches and walls of the churches which the Huguenots not long ago demolished.

'He suspected, besides, that, seeing the space which this tomb occupies, the whole extent of it could not be realised, and that the sepulchre itself was for the most part buried; and that when we see that so mean a refuse as that of bits of tiles and broken pots could have risen in ancient times to a heap of such vast size[1] that it is equal in height and breadth to many natural mountains (for he compared it in height to the hill of Gurson and calculated it to be double as broad), we must conclude that it was an express ordinance of the Fates, to make the world feel how they had conspired to render this city so glorious and pre-eminent by so novel and extraordinary a testimony to her greatness. He said he could not easily allow, when he saw the limited space and room occupied by some of these seven hills, and especially the most famous, as the Capitoline and the Palatine, that so great a number of buildings could have been crowded upon them. Merely looking at the remains of the Temple of Peace,[2] by the side of the Forum Romanum, of which you still see the quite recent fall, as of a great

[1] The Monte Testaccio, which is 115 ft. high and 1000 yds. round.

[2] The Temple of Peace, dedicated by Vespasian in the year 77, was destroyed by fire under Commodus. Perhaps Montaigne meant the Temple of Concord.

mountain broken up into many horrible rocks, it does not seem possible that two such buildings could stand on the whole space of the Capitoline Hill, on which were quite twenty-five or thirty temples, besides a number of private houses.

'But, in truth, many of the conjectures that we form from the description of this ancient city have little verisimilitude, since even its outline has undergone endless changes, some of these valleys having been filled up even in the deepest places that existed there: as, for example, on the site of the Velabrum—which, on account of its lying so low, received the sewage of the city and had a lake—hills had arisen of the same height as the other natural hills around it, which has been done by the piling into heaps of the ruins of those great edifices; and Monte Savello is nothing but the ruins of part of the Theatre of Marcellus. He thought that an ancient Roman, could he see it, would not be able to recognise the site of his city. It has often happened that, after digging a long way into the ground, they would come upon only the head of a very high column, which was still standing on its feet down below. They do not seek any other foundation for their houses than old ruined buildings or vaults, such as are to be seen at the bottom of all the cellars, nor even the support of the ancient foundation or of a wall which is in its place; but on the very wrecks of the old buildings, as chance has scattered them about, they have set the feet of their new palaces, as on great masses of rocks, firm and secure. It is easily seen that many streets are more than thirty feet below those of the present day.'

On the 28th of January he had the colic, which did not interfere with any of his ordinary actions, and passed a rather biggish stone and other smaller ones.

On the 30th he went to see the most ancient religious ceremony in existence among mankind, and looked on at it with great and profitable atten-

tion: that was the circumcision of the Jews. He had already seen their synagogue on a previous occasion, on a Saturday morning, and their prayers, when they sing disordinately, as in the Calvinistic church, in Hebrew, certain lessons from the Bible suited to the occasion. They keep time and tune, but the discord is excessive, owing to the confusion of so many voices of every age: for the children, down to the youngest, take part, and they all have an indifferent understanding of Hebrew. They pay no more attention to their prayers than we do to ours, talking the while of other matters, and do not bring much reverence to their mysteries. They wash their hands on coming in, but in this place it is anathema to doff their bonnets; but they bow the head and bend the knees where devotion ordains. They wear on their shoulders or their head a sort of linen garment with fringes hanging from it—the whole would take too much time to describe. In the afternoon their doctors, by turns, give a lesson on the passage of the Bible for that day, doing it in Italian. After the lesson, some other doctor present selects some one of the hearers, or sometimes two or three in succession, to argue against the one who has just been reading, on what he has said. The one we heard seemed to him to have much eloquence and much wit in his argumentation.

But as to the circumcision, it is performed in private houses, in the lightest and most convenient room in the house where the boy lives. There where it took place, because the house was inconvenient, the ceremony was carried out at the entrance of the door. They give the boy a godfather and a godmother, as we do, and the father names the child. They circumcise them on the eighth day after their birth. The godfather sits down on a table and puts a pillow on his knee; the godmother brings him the boy and then goes off. The child is swaddled after

our fashion; the godfather unwraps him below, and then the assistants and the man who is to perform the operation begin to sing all together, and accompany with songs the whole of this action, which lasts a short quarter of an hour. The minister may be other than a rabbi, and, whatever he may be among them, everyone is desirous of being called in to this office, as they think it a great blessing to be frequently employed in it: nay, they will pay to be invited, offering, one a garment, another some other useful thing for the boy; and they believe that he who has circumcised up to a certain number, which they know, when he is dead has this privilege, that the parts about his mouth are never eaten by worms.

Upon the table where the godfather is seated there is at the same time a great display of all the instruments necessary for this operation. Besides that, a man holds in his hand a vial full of wine and a glass. There is also a brazier on the ground, at which brazier the minister first warms his hands, and then, finding the boy quite stripped, the godfather holding him on his lap with his head towards him, he takes hold of his member and draws towards him the skin which is over it with one hand, pushing with the other the glans and the member within. To the end of this skin which he holds towards the said glans, he applies a silver instrument, which keeps the skin in position, and prevents any injury to the glans and the flesh from the sharp edge. After that, with a knife he cuts off that skin, which is at once buried in the earth which is there in a basin among the other apparatus of this mystery. After that, the minister with his bare nails bruises still some other particle of skin which is on this glans, and forcibly tears it off and pushes it back beyond the glans.

There seems to be a good deal of effort in this, and pain; however, they see no danger in it, and the wound always heals in four or five days. The boy

cries, as ours do when they are baptized. As soon as this glans is thus laid bare, they hastily offer the minister some wine, who takes a little into his mouth, and then sucks the still bleeding glans of the boy and spits out the blood he has drawn from it, and incontinently takes the same quantity of wine as many as three times. That done, they offer him, in a little paper bag, some red powder, which they say is dragon's blood, with which he salts and covers the whole wound; and then very neatly wraps the boy's member in bits of linen cut for the purpose. That done, they give him a full glass of wine, which wine they say he blesses with some prayers he says. He takes a gulp of it, and then three times he dips his finger into it and puts a few drops to the boy's mouth to be sucked; and this glass afterwards, in the same state, is sent to the mother and the women who are in some other part of the house, to drink up the remainder of the wine. Besides that, a third person takes a silver instrument, as round as a tennis-ball, which is attached to a long tail—which instrument is pierced with little holes, like our cassolettes—and applies it to the nose, first of the minister, and then of the boy, and then of the godfather: they suppose that they are odours to strengthen and purify the mind for devotion. He meanwhile still has his mouth all bloody.

On the 8th, and since again on the 12th, he had a suspicion of colic, and passed some stones without much pain.

The Shrovetide which took place at Rome this year was more licentious, by permission of the Pope, than it has been for several years before; we found, however, that it was no great things. Along the Corso, which is a long street in Rome, and which has its name on this account, they have races, now between four or five boys, now between Jews, now between old men quite naked, who run from one end

of the street to the other. The only pleasure you have in them is to see them passing before the place where you are. They do the same with horses, on which are little boys who urge them on with whips, and with donkeys and buffaloes driven with goads by men on horseback. For each race there is a prize offered, which they call *il palio*: pieces of velvet or cloth. In one part of the street, where the ladies have a better view, the gentlemen, on fine horses, run the quintain, and exhibit some grace at it: for there is nothing in which this nobility is so generally accomplished as in equestrian exercises. The scaffolding which M. de Montaigne had had made cost him three crowns; but then it was situated in a very fine part of the street.

On this day all the fair gentlewomen of Rome were seen at leisure: for in Italy they wear no masks, as they do in France, and show themselves quite openly. As to the rare and perfect beauty, it existed, he said, no more than in France, and, except in three or four, he found no pre-eminence; but in general they are more pleasing, and you do not see so many ugly ones as in France. Their heads are without comparison dressed to better advantage, and the lower part below the girdle. The body is better in France: for here they are too loose about the girdle, and bear themselves like our women with child; their faces have more dignity, softness and gentleness. In richness of attire they are beyond comparison with ours: all is covered with pearls and precious stones. Wherever they show themselves in public, whether in their coaches, at festivals, or in the theatre, they keep apart from the men; they have dances, however, in which they mingle freely enough and have opportunity for conversing and touching hands.

The men are very simply dressed, whatever the occasion, in black and Florence serge, and, being somewhat darker-complexioned than we are, they

somehow do not look like the dukes, marquises, counts which they are; on the contrary, they look rather common—otherwise courteous and affable as can be, whatever the baser sort of Frenchmen may say, who refuse to see any affability in those who do not choose to put up with their customary insolence and riotous behaviour. We do all we can, in every way, to bring ourselves into ill-odour here. However, they have an old-time affection and respect for France, which secures respect and welcome for those who deserve it in the slightest degree and who merely refrain from giving offence.

On Thursday before Lent he was admitted to a banquet of the Castellano. There was very great preparation, and notably an amphitheatre very artistically and richly fitted up for the combat in the lists, which took place at night, before supper, in a square barn having a sunken part in the middle of oval shape. Among other singularities, the pavement was painted in a moment with various devices in red: having first coated the floor with some sort of lime or plaster, they laid upon this white portion a piece of parchment or leather cut into a stencil with the desired design, and then passed a brush with red paint over this stencil, and printed through the openings what they desired on the pavement—and so quickly that in two hours' time the nave of a church could be thus painted.

At supper the ladies are waited upon by their husbands, who stand about them and give them drink and what they ask for. They served up abundance of roast fowls, reclothed with their natural feathers as when alive; capons cooked entire in glass bottles; abundance of hares, rabbits and live birds in paste; wonderful linen hangings. The ladies' table, which was of four dishes, could be taken to pieces, and underneath it was another, ready laid and covered with sweetmeats.

The men do not masquerade when they visit each other; they do so, inexpensively, to walk about in public or to make up parties for tilting at the ring. There were two fine and rich companies in this fashion on Shrove Monday, for running at the quintain. They beat us especially in their wealth of very handsome horses.

[The remainder of the Diary is in Montaigne's own hand.]

Having dismissed the man who carried on this fine business, and seeing that it is so far advanced, however much trouble it may give me, I must continue it myself.

On the 16th February, as I was returning from the *station*,[1] I came across a priest in vestments in a little chapel, busied in curing a *spiritato*: he was a melancholy man, and seemed half dead. They were holding him on his knees before the altar, with some cloth or other round his neck by which they held him fast. The priest read in his presence a number of prayers and exorcisms, commanding the devil to quit this body, and he read them out of his breviary. After that he directed his words to the patient, speaking now to him, now to the devil in his person, and then abusing him, giving him good blows with his fist, spitting in his face. The patient replied to his questions with a few inept replies, now for himself, saying how much he felt the stirrings of his evil, now for the devil, how he feared God, and how much those exorcisms worked upon him. After this, which lasted a long time, the priest, as a last effort, retired to the altar, and took the pyx, in which was the *Corpus Domini*, in his left hand, in the other hand holding a lighted taper, upside down, so that he made it melt and burn away, muttering orisons the while, and at the end fierce and threatening words

[1] The church to which a procession goes for devotions.

against the devil, with as loud and authoritative a voice as he could assume. When the first candle was burnt down nearly to his fingers, he took another, and then a second, and then the third. This done, he replaced the pyx—that is to say, the transparent vessel in which was the *Corpus Domini*—and came back to the patient, speaking to him as to a man, caused him to be untied, and restored him to his people to take him home.

He told us that this was a devil of the worst sort, an obstinate devil, who would give much trouble to cast out. He then told ten or a dozen of us gentlemen who were there a number of stories about this art and of his ordinary experiences of it, and in particular that the day before he had freed a woman from a big devil, who, in coming out of her, discharged out of this woman, through her mouth, nails, pins and a tuft of his hair. And, because he was answered that she was not yet quite recovered, he said that this was another kind of spirit, lighter and less mischievous, who had returned to her that morning; but that this sort (for he knew their names, their divisions and most minute differences) was easy to conjure. I saw no more than that. My man made no sign except gnash his teeth and twist his mouth when they presented the *Corpus Domini* to him, and occasionally mouthed these words: '*Si fata volent*'—for he was a notary and knew a little Latin.

On the 1st day of March I went to the station of St. Sixtus. At the high altar, the priest who was saying mass was beyond the altar, his face turned towards the people; there was nobody behind him. The Pope came there that same day: for, a few days before, he had removed from this church the nuns who were there, the place being a little too much out of the way, and had there accommodated all the poor who begged about the city—a very fine arrangement. The Cardinals each gave twenty crowns to

start this removal, and very liberal alms were given by other private persons. The Pope endowed this hospital with 500 crowns a month.[1]

There are at Rome numerous private acts of devotion and brotherhoods wherein one sees many great testimonies of piety. The people as a whole seem to be less religious than in the good towns in France, but much more given to ceremony: for in this respect they go to extremes. I am writing here with a free conscience. Here are two examples: A certain person being with a courtesan, and lying in a bed and in the middle of the licentious exercise you wot of, behold at the 24th hour the bell rang the *Ave Maria*; she immediately jumped out of bed to the floor, and went down on her knees to say her prayer. Being with another, behold the good mother (for the young ones especially have old governesses, whom they call their mother or aunt) comes banging at the door, and in anger and fury tears a ribbon from the young one's neck, from which hung a little *Notre Dame*, in order not to contaminate it with the ordure of her sin; the young woman felt extreme contrition at having forgotten to take it from her neck, as she had been wont to do.

The ambassador from the Muscovite also came to this station on that day, dressed in a scarlet mantle and a cassock of cloth of gold, his hat in the form of a night-cap of cloth of gold, furred, and beneath this a skull-cap of silver linen. This is the second ambassador from Muscovy who has come to the Pope. The first was in the time of Pope Paul III. It was thought there that this mission was to stir up the Pope to interpose in the war which the King of Poland was waging with his master, alleging that it fell to him to sustain the first shock from the Turk, and if his neigh-

[1] There were 850 of those beggars, who went there reluctantly, and did not remain long. They preferred the air and freedom of the streets, and gradually dwindled back again to their former life.

bour weakened him he would remain unequal to the other war, which would be opening a wide window for the Turk to come to us; and offering besides to give way on certain religious differences he had with the Roman Church.[1] He resided with the Castellano. He strongly insisted on not kissing the Pope's feet, but only his right hand; and would not give way until it was pointed out to him that the Emperor himself was liable to that ceremony: for the example of kings was not sufficient for him. He could speak no language but his own, and had come without an interpreter. He had only three or four men in his train, and said he had passed with great dangers through Poland in disguise. His nation is so ignorant of the affairs of this part of the world that he brought with him to Venice letters from his master addressed to the Grand Governor of the Signoria of Venice. When questioned as to the meaning of this inscription, he replied that they thought that Venice was under the dominion of the Pope, and that he sent governors there as he did to Bologna and elsewhere. God knows with what relish those magnificos received this piece of ignorance! He made presents, both there and to the Pope, of sables and black fox, which is a still rarer and richer fur.

On the 6th of March I went to see the library at the Vatican, which is in five or six large rooms, all forming a suite. There are a great number of books fastened to several rows of desks; there are others, too, in chests, which were all opened to me; abundance of books written by hand, and notably a Seneca and the *Opuscula* of Plutarch.[2] Remarkable to me was the statue of the good Aristides, with a fine bald head,

[1] The Muscovite was Ivan the Terrible, first Tsar of Russia, against whom Stephen Bathori, King of Poland, made war for five years.

[2] Seneca and Plutarch were two of Montaigne's favourite authors; see the *Essays*, bk. ii. ch. 10. Aristides was not the Athenian, but Aelius Aristides, a rhetorician of Smyrna, who lived in the time of Marcus Aurelius.

thick beard, high forehead, and a look full of gentleness and majesty: his name is inscribed on the very ancient pedestal; a book of China, in outlandish characters, the leaves of some material much softer and more pellucid than our paper, and, as they cannot bear the stain of ink, only one side of the leaf is written upon, and the leaves are all double and folded at the outside edges, by which they hold together: they think it is the membrane of some tree. I also saw a bit of the ancient papyrus, on which were unknown characters: it is the bark of a tree. I saw the breviary of St. Gregory, written by hand; it bears no evidence of the year, but they think it has been passed on from hand to hand from his time. It is a missal, much the same as ours, and was brought from the last Council of Trent, to serve as a testimony of our ceremonies. I saw a book of St. Thomas Aquinas, in which there are corrections in the hand of the author himself, who wrote badly, a small character, worse than mine.[1] *Item*, a Bible printed on parchment, one of those that Plantin had just produced, in four languages, which King Philip sent to this Pope, as is stated in the inscription on the binding;[2] the original of the book that the King of England composed against Luther, which he sent about fifty years ago to Pope Leo Tenth, subscribed with his own hand, with this fine Latin distich also in his own hand:

Anglorum Rex Henricus, Leo decime, mittit
Hoc opus, et fidei testem et amicitiae.[3]

I read the prefaces, the one to the Pope, the other to the reader: he excuses himself on the score of his

[1] Montaigne disparages his own handwriting (as he does again in the *Essays*, vol. i. p. 251). His hand is generally very legible, especially when it is so minute as to need a magnifying-glass to decipher it.

[2] The polyglot version printed in 1569 by Christophe Plantin of Antwerp.

[3] 'Henry, King of the English, sends this work to Leo the Tenth as a pledge of loyalty and friendship.' It may be noted that Montaigne often uses the words *beau*, *belle*, ironically.

warlike occupations and his want of ability; the Latin is good for a schoolboy.

I saw the library without any difficulty: anybody sees it thus, and makes what extracts he pleases; and it is open almost every morning. I was shown over the whole and invited by a gentleman to make use of it whenever I wished. M. our ambassador left Rome at this time without having seen it, and complained that they wanted him to pay court to Cardinal Charlet, master of this library, for that permission; and he had never been enabled, he said, to see that manuscript Seneca, which he infinitely desired to do. Fortune brought me to it, for on his testimony I had regarded the thing as hopeless. All things come easy to certain turns of mind, and are unattainable by others. Opportunity and opportuneness have their privileges, and often offer to people of low degree what they refuse to kings. Curiosity sometimes stands in its own way, as well as greatness and power.

I saw here, too, a Virgil written by hand, in exceedingly big letters, and in those long and narrow characters which we see in the inscriptions of the time of the Emperors—for instance, about the period of Constantine—which have something of the Gothic form, and have lost that square proportion which we see in the old Latin handwritings. This Virgil confirmed the opinion I have always held, that the first four lines they put in the *Aeneid* are borrowed: this book has them not. There is a copy of the Acts of the Apostles, in beautiful gold Greek characters, as fresh and bright as though they were of to-day. These letters are massive, and have a solid and raised body on the paper, so that, if you pass your hand over them, you can feel their thickness. I believe we have lost the use of this kind of writing.

On the 13th of March an old patriarch of Antioch, an Arab, very well versed in five or six languages of those beyond, and with no knowledge

of Greek and others of our tongues, with whom I had become very intimate, made me a present of a certain mixture for the relief of my gravel, and prescribed for me the use of it in writing. He enclosed it for me in a little earthen pot, and told me that I might keep it ten or twenty years; and expected such a good result from it, that after the first taking I should be entirely cured of my malady. In order that, if I lose his writing, I may find it here: 'You must take of the drug, after a light supper, about the size of two peas and mixed with warm water, having first crumbled it with your fingers, leaving out every other day, and take it five times.'

Dining one day at Rome with our ambassador, with Muret and other savants, I turned the conversation upon the French translation of Plutarch; and in opposition to some who thought much less of it than I did, I maintained at least this: That where the translator has missed the real meaning of Plutarch, he has substituted another that was probable and in keeping with the following and preceding matter. In order to show me that, even in this respect, I gave him credit for too much, two passages were produced, of one of which they attributed the criticism to the son of M. Mangot, an advocate of Paris, who had just left Rome: it is in the Life of Solon, about the middle, where he says that Solon *se vantoit qu'il avoit affranchi l'Attique, et avoit osté les bornes qui faisoient les séparations des héritages*.[1] He went wrong; for the Greek term signifies certain marks that were placed upon lands that were mortgaged and alienated, in order that the purchasers might be forewarned that they were mortgaged. What he substituted as to limits is not reconcilable with sense, for

[1] In North's translation of Amyot's translation of Plutarch this passage is rendered as follows: 'For he glorieth . . . that he had taken away all bawks and marks that separated men's lands through the country of Attica, and that now he had set at liberty that which before was in bondage.'

that would be making the lands not free, but common. Estienne's Latin comes nearer the truth.

The second, quite at the end of the treatise on the 'Nurture of Children': '*D'observer*', he says, '*ces règles, cela se peut plus tost souhaiter que conseiller.*' The Greek, they say, has it: 'that is more to be desired than hoped for', and is a kind of proverb which is to be found elsewhere. For this clear and easy meaning what the translator has substituted is feeble and strange; therefore, accepting their conjectures as to the proper meaning of the words, I admitted their conclusion in good faith.

The churches of Rome are less handsome than those of most of the good towns in Italy, and, speaking generally, in Italy and Germany they are ordinarily still less handsome than in France. At St. Peter's, at the entrance to the new church, you may see banners hanging as trophies; their inscription imports that these are banners won by the King from the Huguenots; but it does not specify where and when. Beside the Gregorian chapel, where you see an endless number of votive tablets fixed in the wall, there is among others a little picture, mean enough and badly painted, of the Battle of Moncontour. In the room facing the chapel of S. Sixtus, or on the partition-wall, are a number of pictures of memorable events touching the Holy See, such as the naval battle of John of Austria. There is the representation of that Pope who is treading under foot the head of the Emperor who came to ask his pardon and kiss his feet, not, however, the words spoken on both sides according to history.[2] There are also two places

[1] The observation of these rules is rather to be desired than advised.

[2] 'Car c'est une histoire assez commune, et qui n'a point été oubliée par ceux qui ont écrit les vies des papes, qu'Alexandre III^me^ ayant commandé à l'empereur Frédéric (Barberousse) de se prosterner en terre et de lui demander pardon (devant un grand peuple assemblé au même lieu, à savoir en l'église de Saint-Marc à Venise) l'empereur obéissant à son commandement se prosterna. Mais incontinent ce gentil pape, lui mettant le pied sur la gorge (ou sur le col, selon les

where the wounding and the death of M. the Admiral de Châtillon are very authentically depicted.[1]

On the 15th of March M. de Montluc came to me at daybreak, to carry out the plan we had formed the day before, of going to see Ostia. We crossed the Tiber by the bridge of Our Lady, and issued through the Porta del Porto, anciently called *Portuensis*; thence we followed an uneven road, through a region indifferently fertile in wine and corn, and at the end of about eight miles, coming once more to join the Tiber, we descended into a large plain of meadows and pasture-land, at the end of which there once stood a large town, many fine large ruins of which are to be seen, bordering on the Lake of Trajan, which is an overflow of the Tyrrhenian Sea, and into which ships came to find shelter; but now very little sea comes into it, and still less into another lake which is a little above the place, which they call the Port of Claudius. We might have dined here with the Cardinal of Perugia, who was there; and indeed no one can be more courteous than these Signors and their servants. And the said lord Cardinal sent me word by one of my people who immediately after passed that way, that he had some cause of complaint against me; and this same valet was taken for a drink to the said Cardinal's buttery, who was neither a friend nor an acquaintance of mine, and only exercised herein a customary hospitality shown to all strangers of any breeding; but I was afraid the daylight might fail me for the

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autres) vint à dire, "Il est écrit, Tu marcheras sur l'aspic et le basilisque, et fouleras aux pieds le lion et le dragon." L'empereur, fort indigné d'un tel outrage, répondit, "Non pas à toi, mais à Saint Pierre." Alors, le foulant derechef, dit, "Et à moi et à Pierre."'

[1] The massacre of St. Bartholomew was hailed with every demonstration of joy by Pope Gregory III. and the Romans, and was also commemorated in frescoes, which may still be seen in the Sala Regia, the vestibule of the Sixtine Chapel. The inscription *Strages Hugenottorum*, which was under one of them, has been obliterated. The Admiral de Châtillon is better known as Marshal Coligny.

excursion I intended to make, having gone much further in order to see the two banks of the Tiber. There we crossed in a boat a small branch of the Tiber, and entered the Sacred Isle, which is about a good Gascon league in extent, full of pasture-land. Here are some ruins and marble columns, and there are many in this place called Porto, where stood that old city of Trajan; and the Pope has some of them dug up every day and brought to Rome. When we had traversed this island, we came upon the Tiber to cross, for which there was no suitable craft in respect of the horses, and we were on the point of retracing our steps; but, by good luck, who should arrive on the other bank but the Sieurs Du Bellai, the Baron de Chasai, de Marivau and others? Whereupon I crossed the water and made a barter with those gentlemen, that they should take our horses and we theirs. So they returned to Rome by the road we had come, and we took theirs, which led straight to Ostia.

Ostia, fifteen miles, is situated along the old channel of the Tiber; for it has altered its course a little, and recedes from it every day. We made a hasty breakfast at a little tavern. Further on we saw La Rocca, which is a little place rather strongly fortified, where no guard is kept. The Popes, especially the present one, have erected on their sea-coast big towers or *vedettes*, about from mile to mile, to resist the descents which the Turks have often made, particularly in the vintage season; and they took cattle and men. From these towers, by means of a cannon-shot, they pre-warn each other with such rapidity that the alarm has immediately flown to Rome.

Around Ostia are the salt-marshes, from which all the territories of the Church are supplied: it is a large marshy plain into which the sea flows. The road from Ostia to Rome, which is the *Via Ostensis*, is crowded with great vestiges of its former beauty:

numerous causeways, many ruins of aqueducts; the road nearly the whole way is dotted with large ruins, and more than two parts of the said road are still paved with those big black square slabs with which they used to floor their highways. Looking at this bank of the Tiber we may readily accept as true the theory that the road all the way from Rome to Ostia was lined on both sides with dwelling-houses. Among other ruins we saw, about half-way, on our left, a very fine tomb of a Roman praetor, the inscription on which is still seen entire. The ruins of Rome for the most part only show their antiquity by the thickness and solidity of their masonry. They used to make big brick walls, and then they encrusted them with slabs of marble or some other white stone, or some kind of cement, or big squares coated on the outside. This crust, on which were the inscriptions, has in the course of years nearly everywhere fallen away, wherefore we have lost some of our knowledge of such matters. The writing is seen when the building is formed of some wall of thick and massive stone.

The approaches to Rome, almost everywhere, have for the most part a barren and uncultivated look, owing either to want of soil or, what appears to me more likely, because this city has not many labourers and men who live by the work of their hands. On the way I met, when I came there, many troops of villagers, who came from the Grisons and from Savoy, to earn something in the season by labouring in the vineyards and their gardens; and they told me that this was their source of income every year.

It is a city all court and nobility: everybody takes his share in the ecclesiastical idleness. There are no trading streets, or less than in a small town: it is nothing but palaces and gardens. You see no Rue de la Harpe or Rue de St. Denis; I always think I am in

the Rue de Seine or on the Quai des Augustins in Paris.

The town hardly changes its character for a working-day or a holiday. All through Lent they go the round of the stations; the throng is no less on a working-day than on any other; at this time it is nothing but coaches, prelates and ladies. We returned to sleep at

Rome, fifteen miles. On the 16th of March I was seized with a desire to go and try the Roman vapour baths, and went to those of San Marco, which is considered one of the most aristocratic; I was treated with care and all possible respect; yet I was alone. The custom here is to bring lady friends, if you like, who are rubbed down with you by the *garçons*. I here learned that quicklime and orpiment mixed with lye, two parts of lime and a third of orpiment, are used for making that drug and unguent with which they cause the hair of the body to fall, after applying it for a short half quarter of an hour.[1]

On the 17th I had my colic for five or six hours, bearable; and some time after passed a stone as big as a big pine-kernel, and of that shape.

We now had roses in Rome, and artichokes; but to me the heat seemed nothing out of the way, clothed and covered as when at home.

They have less fish than in France: their pike especially is no good at all, and is left to the people. They rarely have soles and trout; very good barbel, much larger than at Bordeaux, but dear. John Dorys are much prized; and the mullets are larger than ours, and a little firmer. The oil here is so excellent that that irritation which remains in the throat in France when I have eaten much of it, I never have here.[2] They eat fresh grapes all the year

[1] The bath attendant who recommended this depilatory probably noticed Montaigne's hairy chest. See the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 91.

[2] *Chacun à son goût.* Montaigne did not agree with the Président de Brosses, who wrote letters from Italy in 1739–49; he remarks: 'Son

round, and even at this moment there are very good ones hanging from the trellises. Their mutton is no good, and is little thought of.

On the 18th the Portuguese ambassador did obeisance to the Pope for the kingdom of Portugal, on behalf of King Philip: the same ambassador who was here for the defunct King, and for the States in opposition to King Philip.

On my return from St. Peter's I met a man who informed me in a humorous way of two things: that the Portuguese made their obeisance in Passion-week [they suffered what they could not prevent]; and then, that on this same day the station was at S. Giovanni Porta Latina, in which church certain Portuguese, some years ago, had entered into a strange brotherhood. They married one another, male to male, at the mass, with the same ceremonies that we observe in our marriages, took their Easter sacrament together, read the same wedding gospel, and then went to bed and cohabited. The Roman wits said that, because, as in the other conjunction of male and female, this circumstance alone makes it legitimate that it is wedlock, so these fine fellows seemed to think that this other action would become equally right if they sanctioned it with the ceremonies and mysteries of the Church. Eight or nine Portuguese of this lovely sect were burned.

I saw the Spanish pomp. They fired a salvo of guns at the Castle of S. Angelo, and the ambassador was escorted to the palace by the Pope's trumpeters, drummers and archers.

The ambassador from the Muscovite, who was at a decorated window to see this pomp, said he had been invited to see a great assemblage; but that in

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huile (de Formie) était fort vantée, mais pour vous dire vrai, toutes celles de Calabre, du royaume de Naples et de l'Italie entière, même celles de Lucques, la plus estimée de toutes, sont détestables, onguentifères et vrais gibiers de Pharmacopole.'

his country, when they speak of troops of horses, it is always twenty-five or thirty thousand; and he made a jest of all this show, as I was told by the person himself who was charged to converse with him through an interpreter.

On Palm-Sunday, at vespers, I saw in a church a boy sitting on a chair by the side of the altar, dressed in a large new gown of blue taffeta, bareheaded, with a crown of olive-branches, holding in his hand a lighted white wax torch. He was a boy of fifteen or thereabouts, who, by the Pope's order, had been liberated from the prison on that day: he had killed another boy.

At S. Giovanni in Laterano there is some transparent marble to be seen.

Next day the Pope did the seven churches.[1] He had on boots of leather with the hairy side inwards, and on each foot a cross of white leather. He always takes with him a Spanish horse, a hackney and a mule, and a litter, all decked in the same manner; but on that day the horse was missing. His groom had two or three pairs of gilt spurs in his hand, and awaited him at the foot of St. Peter's stairs; but he refused them and asked for his litter, in which there were two red hats nearly of the same fashion hanging by nails.

On this same day, in the evening, my *Essays* were returned to me, corrected in accordance with the opinion of the monkish doctors. The *Maestro del Sacro Palazzo* had no means of forming a judgment on the matter, except from the report made to him by some French frater, having no understanding of our language; he was so well satisfied with the excuses I made upon every article objected to by the Frenchman, that he left it to my conscience to cor-

[1] The seven churches were: Sta Croce in Gerusalemme, SS. Sebastiano e Fabiano, S. Giovanni in Laterano, S. Lorenzo, Sta Maria Maggiore, S. Paolo and S. Pietro. The first two were built on the catacombs, the other five are patriarchal churches.

rect what I should see to be in bad taste. I begged him on the other hand to take the opinion of the person who had censored them, admitting that in regard to some things, such as having used the word *Fortune*, quoted heretical poets, excused Julian, and the objection to my saying that a person who was praying should be exempt from vicious inclinations at the time; *item*, in regarding as cruelty whatever is over and above a simple death; *item*, that a boy should be brought up to do anything, and suchlike things, I was expressing my own opinions, and that they were things I had put down, not regarding them as errors; as to other points, I maintained that the corrector had not caught my meaning. The said *Maestro*, who is an able man, put forward forcible excuses in my favour, and tried to give me to understand that he was not greatly in favour of these emendations; and he pleaded very ingeniously on my behalf, in my presence, against another, also an Italian, who was combating me.[1]

They kept back my book on the Histories of the Swiss, translated into French, for the sole reason that the translator was a heretic, whose name, however, is not mentioned; but it is marvellous how well they know the men of our countries; and the best of it is that they told me that the preface was condemned.

The same day, in the church of S. Giovanni in Laterano, in place of the ordinary penitenciars, who are seen performing this office in most of the churches, Monsignor the Cardinal San Sisto was seated in a corner, and, with a long wand he had in his hand, gave those who passed by one on the head, and the ladies too; but with a smiling face, and the more courteous according to their rank and beauty.

On the Wednesday in Holy Week I did the seven

[1] Montaigne's chief sin lay in continually using the word *Fortune* instead of *Providence*. Fortunately he corrected nothing, in spite of any undertaking, expressed or understood; in later editions, in fact, he aggravated his sins.

churches with M. de Foix, before dinner; and it took us about five hours.

I do not know why some people should be scandalised at seeing the vice of some particular prelate freely condemned, when it is well known and public; for on that day, both at S. Giovanni in Laterano and at the church of the Sta Croce in Gerusalemme, I saw the history, written at full length in a very conspicuous place, of Pope Sylvester the Second, which is the most outrageous that can be imagined.[1]

The circuit of the city, which I have made several times on the city side, from the Porta del Popolo to the Porta San Paolo, may be made in good three or four hours, going lightly equipped and at a walking pace; that on the other side of the river may be done in an hour and a half at the most.

Among other pleasures which Rome provided me with in Lent were the sermons. There were excellent preachers, such as the renegade rabbi, who preaches to the Jews on Saturday after dinner in the Trinity. There are always sixty Jews who are bound to be present. This man was a very famous doctor among them, and, from their own arguments, from their rabbis, and from the text of the Bible, he confutes their belief. In that science, and in the languages which serve for that purpose, he is wonderful.

There was another preacher, who preached to the Pope and the Cardinals, named Padre Toledo (in depth of learning, in the pertinence and disposition of his arguments, he is quite out of the common); another, very eloquent and popular, who preached at the Jesuits, not without much ability combined with an excellent style; the two latter are Jesuits.

It is marvellous what a large place this College holds in Christendom; and I believe there has never

[1] By reason of his studies in philosophy and chemistry, he had gained a reputation for being in league with the Devil, which evidently did not stand in the way of his advancement. He lived in the tenth century.

been among us a brotherhood and body that has occupied so high a place, or that will in the end bring about such great results as these will do, if their designs continue. They will soon possess all Christendom. It is a nursery of great men in every kind of greatness. It is the one of our members which most threatens the heretics of our time.

A witticism of one preacher was that we turned our coaches into astrolabes. The most ordinary exercise of the Romans is to promenade about the streets; and usually the effort of leaving the house is made solely to go from street to street without any fixed object; and there are streets more particularly designed for that use.

To tell the truth, the best fruit derived from it is to look at the ladies at the windows, and especially the courtesans, who show themselves at their jalousies with such perfidious art, that I have often marvelled how they goad our eyes as they do; and often, having alighted from my horse on the spot and obtained admission, I have wondered to find how much more beautiful they appeared than they were. They know how to present themselves from their most agreeable side; they will show you only the upper part of the face, or the lower, or the side face, covering or displaying themselves in such a way that you will not see a single ugly one at a window. All the men come there to doff their hats and make deep bows, and receive an ogling glance or two as they pass. The reward for having slept there the night for a crown, or for four, is to be able to pay court to them next day in public. You see also some ladies of quality there, but differing in make-up and behaviour, very easily distinguishable.

The best view you have is from horseback; but that is a matter for poor creatures like me, or for the young men mounted on their hired hacks, which they show off. The people of quality only ride in

coaches; and the more licentious, in order to have a better view upwards, have a sort of open skylight in the roof of their coach; that is what the preacher meant with his astrolabes.

On Maundy-Thursday, in the morning, the Pope, in full pontificals, takes his stand on the first portico of St. Peter's, on the second flight, the Cardinals assisting, himself holding a torch in his hand. There, on one side, a canon of St. Peter's reads, in a loud voice, a Latin bull, excommunicating an infinite number of people, among others the Huguenots, by that very name, and all the princes who detain any of the estates of the Church; at which article the Cardinals de Medicis and Caraffa, who stood next to the Pope, laughed very heartily. This reading lasts a good hour and a half; for at every article that the canon reads in Latin, on the other side Cardinal Gonzaga, also uncovered, reads the same in Italian. After that the Pope threw the lighted torch down among the people, and, in jest or otherwise, Cardinal Gonzaga another; for there were three of them lighted. Those fell on the people; down below the most terrible scramble takes place for bits of the torch, and fists and sticks are used with very good effect. While the commination is being read, there is also a large piece of black taffeta which hangs over the parapet of the said portico before the Pope. The excommunication over, they turn up this black cover and another of a different colour is disclosed; and the Pope then gives his public benedictions.

On these days they show the *Veronica*, which is a repulsive face, in dark and sombre colours, in a square frame like a large mirror; it is shown with much ceremony from a high pulpit, which is five or six paces wide. The priest who holds it has his hands clothed in red gloves, and there are two or three other priests supporting him. There is nothing regarded with so much reverence as this; the people

prostrated on the ground, most of them with tears in their eyes, with cries of commiseration. A woman, who they said was a *spiritata*, raved at sight of this face, screamed, stretched out and twisted her arms. The priests, walking about in the pulpit, exhibit it to the people, now from this side, now from that; and at every movement there is a shout from the onlookers.

They also show at the same time, and with the same ceremony, the lance-head in a crystal bottle. Several times on that day this exhibition takes place, with an assemblage of people so vast that for a long distance outside the church, extending as far as the pulpit is visible, there is the greatest possible crush of men and women. It is a true Papal court; the pomp of Rome, and its principal grandeur, lies in outward appearances of religion. It is fine to witness on these days the religious zeal of so vast a people.

They have a hundred Fraternities and more, and there is hardly a man of quality who is not connected with one or other of them; there are some for foreigners. Our own kings belong to that of the *Confalon*. These private societies go through many acts of religious fellowship, which are chiefly practised in Lent; but on this day they walk in companies clothed in linen; each company has its fashion, some white, others red, blue, green, black, most of them with their faces covered.

The grandest and most magnificent thing I have seen, either here or elsewhere, was the incredible number of people scattered about the city on this day at their devotions, and especially in these companies; for, besides a great number of others we had seen during the day and who had come to St. Peter's, when night commenced the whole city appeared to be in flames: these companies marching in regular order towards St. Peter's, every man bearing a torch, and almost always of white wax. I believe that there

passed before me twelve thousand torches at least; for, from eight o'clock in the evening till midnight the street was constantly full of this pageantry, marshalled in good order, and so well regulated that, although they were different companies and had started from different places, you never saw any break or interruption; each body having a large choir of music, singing all the time as they went, and in the middle of the ranks a file of penitents, who scourge themselves with cords, of whom there were five hundred at least, their backs all flayed and bleeding in a piteous manner.

This is a puzzle I cannot yet make out; but they are all bruised and cruelly wounded, and they torture and lash themselves without ceasing. Yet, to look at their behaviour, the firmness of their steps, the steadiness of their speech (for I heard several of them speaking), and their faces (for many of them were uncovered when passing through the street), they did not seem to be performing, I will not say a painful, but even a serious action, and yet there were some young ones of twelve or thirteen years. Quite close to me there was a very young one who had a pleasing face; a young woman showed pity at seeing him wound himself in that way. He turned round to us and said to her with a laugh: *Basta, dille che fo questo per li sui peccati, non per li miei.*[1] Not only do they exhibit no sign of distress, or of being forced to act thus, but they do it with cheerfulness, or at least with so much nonchalance that you may see them talking together about other matters, laughing and shrieking about the streets, running, jumping, as usually happens when the crowd is so great and the ranks are broken.[2]

There are men among them who carry wine which they offer them to drink; some of them take a

[1] It's all right; tell her I am doing this for her sins, not for mine.
[2] Montaigne recalls these flagellations in the *Essays*, vol. i. p. 55.

gulp. They also give them comfits; and more often those who carry the wine take some of it into their mouths and then blow it out and moisten with it the ends of their scourges, which are of cord and become so clotted and glued together with the blood that they have to wet them in order to untwist them; some of them have the same wine blown upon their sores.

To look at their shoes and hose it is very evident that they are people of very low degree, who sell themselves for this service, at least most of them. I was told indeed that their shoulders were greased with something or other; but I saw that the wound was so raw and the scourging so lengthy that no medicament could prevent their feeling it; and then, as to those who hire them, what good could it do them, if it was just a mockery? There are many other remarkable features in this pageantry.

When they reached St. Peter's they did nothing except that they were shown the *Viso Santo*; they then went out again and made room for others. The ladies on that day have great freedom; for all night long the streets are full of them; and they are almost all on foot. However, to tell the truth, the city seems to be reformed, especially in respect of the licence you know of. All oglings and amorous manifestations cease.

The finest *Sepulchre* is that of Santa Rotonda, by reason of its illuminations. Among other things there is a great number of lamps incessantly rolling and turning, from top to bottom.[1]

On Easter-Eve I saw, in the church of St. John Lateran, the heads of St. Paul and St. Peter, which are on show there, and which still have their flesh, complexion and beard, as if they were alive: St. Peter, a

[1] The Sta Maria Rotonda (so called on account of its shape) is the old Pantheon of Agrippa, the only entirely preserved ancient edifice in Rome.

white face, rather longish, the complexion rosy and approaching the sanguine, a grey forked beard, the head covered with a papal mitre; St. Paul, black, the face broad and fatter, the head bigger, the beard grey, thick. They are high up in a special place. The manner of showing them is that they call the people by the ringing of bells, and a curtain is lowered by jerks, behind which are these heads, side by side. They show them long enough to say an *Ave Maria*, and immediately raise the curtain again; after that they lower it again in the same way, and that up to three times; they repeat this exhibition four or five times in the course of the day. The place is a pike's length high, and then a thick iron grating through which you look. They light a number of tapers around it on the outside; but it is difficult to distinguish very clearly all the details; I saw them two or three times. The polish of those faces had some resemblance to our masks.

On the Wednesday after Easter M. Maldonat, who was then in Rome, asking my opinion on the ways of this city, and particularly in respect of religion, found that his judgment quite agreed with mine: that the lower classes are, without comparison, more devout in France than here; but the rich, and especially the courtiers, somewhat less so. He told me besides that in reply to those, especially Spaniards, of whom there are a great number in his College, who alleged that France was quite sunk in heresy, he maintained that there were more truly religious men in the city of Paris alone than in all Spain put together.

They have their boats on the Tiber towed upstream with ropes by three or four pairs of buffaloes.

I do not know what others think about the air of Rome; for my part I found it very pleasant and healthy. The Sieur de Vielart said that he had lost his liability to megrims there; which went to support

the popular theory that it is very bad for the feet and good for the head.[1] There is nothing so injurious to my health as ennui and idleness; here I always had some occupation, if not as pleasant as I could have wished, at least sufficient to relieve me from tedium: visiting the antiquities, the vineyards, which are gardens and pleasure-grounds of singular beauty [where I learned how much art can take advantage of rugged, hilly and uneven spots: for here they derive charming effects from them which cannot be imitated on our level ground, and very artistically make the most of those irregularities. Among the most beautiful vineyards are those of Cardinals d'Esté at Monte Cavallo; Farnese, on the Palatine; Ursino, Sforza, Medicis; that of Pope Julius (Papa Giulio); that of Madama; the gardens of Farnese and Cardinal Riario at Trastevere; of Cesio, *fuora della Porta del Popolo*. Those are beauties open to anyone who likes to take advantage of them, and for any purpose whatever, were it to sleep there and in company, if the masters are not at home, and they do not often go there]; or going to hear sermons, which are going on at all times, or theological discussions; or again occasionally visiting some woman of the public sort, where I found this drawback, that they will sell their simple conversation (which was what I wanted, to hear them talk and share in their witticisms), and are as chary of it as of the whole business.[2] All these diversions kept me busy enough; for melancholy, which is death to me, and chagrin, I had no occasion, either within the house or outside. So this is a pleasant place to live in, and I may conclude therefrom how much I should have liked it, if I had enjoyed Rome more intimately; for, in truth, however

[1] Visitors to Rome suffer very much from cold feet, chiefly because of the stone or marble floors, which are universally adopted.

[2] Montaigne no doubt would have preferred to converse with ladies of his own class; but it was practically impossible for him to make any acquaintances of the kind. See the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 343.

much ingenuity and trouble I employed, I became acquainted only with its outside face, which it offers to the meanest stranger.

On the last of March I had an attack of colic, which lasted all night, bearable enough; it stirred up my belly with gripings, and gave a sharpness to my urine beyond the ordinary. I passed some large gravel and two stones.

On Low Sunday I saw the ceremony of giving alms to unmarried girls. The Pope has, besides his ordinary pomp, twenty-five horses, which are led before him, very richly caparisoned with housings of cloth of gold, and ten or twelve mules with foot-cloths of crimson velvet. In front of him four men on horseback carried, at the end of a sort of truncheon covered with red velvet and gilt at the handle and the end, four red hats; he himself was on his mule. The Cardinals who followed him were also on their mules, decked in their pontifical vestments; the tails of their gowns were fastened with points to their mules' headstalls. The maids were a hundred and seven in number; they are each accompanied by an elderly female relative. After mass they came out of church and formed a long procession. On their return from there, one after the other passing through the choir of Minerva, where this ceremony takes place, they kissed the Pope's feet, and he, after giving them the benediction, gives to each with his own hand a purse of white damask, in which is a promissory note. It is understood that, when they have found a husband, they will go for their alms, which is thirty-five crowns a head, besides a white dress which they each have on that day, and which is worth five crowns. Their faces are covered with linen veils, which have no opening except for the eyes.

I used to say, speaking of the advantages of Rome, among other things, that it is the most cosmo-

politan city in the world,[1] where they give least heed to strangeness and differences of nationality; for by its nature it is a patchwork city of strangers; everybody there feels at home. Her ruler embraces the whole of Christendom in his authority; his sovereign jurisdiction compels the obedience of strangers in their own homes just as much as here. At his own election and that of all the princes and grandees of his court, the consideration of their origin is of no weight. The free government of Venice, and the advantages of trade there, people it with strangers; but they are like people living in somebody else's house. Here their offices, possessions and charges are their own; for it is the seat of ecclesiastics. You see as many or more foreigners at Venice (for the concourse of foreigners you see in France, or Germany, or elsewhere, does not enter into comparison with it), but of resident, domiciled foreigners much fewer. The common people are no more disturbed by our fashion in dress, or that of the Spaniards or Teutons, than by their own; and we seldom see a poor knave who does not ask alms of us in our language.

That is why I sought, and used all my five natural senses, to obtain the title of Roman citizen, if only for its ancient honour and the religious memory of its authority. I found some difficulty in the matter; however, I surmounted it without having had recourse to any favour from, nay without even the knowledge of, any Frenchman. The authority of the Pope was called into requisition through the medium of Filippo Musotti, his major-domo, who had taken a singular liking to me, and took much trouble over it. And letters-patent were dispatched 3° id martii 1581, which were delivered to me on the 5th of April, very authentic, in the same form and the same complimentary terms as in the case of Signor Giacomo

[1] See also Montaigne's remarks on Rome in the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 466.

Buoncompagnone, Duke of Sora, the Pope's son. It is an empty title; it is true nevertheless that I felt great pleasure in having obtained it.[1]

On the 3rd of April I left Rome early in the morning, by the Porta S. Lorenzo Tiburtina. I went along a tolerably level road, and mostly fertile in corn, and, like all the approaches to Rome, little inhabited. I crossed the river Teverone, which is the ancient *Anio*, first by the bridge of Mammolo, secondly by the bridge Lucano, which still retains its ancient name. On this bridge there are some antique inscriptions, and the principal one is very legible. There are also two or three Roman tombs along this road. There are no other traces of antiquity, and very few of the large old paving-stones; yet this is the *Via Tiburtina*. I came by dinner-time to Tivoli, fifteen miles. This is the ancient *Tiburtum*, lying at the root of the hills, the town extending along the first rather steep slope, which lends great richness to its situation and view, for it commands a boundless plain in all directions, including the great Rome. It looks towards the sea, and has the hills behind it. It is bathed by this river Teverone, which near there takes a marvellous leap, descending the mountains and hiding in the hole of a rock, five or six hundred paces, and then comes out into the plain, where it winds very playfully and joins the Tiber a little above the town.

Here are to be seen the famous palace and gardens of the Cardinal of Ferrara; it is a very fine piece, but incomplete in many parts, and the work is not being continued by the present Cardinal. I examined everything very minutely, and might attempt to describe it here, but there are published books and pictures on this subject. That gushing of endless jets of water, held in check and released by a single spring which may be touched a long way off, I had

[1] The full text of the patent is given in the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 470.

already seen elsewhere on my travels, both at Florence and at Augsburg, as was said above. The music of the organ, which is real music and a natural organ, always however playing the same thing, is effected by means of water, which falls with great force into a round arched cave, and agitates the air which is there, and compels it to make its exit through the pipes of the organ and supplies it with wind. Other water, driving a wheel with a sort of teeth, strikes with a certain regularity the keyboard of the organ; you hear also an imitation of the sound of trumpets. In another place you hear the song of birds, which are little bronze flutes, such as you see in regals; they give out a sound like that of the little earthenware pots filled with water which the little children blow into by the spout: this by a mechanism like that of an organ; and then by means of other springs an owl is set in motion, which, appearing on the rock above, immediately makes that harmony to cease, the birds being frightened by his presence, and then leaves them in possession again: that goes on alternately as long as you like.

Elsewhere a noise issues as of cannon-shots, and elsewhere again smaller noises coming more thickly, as of muskets; this is done by the sudden fall of water into channels; and the air, struggling at the same time to find a vent, produces this noise. All these contrivances, or similar ones, worked by the same natural causes, I have seen elsewhere. There are ponds or reservoirs, with a margin of stone all round, with an abundance of high freestone pillars above this parapet, about four paces distant from one another. From the top of these pillars the water rises with great force, not upwards, but towards the pond. The mouths being thus turned inwards and facing one another, discharge and sprinkle the water into that pond with such force that these verges of water meet and collide in the air, and cause a thick

and continuous rain to fall into the pond. The sun falling upon it produces at the bottom of the pond, and in the air, and all around the place a rainbow so natural and distinct that it in no way falls short of what we see in the sky. I had not seen the like of that elsewhere. Under the palace are some large hollows, artificially made, and air-holes which give out a cold vapour and impart a wonderful coolness to all the lower part of the house; this part, however, is not complete.

I saw also several excellent statues there, and notably a sleeping nymph, a dead woman and a celestial Pallas [the Adonis which is in the house of the Bishop of Aquino, the bronze she-wolf and the boy who is extracting a thorn, in the Capitol, the Laocoon and the Antinoüs of the Belvedere, the Comedy in the Capitol, the Satyr in the vineyard of Cardinal Sforza, and, of modern workmanship, the Moses in the sepulchre of S. Pietro in vinculis, the beautiful woman who is at the feet of Pope Paul the Third in the new church of St. Peter. Those are the statues that pleased me most in Rome].[1]

Pratolino was exactly laid out in rivalry with this place. In the richness and beauty of its grottoes Florence is infinitely ahead; in its abundance of water, Ferrara; in the variety of jests and amusing movements by water, they are equal: except that the Florentine displays a little more elegance in the orderly arrangement of the place as a whole. Ferrara in antique statues and the palace; Florence in situation of place and beauty of prospect infinitely surpasses Ferrara; and I should say in all nature's favours, were it not for this extreme misfortune that all the water, with the exception of the fountain which is in the little garden quite high up, and which

[1] The words in square brackets appear to have been a later addition, and to refer to the original works in Rome, and not to replicas at Tivoli, as previous translators have supposed.

is seen in one of the apartments of the palace, is but the water of the Teverone, a branch of which he has appropriated, and given it a special channel for his use. If this water were as clear and good to drink as on the contrary it is muddy and offensive, this place would be incomparable, and especially its large fountain, which is of the finest manufacture, and more beautiful to look at with its dependencies than any other thing either in this garden or elsewhere. At Pratolino, on the other hand, what water there is is spring water and drawn from a great distance.

As the Teverone comes down from much higher mountains, the inhabitants of the place make use of it as they please, and the example of a number of private individuals makes this work of the Cardinal less marvellous.

I left there the next day after dinner, and passed that great ruin on the right of the road as one returns, which they say comprises six miles and is [a *villa*, as they say it is] the *Praedium* of Hadrian the Emperor. There is on the road from Tivoli to Rome a rivulet of sulphurous water, which cuts across it. The edges of the channel are quite whitened with the sulphur, and it sends out a smell to more than half a league from there; but they make no use of it in medicine. In this stream are found certain small bodies formed of the scum of the water, so exactly resembling our *dragées* that there are few people who are not deceived by them; and the inhabitants of Tivoli make all sorts of things of this same material, of which I bought two boxes for 7 sous 6 deniers.

There are some antiquities in the town of Tivoli, such as two *termini* which bear a very antique shape, and the remains of a temple in which there are still several columns entire: which temple they say was the temple of their ancient Sibyl. However, on the cornice of this church you still see five or six big letters which were not continued; for the continua-

tion of the wall is still entire. I do not know if any letters preceded them, for that part is broken off; but in what is visible there is only this: Ce . . . Ellius L.F. I do not know what can be the meaning of it. We returned in the evening to

Rome, fifteen miles; and I returned all the way in a coach without any discomfort, contrary to my wont.[1] They have an observance here which shows that they are much more careful here than elsewhere: for they make a distinction between the streets, the quarters of the town, even the apartments of their houses, with regard to health, and they attach so much importance to this that they change their residence with the seasons, and even of those who rent them some keep up two or three hired palaces, at a very great expense, in order to move in the seasons, according to their doctors' orders.

On the 15th of April I went to take leave of the *Maestro del Sacro Palazzo* and his colleague, who begged me 'to pay no attention to the censure of my book, in which other Frenchmen had told them that there were several foolish remarks; that they honoured both my intention and my affection towards the Church, and my ability; and held my sincerity and conscientiousness in such high esteem that they left it to myself to suppress in my book, when I wished to reprint it, what I should think too free-spoken, and among other things, the word Fortune.' I thought I left them very well satisfied with me. And to excuse themselves for having so carefully looked at my book, and condemned some of the things in it, they cited several books written in our time by cardinals and monks of very good reputation, censured for some such imperfections, which in no way affected the reputations of the authors, or of the works as a whole. They entreated me to assist the Church by my elo-

[1] See the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 361, where Montaigne explains his objections to travelling in any other way except on horseback.

quence (these are their words of courtesy), and to take up my abode with them in their peaceful and untroubled city. They are persons high in authority, and *cardinalable*.

We ate artichokes, beans and peas here about mid-March. In April it is daylight at their ten o'clock, and, I believe, in the longest days at nine.

At this time I made acquaintance with, among others, a Pole, the most intimate friend Cardinal Hosius had had, who presented me with two copies of the booklet he wrote on his death, and corrected with his own hand.

The amenities of residence in this city had increased by more than half by acquaintance; I never breathed air more temperate for me, nor better suited to my constitution.

On the 18th of April I went to see the interior of the Signor Giovanni Giorgio Cesarini's palace, in which are countless rare antiquities, more especially the genuine busts of Zeno, Posidonius, Euripides and Carneades, as their very ancient Greek inscriptions import. He has also the portraits of the handsomest living Roman ladies, and of the Signora Clelia-Fascia Farnese,[1] his wife, who is, if not the most agreeable, beyond comparison the most lovable woman who was then in Rome, or, for all I know, anywhere else. This man says he is of the race of the Caesars, and bears of right as such the banner of the Roman nobility; he is rich, and has on his coat of arms the column with the bear which is chained to it, and above the column the eagle with outstretched wings.

Among the great beauties of Rome are the vineyards and gardens, and their season is well on in the summer.

[1] Daughter of Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, of whom it was said that he made three beautiful things—the Farnese palace, the church of Jesus and *la bella Clelia*.

On the Wednesday, 19th of April, I left Rome after dinner, and we were accompanied as far as the Ponte Molle by MM. de Noirmoustier, de la Trémouille, du Bellay, and other gentlemen. After crossing this bridge we turned to the right, leaving on the left the high road to Viterbo, by which we had come to Rome, and on the right the Tiber and the hills. We followed an open and uneven road, not very fertile, and uninhabited; passed the place they call *Prima Porta*, which is the first gate, seven miles from Rome; and some say that the ancient walls of Rome came as far as this, which does not appear to me at all likely. Along this route, which is the ancient *Via Flaminia*, there are some antiquities, unknown and sparse; and came at bedtime to

Castelnuovo, sixteen miles, a little *castelet*[1] belonging to the house of Colonna, buried among little mountains, in a situation that strongly reminded me of the fertile approaches to our Pyrenees mountains, on the road to Aigues-Caudes. Next day, 20th of April, we followed this same country, hilly but very pleasant, fertile and thickly inhabited, and arrived, through a low valley along the Tiber, at

Borghetto, a little *castelet* belonging to the Duke Ottavio Farnese. We left there after dinner, and, after continuing through a very pleasant valley between those hills, crossed the Tiber at Orte, where you still see big heaps of stones, the remains of the bridge which Augustus had had built there to connect the country of the Sabines, which is that we were now coming to, with that of the Faliscii, which is on the other side. We afterwards came upon Otricoli, a little *villette* belonging to the Cardinal of Perugia. In front of this town you see, in a beautiful situation, some large and imposing ruins;[2] the hilly

[1] Ital. *Castelletto*, a little fortified town or village.

[2] The ruins of the ancient Otriculum, where numerous antiquities, among others the celebrated bust of Jupiter in the Vatican, have been discovered.

and extremely pleasant country offers a prospect of a quite hillocky region, but very fertile on all sides, and thickly populated. On this road one comes across an inscription in which the Pope says that he has made and levelled this road, which he calls Via Buoncompagnone, after his own name. This custom of putting in writing and leaving a testimony of such works, which is seen in Italy and Germany, is a very good spur; and many a man who does not care about the public will be induced by this hope of fame to do some good work. Certainly this road used to be for the most part difficult, and at present it has been made practicable even for coaches as far as Loreto. We came at bedtime to

NARNI, ten miles, *Narnia* in Latin, a little town belonging to the Church, built on the summit of a rock, at the foot of which rolls the river Nera, *Nar* in Latin; and on one side the said town overlooks a very pleasant country, where the said river playfully winds round itself in wonderful fashion. In the market-place there is a very handsome fountain.

I saw the cathedral, and noticed this, that the tapestry in it has French inscriptions and rhymes in our old language. I could not find out the reason of this, but I did find out from the people that they have at all times been greatly inclined in our favour. On the said tapestry is pictured the Passion, and it occupies the whole of one side of the nave.

As Pliny said that in this place there is a kind of earth which is softened by heat and dried by the rains, I asked the inhabitants about it, who knew nothing of it.

A mile from there are some cold springs which produce the same effect as our hot ones; they are used by sick people, but are not well known.

The inn, as things go in Italy, is one of the good ones; yet we could have no candles, but the house was lighted with oil throughout.

On the 21st, early in the morning, we descended into a very pleasant valley, through which the said river Nera flows, which river we crossed by a bridge at the gates of Terni, which we passed through; and in the square we saw a very ancient column which is still standing. I could perceive no inscription on it, but beside it is the statue of a lion in relief, beneath which there is, in old letters, a dedication to Neptune, and also the said Neptune carved in relief on marble, with his train. In this same place there is an inscription, which has been set in a prominent spot, to one A. Pompeius A.F.: 'the inhabitants of this town, which is called *Interamna*, on account of the river Nera, which hems it in on one side, and another stream on the other, have erected a statue for the services he has rendered this people'. The statue is not there, but I estimated the age of the inscription from the form of writing with a diphthong *periculeis* and the like words.

This is a pretty *villette* in a singularly pleasant situation. At the bottom of it, by the way we came, the level ground in this valley is very fertile, and further on the hill-sides are highly cultivated, and inhabited; among other things, they are so covered with olive-trees, that you could not see anything more beautiful, seeing that among these small hills there are sometimes very high mountains, which you see to be cultivated to the very summit, and fertile with all kinds of fruit.

I had my colic very severely, which held me for twenty-four hours, and was then at its final effort; yet for all that I was none the less pleased with the beauty of the place.

Beyond this place we penetrated a little further into the Apennines, and found that this new road which the Pope has levelled is indeed a fine, great and noble work of reparation, very costly and very convenient. The people in the neighbourhood were forced to build it; but they do not complain so much

of that as because, without any recompense, wherever they had any cultivable fields, orchards and so on, they were unsparingly used for this road-making. We saw on our right the crest of a pleasant hill occupied by a little *villette*. The people call it Collescipoli, and they say that its ancient name was *Castrum Scipionis*. The other mountains are higher, barren and stony, between which and the road formed by a winter torrent, we came to

Spoleto, eighteen miles, a celebrated and commodious town, seated amidst these mountains, and at the foot. We were here compelled to show our health certificates, not on account of the plague, which at this time was not in any part of Italy, but by reason of the fear which they are in of one Petrino, their fellow-townsman, the most notorious outlawed robber in Italy, and the most famed for his exploits, by whom they and the towns round about are in dread of being surprised.

This district is dotted with many taverns; and where there is no habitation they make arbours, in which there are tables laid, and cooked eggs and cheese and wine.

They have no butter here, and serve everything fried in oil.

On leaving there, this same day after dinner, we found ourselves in the valley of Spoleto, which is the loveliest plain among the mountains that it is possible to see, two good Gascon leagues in width. We descried many habitations on the neighbouring crests. The road along this plain is a continuation of the papal road which I have just mentioned, straight as a line, and as if purposely laid out for a racing-track. We left a large number of towns on either side, among others, on the right hand, the town of Terni. Servius says, speaking of Virgil, that this is the *oliviferaeque Mutuscae*,[1] of which he speaks in Book

[1] Olive-bearing Mutusca, *Aeneid*, vii. 711.

VII. Others deny it and argue to the contrary; however this may be, it is a town erected on a high mountain, and at one place extending up its slope to half-way up the mountain. This mountain, covered on all sides with olive-trees, is most agreeably situated. By this new road, which was repaired three years ago and is the finest that can be seen, we arrived in the evening at

FOLIGNO, twelve miles, a handsome town situated on that plain, which as soon as I saw it reminded me of the situation of Sainte-Foix, although it is far richer, and the town without comparison much prettier and more populous. There is a little river or brook which they call Topino. This town was anciently called *Fulignium*, according to others *Fulcinia*, built on the site of the *Forum Flaminium*. The hostelries on this route are most of them comparable with those in France, except that the horses can seldom get anything but hay to eat.

They serve the fish pickled, and have little fresh fish. Throughout Italy they serve up the beans raw, as well as the peas, and green almonds, and they seldom cook the artichokes.

Their floors are paved with tiles. They secure their oxen by the muzzle, with an iron ring which pierces the division between the nostrils, like buffaloes. The baggage-mules, which are very plentiful here and very fine, have not their fore-feet shod in our fashion, but with a round shoe going all round the hoof and bigger than the hoof.

You meet here in divers places the monks who give holy water to travellers, and expect alms in return; and numbers of children begging charity, promising to say their whole half-score of paternosters, which they show in their hands, for anyone who gives it them.

The wines here are not very good.

Next morning, after leaving this beautiful plain,

we again launched into the mountain road, where we came across many more lovely level spots, now at the top, now at the foot of the hills. But in the early part of this morning we had for a time a very fine view of a thousand varied hills, clad everywhere with all kinds of shady fruit-trees and the finest cornfields possible, often even in places so broken and precipitous that it was a miracle how even horses could have access to them; the loveliest valleys, a countless number of rivulets, so many houses and villages here and there, that I was reminded of the approaches to Florence, except that here there are no palaces or houses of any appearance; and there the soil is dry and barren for the most part, whereas in these hills there is not an inch of useless ground. It is true that the spring time of the year favoured them. Often very far above our heads we would see a pretty village, and below our feet, as if in the Antipodes, another, each of them enjoying many and various advantages. This alone lends no bad lustre to the scene, that among those so fertile mountains the Apennines show their frowning and inaccessible peaks, from which there roll down many torrents which, having exhausted their first fury, soon after, in those valleys, turn into very smiling and very gentle streams. Among those peaks you discern, both on the heights and down below, many rich plains, sometimes of such extent as to be lost to sight when viewed from a certain angle. I do not think that any picture could reproduce so rich a landscape.[1] From here the aspect of our road assumed now one character, now another, but the way was always very easy; and we arrived for dinner at

La Muccia, twenty miles, a little *villette* seated on the river Chienti. Thence we followed a low-lying and easy road through those hills, and, because

[1] In her *Michel de Montaigne* the late Edith Sichel made the astounding assertion that Montaigne makes *never a mention of Nature*!

I had given our *vetturino* a box on the ear, which is a great outrage according to the usage of the country —witness the *vetturino* who killed the Prince of Tresignano—and, seeing that I was no longer followed by the said *vetturino*, and being secretly a little uneasy lest he might lay some information against me, or do something else, I stopped, contrary to my plan (which was to go to Tolentino), to sup at

VALCIMARA, eight miles, a little village, and the post, on the said river Chienti. Next morning, Sunday, we still followed that valley between cultivated and fertile mountains as far as Tolentino, a little *villette*, through which we passed, and afterwards came upon the country, which gradually became flatter, and now had nothing on our flanks but little hillocks, very easy of access, strongly reminding me of the district of the Agenois, where it is prettiest, along the Garonne, except that, as in Switzerland, you see no more castles and gentlemen's seats, but many villages and towns on the hill-sides. The road all along, following the Chienti, was very pretty, and, towards the end, paved with bricks, by which at dinner-time we reached

MACERATA, eighteen miles, a pretty town of the size of Libourne, seated on an eminence of approximately round shape, and rising equally on all sides towards its centre. There are not many fine buildings. I noticed a palace of freestone, all cut on the outside into diamond points, square like the palace of the Cardinal d'Esté at Ferrara;[1] this form of structure is pleasing to the eye. The entrance to the town is a new gate, on which is inscribed *Porta Buoncompagno*, in golden letters; it is a continuation of the roads which the Pope has levelled; this is the seat of the Legate for the country of the Marches.

On these roads they give you the boilings of the local wine, when they offer their wines: for they boil

[1] The Palazzo de' Diamanti, which is built of marble cut in facets.

and cook it until it is decreased by half, in order to improve it.

We became well aware that we were on the way to Loreto, so crowded were the roads with people going and coming; and many, not merely single travellers, but whole companies of rich people, making the journey on foot, dressed as pilgrims, and some with a banner and then a crucifix, which walked in front—and these dressed in livery.

After dinner, we went on through ordinary country, now cutting across plains and a few rivers, and then a few easy hills; but the whole very fertile, and the road for the most part paved with square bricks laid edge-wise. We passed the town of Recanati, which is a long town situated on a height, stretching along and following the twistings and turnings of the hill, and arrived in the evening at

Loreto, fifteen miles. This is a little village, enclosed within walls and fortified against the incursion of the Turks, standing on a rather elevated site, overlooking a very pretty plain, and very near the Adriatic Sea or Gulf of Venice—so near that they say that, when it is fine, they can descry the Sclavonian mountains on the other side of the gulf; it is, in short, a very pretty situation.

There are hardly any other inhabitants but those in the service of this devotion, such as a number of landlords—yet the inns are dirty enough— and many tradesmen, to wit, sellers of wax images, beads, *Agnus Dei*, of *Salvators*[1] and such wares, for which there is a large number of fine shops, richly provided. I dropped nearly 50 good crowns there, for my part.

The priests, church officials and College of Jesuits, these are all gathered together in a large palace, which is not ancient: where also a Governor resides, an ecclesiastic, to whom one applies for all things, under the authority of the Legate and the Pope.

[1] Medallions with effigies of the Lamb of God or the Saviour.

The place of devotion is a very little house, very old and very mean-looking, built of brick, longer than it is broad. At the head they have made a projection,[1] which projection has on each side an iron door; between the two an iron grating: all this rude, old, and without any show of wealth. This grating takes up the width between one door and the other, and through it you can see to the end of this cabin; and this end, which is about the fifth part of the size of the cabin which is enclosed, is the place of principal devotion. There you see, on the upper part of the wall, the image of Our Lady, made, they say, of wood; all the rest is so thickly adorned with rich votive tablets, from so many places and princes, that right down to the ground there is not a vacant inch which is not covered with some plate of gold or silver.

With great pains, and as a great favour, I was able to find room there to place a tablet, on which four silver figures are attached: that of Our Lady, my own, that of my wife and that of my daughter. At the foot of mine there is engraved on the silver: *Michael Montanus, Gallus Vasco, Eques Regii Ordinis*, 1581; at that of my wife's: *Francisca Cassaniana uxor*; at that of my daughter's: *Leonora Montana filia unica*; and all are in a row on their knees on the tablet, and Our Lady above in front of them.

There is another entry into this chapel besides the two doors I have mentioned, which entry corresponds to the outside. So as you enter the chapel by this door my tablet is placed on the left hand, opposite the door which is at the corner, and I left it very carefully fixed and nailed. I had had a little silver chain and ring made, to have it hung up thereby with a nail or two, but they preferred to fix it completely.[2] In this little place is the fireplace of the

[1] Or partition-wall (*moïen*).

[2] Montaigne's tablet was probably removed and melted down, to make room for others. There is no mention of it in a catalogue of the votive tablets published by Murri in 1792.

cabin, which you see on turning up some old curtains which cover it. Few are allowed to enter: nay, according to the written notice on the door, which is of metal very richly worked (and there is, besides, an iron grating before this door), all persons are forbidden to enter without the permission of the Governor.

Among other things, on account of its rarity, they have left among other rich presents the wax candle which a Turk had recently sent there, who had made a vow to this Our Lady when he was in some extreme emergency and ready to catch hold of any kind of rope to help him.

The other and larger portion of this little hut is used as a chapel, which has no daylight, and whose altar stands beneath the grating against the partition of which I have spoken. In this chapel there is neither ornament, nor bench, nor railing, nor painting, nor tapestry on the wall: for in itself it serves as a reliquary.

One may not bear a sword or weapon there; and there is neither precedence nor regard to high rank.

We took our Easter Sacrament in this chapel, which not everybody is permitted to do, for there is a place devoted to this purpose, on account of the great throng of persons who usually communicate there. There are so many of those who go at all hours to this chapel that you have to see to it in good time to find room there. A German Jesuit said mass for me and gave me the Sacrament.

People are forbidden to scratch anything from this wall: if anything were allowed to be carried away, there would not be enough for three days.

This place is full of miracles without number, for which I refer to the books; but there are several and very recent ones, of mishaps which have befallen those who, out of devotion, have carried away some

things from this building, even with the Pope's consent; and a little bit of brick, which had been removed at the time of the Council of Trent, has been brought back.

This hut is covered and supported on the outside by a square fabric of the richest structure, the most elaborately worked and in the finest marble that it is possible to see, and few rarer and more exquisite works can be seen anywhere. All around and above this square structure is a large and beautiful church; many handsome chapels all around; tombs, and among others that of the Cardinal d'Amboise, which M. the Cardinal d'Armagnac has placed there. This little square building is, as it were, the choir of the other churches; there is, however, a choir, but this is in a corner. The whole of this large church is hung with tablets, paintings and stories. We saw there many rich ornaments, and I was surprised that there were not still more to be seen, seeing how long this church has been famed. I believe that they melt down the old things and apply them to other uses. They estimate the alms in coined money at ten thousand crowns.

There is more show of religion here than in any place I have seen.

Whatever is lost here—I mean in the way of money or other articles, not only worth picking up but worth stealing by the people of that profession—the person who finds it puts into a certain place intended for that purpose; and whoever wishes to resume possession of it resumes possession without questions asked. There were, when I was there, many such things—chaplets, handkerchiefs, ownerless purses—which lay there for anyone to take possession of.

If you buy anything for the service of the Church and to leave there, no artisan wants anything for his labour—in order, they say, to share in the grace—you pay only for the silver or the wood; you may offer

more in the way of alms or liberality, but they really refuse it. The church people are as obliging as possible in all matters: for confession, for the communion or for anything else, they take nothing. It is customary to give money, to whichever of them you please, to be distributed in your name among the poor after you have departed.

While I was in that *sacrarium* there comes a man who offers to the first priest he meets a silver cup, saying he has made a vow of it; and as his vow was to the value of twelve crowns, to which the cup did not amount, he at once pays over the surplus to the said priest, who argued about the payment of the money as something strictly due, in order to help on the complete and conscientious fulfilment of the promise: that being done, he admitted him to the *sacrarium* so that he might himself offer the cup to Our Lady and say a short prayer; the money he threw into the common alms-box. These examples they see every day, and they are very off-hand about it. Not everybody's gift is received; at least, it is a favour to be accepted.

I stayed here Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday morning; after mass we left there. But, to say a word about my experience in this place, which I liked very much: there was staying there at the same time Michel Marteau, Seigneur de la Chapelle, a Parisian, a very rich young man with a large retinue. I made him and some of his attendants give me a very particular and exact account of the cure of a leg which he said took place here; and one could not possibly gain a better and clearer idea of how a miracle comes about. All the surgeons of Paris and Italy had failed over it. He had spent more than three thousand crowns upon it—his knee, swollen, powerless and very painful for over three years, getting worse, redder, more inflamed and swollen, to the extent of giving him a fever; at that same instant, all other

medicaments and aids having been abandoned for several days, sleeping, he dreams all of a sudden that he is cured, and he imagines he sees a flash of light; he wakes up, exclaims that he is cured, calls his people, gets up, walks about, a thing he had never done since his malady; the swelling of the knee goes down, the withered and wellnigh dead skin around the knee keeps on mending ever since, without any other sort of aid. And now, being returned to Loreto, he was in a state of perfect recovery: for it was on another visit, a month or two before, that he was cured, and he had meanwhile been in Rome with us. From his own mouth and that of all his men, that was all I could gather for certain.

The miracle of the transport of that little house, which they hold to be the very same in which Jesus Christ was born at Nazareth, and its removal first to Sclavonia and then near here, and lastly here, is affixed on large marble tables in the church, along the pillars, in the Italian, Sclavonian, French, German and Spanish languages.

In the choir hangs the escutcheon of our kings, and not the arms of any other king.

They say that they often see the Sclavonians in large companies coming to this devotion, with shouts as soon as they come in sight of the church at sea outside, and then on the spot so many protestations and promises to Our Lady to make her return to them, and so many lamentations for having given her occasion for abandoning them, that it is a wonder.

I was informed that from Loreto you can go along the seashore in an eight days' easy journey to Naples, an excursion I should like to make. You have to go to Pescara and the *città* of Chieti, where there is a mail carrier who sets out every Sunday for Naples.

I offered money to several priests; most of them

obstinately refused it, and with those that did accept it I had all the difficulties in the world.

They store and keep their grain here in cellars, under the street.

It was on the 25th of April that I offered my *ex-voto*.

To come from Rome to Loreto, on which road we were four days and a half, cost me six crowns in coin, which is fifty sous apiece for a horse, the man who let us the horses feeding both them and us. This bargain is inconvenient, since they hurry you on your journeys on account of the expense they incur, and, moreover, treat you in the most niggardly way they can.

On the 26th I went to see the harbour three miles beyond, which is a fine one; and there is a fortress which belongs to the community of Recanati. Don Luca-Giovanni, the incumbent, and Giovanni Gregorio da Calli, custodian of the Sacristy, gave me their names, that I might write to them if I desired them to do anything for myself or others; these gentlemen showed me many civilities. The former has the charge of the little chapel there, and would take nothing from me. I am under an obligation to them for their efforts on my behalf and their courteous promises.

On the said Wednesday, after dinner, I proceeded through a fertile and open country of varying character, and arrived for supper at

Ancona, fifteen miles. This is the principal town of the Marches; the Marches were, in Latin, *Picenum*. It has a large population, and especially of Greeks, Turks and Sclavonians; very mercantile, well built, flanked by two big headlands which run down to the sea, on one of which there is a large fortress, by way of which we arrived. On the other, which is quite near, there is a church. Between these two headlands, and on the slopes of them, both on one side and the

other, this city is planted; but the principal portion lies in the bottom of the valley and along the sea, where there is a very fine harbour, and where you still see a large arch in honour of the Emperor Trajan, his wife and his sister.

They say that one crosses to Sclavonia often in eight, ten or twelve hours. I believe that for six crowns or a little more I might have found a bark which could have carried me to Venice. I gave 33 demi-pistoles for the hire of eight horses as far as Lucca, which is about eight days' journey. The *vetturino* is to feed the horses, and in case I am four or five days above the eight, I have the horses without doing more than pay the expenses of the horses and the boys.

This country is full of excellent setters, and for six crowns you might find some for sale. There were never so many quails to eat, but very lean.

I remained on the 27th till after dinner, to see the beauty and situation of this city. At San Ciriaco, which is the church on one of these two headlands, there are more noted relics than in any church in the world, which were shown to us.

We verified the fact that the quails come over here in great plenty from Sclavonia, and that every night they stretch nets on the hither seashore and with those imitative notes of theirs they call them down from the upper air, where they are on their passage; and they say that towards the month of September they recross the sea to Sclavonia.

In the night I heard the report of a cannon, as far off as the Abruzzi. In the kingdom of Naples and beyond that city, every league there is a tower; the first of these that discovers a corsair galley gives a signal by fire to the second watch-tower, the second to the third, with such rapidity that they have found that in one hour's time the warning flies from the end of Italy as far as Venice.

Ancona was called in ancient times from the Greek word,[1] on account of the indent which the sea makes in this place, for its two horns advance and form a deep bend where the town is covered in front by these two heads and by the sea, and behind again by a high wall where formerly there was a fortress.

There is also a Greek church; and over the door, on an old stone, are a few characters which I think are Sclavonian.

The women here are as a rule handsome,[2] and there are many honest men and good artisans.

After dinner, we followed the shore of the sea, which is much calmer and smoother than ours of the ocean, and is cultivated to quite near the water; and by bed-time reached

SINIGAGLIA, twenty miles, a pretty little town situated in a very pretty plain quite adjoining the sea; and it makes a fine harbour, for a river descending from the mountains washes it on one side. They are making a canal of it, provided and enclosed with large stakes on both sides, where vessels come to shelter; and the entry to it is closed. I saw no antiquities here; besides, we put up outside the town, at a fine hostelry which is the only one in this place. They formerly called it *Senogalia*,[3] from our ancestors who settled here, when Camillus had beaten them; it is in the jurisdiction of the Duke of Urbino.

I did not feel very well. The day I left Rome, as M. d'Ossat was walking with me, I wanted to salute another gentleman; it was done so clumsily that with my right thumb I hurt the corner of my right eye, so that the blood immediately came out, and for a long

[1] It was founded by Doric Greeks from Syracuse, and called Dorica *Ancon* (elbow).

[2] Ancona is said to be famed for the beauty of its women; and Montaigne had an eye for beauty in the other sex.

[3] Originally *Sena gallica.*

time it was extremely red; when it was better, *erat tunc dolor ad unguem sinistrum.*[1]

I forgot to say that at Ancona, in the church of San Ciriaco, there is a low tombstone of one *Antonia Rocamoro patre, matre Valetta, Galla, Aquitana, Paciotto Urbanati, Lusitano nupta*, who has been buried ten or twelve years. We left there early in the morning, and followed the seacoast by a very agreeable road. Near our dinner-time we crossed the river Metro, *Metaurus*, by a large wooden bridge, and dined at

Fano, fifteen miles, a little town in a pretty and very fertile plain adjoining the sea, rather badly built, very closed in. We were very well treated there as regards bread, wine and fish; the accommodation is not up to much. Fano has this advantage over the other towns on this coast, as Sinigaglia, Pesaro and others, that it has plenty of fresh water, many public fountains and private wells, whereas the others have to go as far as the mountains to fetch their water. We saw here a large ancient arch, on which there is an inscription under the name of Augustus, *qui muros dederat.* The town was formerly called Fanum, and was *Fanum Fortunae.*[2]

Almost throughout Italy they boult their flour with wheels, by means of which the baker does more work in an hour than we in four.

In nearly all the hostelries you find rhymesters, who make rhymes on the spot, applicable to the people present. There is an instrument in every shop, even in those of the botchers at the street corners.

This town is renowned above all those in Italy for its handsome women: we saw none, but some very ugly ones; and when I questioned an honest man of the town, he told me that the age of them was past.

[1] Evidently a quotation, implying that the pain went to the left eye.

[2] The Temple of Fortune.

You pay on this route about 10 sous for the table, 20 sous a day per man; the horse, for hire and expenses, about 30 sous: which makes 50 sous.

This town belongs to the Church.

We gave up the idea of following that road along the coast and seeing Pesaro, which is a pretty town a little further on and worth seeing, and then Rimini, and then that old Ravenna: and notably at Pesaro a fine building strangely situated, which the Duke of Urbino is having erected, as I was told—that is the road to Venice, downward. We left the sea-coast and took the turning to the left, following a large plain through which passes the Metaurus. You see all along, on either hand, very pretty hill-sides, and the aspect of this district not a little resembles the plain of Blaignac at Castillon. In this plain, on the other side of the river, was given the battle of (Livius) Salinator and Claudius Nero against Hasdrubal, in which he was killed.[1] Quite at the entrance to the mountains which are met with at the end of the plain is

Fossombrone, fifteen miles, belonging to the Duke of Urbino: a town situated against the slope of a mountain, having at the base one or two fine streets, very straight, level and well situated; yet they say that the people of Fano are much richer than they. In the square there is a large marble pedestal with a very long inscription, which is of the time of Trajan, in honour of a private inhabitant of this place; and another against the wall, which bears no indication of the time. It was the ancient *Forum Sempronii*, but they maintain that their first town was further towards the plain, and that the ruins there are in a still finer condition. This town has a stone bridge to cross the Metaurus, towards Rome, *per Viam Flaminiam*.

As I arrived here in good time (for the miles are

[1] Battle of the Metaurus, B.C. 207. See Livy, xxviii. 48.

short and our days' journeys were not of more than seven or eight hours' riding), I spoke with several honest men, who told me what they knew about their town and its environs. We saw there a garden of the Cardinal of Urbino, and a great number of vines grafted on other vine-stocks. I had a talk with a worthy maker of books, named Vincentius Castellani, who belongs to the place.

I left there next morning, and, after three miles of road, turned off to the left and crossed by a bridge the Cardiana,[1] the river which mingles with the Metaurus, and did three miles along some mountains and wild rocks by a narrow and rather difficult road, at the end of which we saw a passage full 50 paces long which has been cut through one of these high rocks. And as it was a great business, Augustus, who had first set his hand to it, had an inscription placed there in his name, which has been effaced; and you see another at the other end in honour of Vespasian.[2]

Around there you see abundance of great works built up in the bed of the river, which is of extreme depth; below the road, rocks cut and levelled of extreme thickness; and all along this road, which is the *Via Flaminia*, by which one goes to Rome, are traces of their big pavement, which is for the most part buried, and their road, which was forty feet wide, is now not even four. I had come out of my way to see this; and I retraced my steps to resume my route, which I followed along the base of some accessible and fertile mountains. Towards the end of our stage we began to go up and down hill, and came to

URBINO,[3] sixteen miles, a town of little eminence

[1] The Candigliano.

[2] The celebrated Furlo Pass, a tunnel 40 yards long. At the north entrance an inscription records that Caesar Augustus Vespasianus was the originator of it; Augustus had no hand in it.

[3] Urbino, the native town of Raphael, was at one time styled 'the Italian Athens'.

at the top of a moderately high mountain, but lying in all directions and following the slopes of the place, so that no part of it is level and you have to go up and down everywhere. The market was on, for it was Saturday.

We saw the palace, which is greatly famed for its beauty; it is a large pile, for it extends to the foot of the hill. The view extends over a thousand other neighbouring mountains, and there is not much charm about it. There is nothing very pleasing about this building, either inside or out, as it has only a very little garden of 25 feet or thereabouts. They say that it has as many rooms as there are days in the year; there is, indeed, a very great number of them, and, after the fashion of Tivoli and other Italian palaces, you may see through one door often twenty other rooms which succeed one another in one direction, and as many or more in another direction. There is something ancient about it, but the principal portion of it was built in 1476 by Federigo Maria della Rovere,[1] who has therewithin many documents setting forth his ranks, offices and exploits of war, with which his walls are quite loaded, as well as an inscription saying that it is the finest house in the world. It is of brick and built throughout archwise, without any wood flooring, as is the case in most of the buildings in Italy. The present one is his great-nephew. It is a race of good princes, who are beloved by their subjects. They are, from father to son, all men of letters, and have in this palace a fine library; the key could not be found. Their leanings are Spanish. The arms of the King of Spain rank first in favour, and the order of England and that of the Fleece, and nothing of ours. They show themselves in paintings.

The first Duke of Urbino, a young man who was killed by his subjects for his injustice, was not of this

[1] More correctly Federigo di Montefeltro.

race.[1] The present one married the sister of M. de Ferrara, ten years older than himself. They are on bad terms together and separated, merely on account of her jealousy, from what they say. Thus, besides her being 45 years old, they have little hope of children, which they say will make this Duchy revert to the Church, and they are troubled about it.

I saw here the life-like portrait of Picus Mirandola:[2] a pale face, very handsome, without a beard, looking like 17 or 18 years of age, a longish nose, soft eyes, rather thin face, fair hair, which falls down to his shoulders, and in a strange costume.

They have in many parts of Italy the custom of making winding staircases, but very even and shallow, so that you can mount to the top of them on horseback; that is also the case here, with tiles set on edge. They say the place is cold, and the Duke makes it his habit to come here only in the summer. To provide against the cold in two of the rooms you see other square rooms in the corner, enclosed on all sides but for a window or two which receive light from the room: within these recesses is the master's bed.

After dinner I turned aside another five miles to see a place that the people have from time immemorial called the Sepulchre of Hasdrubal, on a very high and steep hill which they call Monte d'Elce. There are four or five wretched little houses here, and a little church; and you see also a building of large bricks or tiles, 25 paces round or thereabouts, and 25 feet high. All around it, at every three paces, there are supports, also of brick. I do not know what

[1] Oddantino di Montefeltro was made a Duke in 1442 by Pope Eugenius IV., and in the following year, at the age of 18, was killed by the populace 'par tumulte, parce qu'il estoit tousjours après les nobles dames pour les honnir et déshonorer' (Münster).

[2] Pico della Mirandola, scholar, theologian, philanthropist traveller and erotic poet—in short, a prodigy of learning—who, at the age of 23 issued a challenge to all comers to engage in discussion, offering to maintain seven hundred theses. He died in 1494 at the age of 31.

the masons call these pieces which they make for supports like beaks.[1] One had to scale it, for there is no entry from below. One found there a vault, nothing inside, no hewn stone, nothing inscribed. The inhabitants say there used to be a marble on which were several marks, but that it has been carried away within our time. Why that name was given to it I do not know, and I can hardly believe that it is really what they say it is. Yet it is very certain that he was defeated and killed rather near here.

We afterwards followed a very hilly road, which became muddy after it had rained only an hour, and recrossed the Metaurus (by a ford, as it is only a torrent that will not bear a boat), which we had crossed once before since dinner-time; and arrived towards the end of the day, by a low-lying and easy road, at CASTEL-DURANTE,[2] fifteen miles, a *villette*, seated in the plain, belonging to the Duke of Urbino, along the Metaurus. The people here were making a bonfire and celebrating the birth of a male son to the Princess of Bisignano, sister of their Duke.

Our *vetturini* unsaddle the horses whenever they unbridle them, whatever state they are in, and let them drink without any discrimination.

Here and at Urbino we drank wines that had been sophisticated, to make them milder.

On the Sunday morning we went on along a tolerably fertile plain with little hills around, and first passed again through a pretty little town, S. Angelo, belonging to the said Duke, along the Metaurus, with very pretty approaches. We found in the town some little mid-Lent queens,[3] as it was the

[1] Probably *arcs-boutants*: buttresses. In the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 103, Montaigne confesses to a profound ignorance of all kinds of common objects.

[2] Now called Urbania.

[3] *Reines du mi-carême*; presumably little girls dressed up as Queens of the May. The custom being unknown to Montaigne, he calls them Carnival Queens. The previous translators, following the lead of a French editor, have taken *reines* to mean 'frogs'.

eve of the 1st day of May. Thence, following that plain, we passed through another *villette* in the same jurisdiction, called Marcatello, and, by a road which already began to smack of the Apennine mountains, came to dine at

Borgo-a-Pasci, ten miles, a little village with a miserable inn for a sup, in a corner of the hills. After dinner, we first followed a wild and stony little road, and then came to a high hill to mount, two miles up and four miles of easy descent; the road shaly and tiresome, but not frightening nor dangerous, the precipices not being cut so abruptly that the eye had not something to rest upon. We followed the Metaurus to its home, which is on a height; thus we have seen its birth and its end, having seen it fall into the sea at Sinigaglia. On descending this mountain there opened before us a very beautiful and wide plain, in which flows the Tiber, which is only eight miles or thereabouts from its birth, and other hills beyond: a prospect rather resembling that which offers in the Limaigne of Auvergne to those who descend from the Puy de Dôme to Clermont. Upon the top of our hill ends the jurisdiction of the Duke of Urbino and begins that of the Duke of Florence, and that of the Pope on the left hand. We came to sup at

Borgo San Sepolcro, thirteen miles, a little town in this plain belonging to the said Duke of Florence, with nothing singular; we left it on the 1st day of May. At a mile from this town we crossed, over a stone bridge, the river Tiber, which still has its beautiful and clear waters, a sign that that dirty and reddish colour, *flavum Tiberim*,[1] which you see at Rome, is taken from the mixture of some other river. We traversed this plain of four miles, and at the first hill found a *villette* at the top.

A number of girls, both here and elsewhere on the road, came towards us and seized our horses' bridles,

[1] Horace, in the Odes, uses the expression several times.

and in a kind of song to that effect asked for some largesse to celebrate the day.

From this hill we descended into a very stony bottom, which continued for a long time along the course of a torrent; and then we had to ascend a barren and very stony mountain, three miles to mount and descend, from whence we caught sight of another large plain, in which we crossed the river Chiassa by a stone bridge, and afterwards the river Arno by a very large and handsome stone bridge, on this side of which we lodged at

PONTE BORIANO, a very little house, eighteen miles. A bad inn, as are the three preceding ones, and most of those on this route. It would be very foolish to bring good horses to these parts, for there is no hay. After dinner we followed a long plain which is all split up into horrible crevices which the waters form there in strange fashion; I think it must be very unpleasant in winter; but then they are after mending the road. We passed on our left hand, very near the dinner-hour, the town of Arezzo in this same plain, two miles from us or thereabouts. Its situation, however, appears to be a little raised. We crossed, by a handsome stone bridge of great height, the river Ambra, and arrived to supper at

LEVANELLA, ten miles. The hostelry is a mile or thereabouts on this side of the said village, and is famous; indeed it is held to be the best in Tuscany, and rightly so; for by the standard of Italian hostelries it is one of the best. They think so highly of it that they say the nobility of the country often meet together there, as we do at Le More's in Paris or Guillot's at Amiens.[1] They serve you on pewter plates, which is a great rarity. The house stands by itself, very prettily situated in a plain, and has the

[1] 'En beau cabaret assez retirant à celluy de Guillot en Amiens. Croyez que la repaissaille feut copieuse, et les beuvettes numereuses.' —Rabelais, iv. 51.

source of a spring at its service. We left there in the morning and followed a very fine and straight road in this plain, and passed through four *villettes* or enclosed *bourgs*, Montevarchi, S. Giovanni, Figline and Ancisa, and came to dine at

PIAN DELLA FONTE, twelve miles. A rather poor inn, where there is also a spring, a little above the said *bourg* of Ancisa, situated in the Val d'Arno, which is mentioned by Petrarch, who is said to have been born at the said place of Ancisa, at least in a house near there, a mile away, of which there remains nothing but some miserable ruins; the place, however, is pointed out.[1]

They were then sowing melons among the others that were already planted, and expected to gather them in August.

This morning I had a heaviness in the head, and a disturbed sight, as when I had my old megrims, which I had not felt for ten years past.

This valley through which we passed was once all marshes, and Livy[2] thinks that Hannibal was obliged to cross them on an elephant, and that he there lost an eye from the inclemency of the weather. It is in fact very flat and low-lying, and very subject to inundations of the Arno.

I would not take any dinner there, and was sorry for it, for that would have helped me to vomit, which is my speediest cure; otherwise I carry this heaviness of the head about with me for a day or two, as was the case then.

We found this road full of country people, carrying various sorts of provisions to Florence. We arrived at

FLORENCE, twelve miles, by one of the four stone bridges which are there over the Arno. The next day,

[1] It seems that Petrarch's parents possessed some property at Ancisa, and lived there for about six years when exiled from Florence; but he was born at Arezzo.

[2] Livy, xxii. 2.

after hearing mass, we left there, and, bearing a little from the direct road, went to see Castello, of which I have spoken elsewhere; but as the Duke's daughters were there, and about this moment were going through the garden to hear mass, we were requested to be so good as to wait, which I would not do.

We met on the road many processions: the banner goes ahead, the women after, most of them very handsome, with straw hats, which they make more excellent in this part than in any place in the world, and well dressed for village women, their slippers and pumps white. After the women marches the curé, and after him the males. We had seen the day before a procession of monks, who nearly all had these straw hats.

We followed a very pretty and very wide plain; and, to say the truth, I was almost constrained to admit that neither Orleans nor even Paris, in their environs, are accompanied by so great a number of houses and villages, and to so great a distance, as is Florence; as to fine houses and palaces, that is beyond a doubt. Along this route we came to dine at

Prato, ten miles, a little town belonging to the said Duke, situated on the river Bisenzio, which we crossed by a stone bridge at the gate of the said town.

There is no region that is so well provided, among other things, with bridges, and so well kept up; moreover along the roads everywhere you come across large cut stones, on which is written what part of the road each district has to keep in repair and be responsible for. We saw there in the palace of the said place the arms and name of the Legate du Prat, who, they say, was a native of this town. Over the door of this palace there is a large crowned statue, holding the world in its hand, and at its foot: *Rex Robertus*.[1] They say that this town formerly belonged to us; the

[1] Robert of Anjou, King of Apulia, to whom the town of Prato surrendered in 1313.

fleurs-de-lys are everywhere, but the town itself bears gules powdered with fleurs-de-lys or. The cathedral there is handsome, and enriched with much white and black marble.

On leaving there we again turned aside quite four miles at a cross-road in order to go to the Poggio,[1] a house about which they make a great fuss, belonging to the Duke, situated on the river Ombrone; the form of this building is the model of Pratolino. It is wonderful how so small a pile can contain a hundred fine rooms. I saw here among other things a great number of beds of a very pretty stuff which is only very fine wool, and they line it with four-thread taffeta of the same colour as the stuff. We saw there the Duke's distilling cabinet and his turning-room, and other instruments: for he is a great mechanic.

Further on, by a very straight road and extremely fertile country, the road enclosed by trees with vines attached which form the hedge, a thing of great beauty, we arrived for supper at

Pistoia, fourteen miles; a large town on the river Ombrone; the streets very wide, paved, like Florence, Prato, Lucca and others, with large and very broad stone slabs. I forgot to say that from the table in the rooms at Poggio you see Florence, Prato and Pistoia; the Duke was then at Pratolino. In the said Pistoia there is a very small population; the churches handsome, and many handsome houses. I enquired about the sale of the straw hats, which they made for fifteen sous. I think they would be worth quite as many francs in France.

It was near this town and within its territory that Catiline was defeated in ancient times.[2]

There is at Poggio some tapestry on which is pictured every kind of chase; and among others I

[1] Probably the Villa Poggio Imperiale.

[2] In 62 B.C.; he was not only defeated, but killed in the battle; see Sallust, *Catilina*, at the end.

noticed a hanging with an ostrich hunt, the birds being pursued by men on horseback, and pierced with javelins.

The Latins called Pistoia, *Pistorium*; it belongs to the Duke of Florence. They say that the ancient feuds of the houses of the Cancellieri and the Panciatichi, which formerly existed, almost depopulated the town, so much so that they number only eight thousand souls in all; and Lucca, which is no bigger, has twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and more.

Messer Taddeo Rospigliosi, who had had from Rome a letter of recommendation in my favour from Giovanni Franchini, asked me to dinner the next day, and all the others who were of the company. The palace very ornate, the service a little odd in respect of the order of the dishes; little meat, few footmen; the wine served up again after the meal, as in Germany.

We saw the churches: at the elevation in the principal church they blew trumpets. Among the choir-boys there were some priests in their vestments who played on sackbuts.

This poor town indemnifies itself for its lost liberty by this vain image of its ancient form. They have nine *Priors* and a *Gonfalonier*, whom they elect every two months. These are charged with the public order, and are maintained by the Duke, as they used to be in former times by the public, lodged at the palace, and hardly ever leave it except altogether, being perpetually confined there. The *Gonfalonier* walks in front of the *Podestà*, whom the Duke sends there, which *Podestà* is in fact all-powerful; and the said *Gonfalonier* salutes no man, simulating an imaginary little royalty. I felt pity to see them fed with this sham; and meanwhile the Duke has increased the subsidies to ten times what they used to be.

In most of the large gardens in Italy they grow grass in the principal walks, and mow it.

About this time the cherries were beginning to ripen; and on the way from Pistoia to Lucca we met village people who offered us bunches of strawberries for sale.

We left there on Thursday, Ascension Day, after dinner, and at first proceeded for a time along that plain, and then along a rather hilly road, and afterwards a very beautiful and wide plain. Among the cornfields they have abundance of trees, well arranged, and these trees covered and joined one to the other with vines; these fields look like gardens. The mountains which are seen on this route are thickly covered with trees, and principally olives, chestnuts and mulberries for their silkworms. In this plain you come to

Lucca, twenty miles, a city one-third smaller than Bordeaux, free, except that, on account of its weakness, it has cast itself under the protection of the Emperor and the house of Austria. It is well enclosed and flanked; the moats not very deep, in which flows a little channel of water, and full of green herbs, shallow and broad at the bottom. All round the wall, on the platform inside, are two or three rows of trees planted, which serve for shade, and for fascines, they say, in case of need. From the outside you see only a wood which conceals the houses. They always have a garrison here of three hundred foreign soldiers.

The city thickly populated, and especially with silk-workers;[1] the streets narrow but handsome, and nearly everywhere fine and large houses. They are diverting through it a channel from the river Serchio; they are building a palace at a cost of a hundred and thirty thousand crowns, which is well advanced.

They say they have six score thousand souls of subjects, without the city. They have a few *chastelets*,[2]

[1] *Lucca l' industriosa* was famed for its silk industry.
[2] Probably little villages surrounded by walls.

but no town under their dominion. Their gentlemen and men of war all make a profession of commerce. The Buonvisi are the richest there.

Strangers enter only at one gate, where there is a strong watch.

It is one of the most pleasant situations for a town that I ever saw, surrounded by two full leagues of level country, eminently beautiful in its narrowest part, and then by beautiful mountains and hills, where most of them have country residences.

The wines are middling good; the expenses of living twenty sous a day; the hostelries after the fashion of the country, rather mean. I received many civilities from a number of private individuals, and wine and fruit and offers of money.

I was there Friday and Saturday, and left on Sunday after dinner, for the others, not for me who was fasting.

The hills nearest the town are embellished with a plentiful number of pleasant houses, very thick. Most of the journey was by a low-lying road, easy enough, between mountains almost all thickly shaded and habitable all along the river Serchio. We passed several villages and two very big *bourgs*, Reci[1] and Borgo, and on this side of the said river which we had on our right hand, over a bridge of unusual height, embracing with a single arch a great width of the said river, and of this kind of bridge we saw three or four. We came about two hours after noon to the

Bagni della Villa, sixteen miles. It is a quite hilly country. In front of the bath, along the river, there is a level ground of three or four hundred paces, above which the bath is erected along the side of a moderate mountain, and erected something like the spring at Bagnères, where they drink near the town.

The site on which the bath stands is partly level,

[1] Decimo, according to Ancona.

where there are thirty or forty houses very well adapted for the purpose; the rooms cheerful, quite private, and free to do as you please, with a closet, and an entrance for communication with other rooms, and another for private use. I inspected nearly all of them before making a bargain, and fixed on the finest, especially for the view, which commands (at least the room which I chose) the whole of the little valley and the river Lima, and the mountains which shelter the said valley, all well cultivated and green to the very top, thick set with chestnut and olive trees, and in other places with vines, which they plant all over the mountains and arrange in circles and terraces. The edge of the terrace on the outside, a little raised, is vine; the lower portion of the terrace is corn.

From my room I had all night long the gentle murmur of the river.

Between the houses there is a promenade, open on one side in the form of a terrace, from which you look down on that little plain from under the trellis of the public walk, and see along the river in that little plain, two hundred feet below you, a pretty little village where baths are also provided when there is a throng of visitors. Most of the houses new; a pretty road leading to them, and a handsome square in the said village.

Most of the inhabitants of this place stay here in the winter, and have their shops, especially apothecaries' shops, for nearly all are apothecaries. My landlord is called Captain Paulini, and he is one. He gave me a dining-room, three bedrooms, a kitchen, and a pent-house besides for our servants, and therewithin eight beds, in two of which there was a canopy; supplied salt, a napkin every day,[1] a

[1] This was important, as Montaigne made 'little use of spoon or fork'; in fact, he would sometimes bite his fingers. He would have liked a fresh napkin for every course. See the *Essays*, vol. ii. pp. 562, 588.

table-cloth every third day, all the iron utensils for the kitchen, and candlesticks, for eleven crowns, which are a few sous more than ten pistolets, for a fortnight. The pots, dishes, plates, which are of earthenware, we bought, and glasses and knives; meat is there, as much as you want, veal and kid, not much else. At every lodging-house they offer to board you; and I believe you could have it for twenty sous a day per man; and if you wish to do for yourself, you find in every lodging some man or woman able to do your cooking. The wine is not very good; but those who please have it brought either from Pescia or from Lucca.

I was the first to arrive here, saving two Bolognese gentlemen, who had no great following. So I had a choice, and, as I am told, made better terms than I should have done as one of the crowd, which they say is very great. But they do not usually begin to come till June, remaining till September; for in October they leave; and they often gather here merely for entertainment; which they do earlier, as we found some who were returning home, having been here already a month, or in October, which is unusual.

There is in this place a house that is much more magnificent than the others, belonging to the Sieurs de Buonvisi, and certainly very fine; they call it the Palace. It has a fine spring of running water in the dining-room, and several other conveniences. It was offered to me, at least a suite of four rooms, whichever I preferred, and the whole if I needed it. The four rooms, furnished as above, they would have let me have for twenty crowns of the country, for a fortnight; I was willing to give a crown a day. In consideration of the season, and the price, which varies, my landlord is not tied down to our bargain except for the month of May; we have to make a new one if I wish to stay longer.

There is here water for drinking and also for bathing.[1] A covered bath, vaulted and rather dark, about half the size of my dining-room at Montaigne. There is also a dripping apparatus here which they call a *doccia*, that is, tubes from which you receive hot water upon different parts of the body, and especially the head, by means of channels which bring the water down upon you to beat upon that part in a continuous spray, and warm it; and then the water is received into a wooden trough, like those used by the washerwomen, along which it flows away. There is another vaulted bath of the same kind, and dark, for the women; the whole coming from a spring at which one drinks, very pleasantly situated in a nook, to which you have to descend by several steps.

On the Monday, 8th of May, in the morning, I took with great reluctance some cassia which my landlord offered me, not indeed with the grace of the man at Rome, and took it with my own hands. I dined two hours after, but could not finish my dinner; it had the effect of making me throw up what I had taken, and I was sick again afterwards. I had three or four stools with great pain in the belly by reason of its flatulence, which tormented me for nearly twenty-four hours, and I promised myself to take no more of it. I had rather have a fit of the colic than have my bowels thus moved, my palate vitiated, and my health disturbed by that cassia; for I had come there in good trim, so much so that on the Sunday, after supper, which was the only meal I had taken on that day, I went very cheerfully to see the bath of Corsena, which is a good half-mile from there, on the other face of this same mountain, which I had to ascend and then come down again to about the same height as the bath on this side. This other bath is in greater repute for bathing and the *doccia*;

[1] On the baths of Lucca, and others, see the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 229-230.

for ours is not generally recommended, either by the physicians or by custom, except for drinking; and they say too that the other is more anciently known. However, in spite of this age, which goes back to Roman times, there is no trace of antiquity at either the one bath or the other.

At that place there are three or four large baths, vaulted except for a hole in the middle of the vault, like a vent-hole; they are dark and disagreeable. There is another hot spring at two or three hundred paces from there, a little higher up on this same hill, called San Giovanni; and there they have made a hut with three baths, also covered; no house near, but there is room to place a mattress to rest an hour or two in the day. At Corsena they drink no water at all. For the rest, they vary the operation of its waters: one cools, another warms; this is for one malady, that for another, and thereabout a thousand miracles; but in short there is no kind of malady that does not find its cure there.

There is a fine inn with a number of rooms, and a score of others not very fine. There is no comparison between this place and ours, in respect of comfort, or in the beauty of the prospect, although they have our river at their feet, and their view extends further along a valley; and yet they are much dearer. Many drink here, and then go to the baths there. At the present time Corsena has the reputation.

On the Tuesday, 9th of May 1581, early in the morning before sunrise, I went to drink at the very spout of our hot spring, and drank seven glasses one after the other, holding three pounds and a half: that is how they measure. I think that would be twelve glasses to our quart. It is very moderately hot water, like that of Aigues-Caudes or Barbotan, having less taste and savour than any other I have ever drunk. I could perceive nothing about it but its tepidity and slight sweetness. For that day it had no effect on me,

and yet I drank it five hours before dinner-time, and did not discharge a single drop of it. Some people said I had taken too little, for here they prescribe a *fiasca*, that is two *bocaux*, which is eight pounds, sixteen or seventeen of my glasses. For my part I think it found me so empty, because of my medicine, that it found room in me to take the place of aliment.

This same day I had a visit from a Bolognese gentleman, a colonel of twelve hundred foot, in the pay of this Signoria, who is staying four miles from the baths. And he came to make me many offers, and was with me about two hours; ordered my landlord and others in the place to do what was in their power in my favour.

This Signoria makes it a rule to employ strangers as officers, and distributes its men in the villages by number and according to the district; gives them a colonel to command them: one has a larger, another a smaller charge. The colonels are paid; the captains, who are inhabitants of the country, are paid only in time of war, and command the special companies when the need arises. My colonel had sixteen crowns a month pay, and has no duty except to keep himself ready.

They live more by rule in these baths here than in ours, and especially keep strict fast in respect of drinking.

I found myself better lodged here than at any other bath, except perhaps at Bagnères. The situation of the country is quite as beautiful at Bagnères, but at no other baths; the places for bathing at Baden greatly surpass all the others in comfort and magnificence; the inn at Baden comparable with any other, except for the view here.

Wednesday early I again drank of this water, and being greatly concerned about the want of effect I had felt from it the day before (for I had indeed had a stool immediately after taking it, but I attributed

that to the physic of the preceding day, not having passed a drop of water which could be put down to that of the bath), I took on the Wednesday seven glasses measured by the pound, which was at least double what I had taken the other day, and believe I have never taken so much at one time. I felt from it a great inclination to sweat, which I by no means encouraged, having often heard say that this was not the effect I needed; and, as on the first day, I kept to my room, now walking about, now at rest. The water proceeded more by the back way, and made me have several loose and thin stools, without any effort.

I maintain that it made me ill to take that cassia purge;[1] for the water proceeding naturally by the back way, and being stimulated, followed that course, whilst, for the sake of my kidneys, I should have preferred it in front; and I am thinking, at the first baths I shall take, of simply preparing myself by fasting a little the day before. I believe too that this water is very weak and of little effect, and consequently safe and free from danger; it may suit beginners and delicate people. They take it for cooling the liver and for removing red pimples on the face, which I carefully note for the service I owe to a very virtuous lady in France.[2]

The water of San Giovanni is much used for rouge, for it is extremely oily. I observed that they carried it off in barrelfuls to foreign countries, and still more of that which I was drinking, on numerous asses and mules, to Reggio, Modena, Lombardy, to be drunk. Some take it here in bed; and they are ordered above all things to keep the stomach and the feet warm, and not to move about much. The people of the neighbourhood have it brought three or four miles to their houses. To show that it is not very

[1] Montaigne has something to say about purging in the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 219.

[2] Probably Madame de Montaigne, as suggested by one of the editors.

aperient, it is customary here to have water brought from a bath near Pistoia, which has a sharp taste and is very hot at its source; and the apothecaries keep it to be drunk before that here, a glassful, and maintain that it helps it on, being active and aperient.

The second day I voided water which was clear, but not without some alteration of colour, as elsewhere, and got rid of a quantity of gravel; but it was helped on by the cassia, for I got rid of much of it on the day of the cassia.

I heard here of a remarkable incident. An inhabitant of the place, a soldier named Giuseppe, who is still alive and commands one of the galleys of the Genoese as a convict, several of whose near relations I saw, being in a fight at sea, was taken prisoner by the Turks. In order to be set at liberty he turned Turk (and there are many in this condition, and especially from the mountains near this place, still living), was circumcised, married there. Having come to pillage this coast, he strayed so far from his harbour that here he was, with several other Turks, caught by the people who had risen up in arms. It occurs to him at once to say that he had come there purposely to surrender, that he was a Christian; and he was set at liberty a few days after, came to this place and to the house which is opposite to that in which I am lodging; he enters, encounters his mother. She rudely asks him who he is, what he wanted, for he still had on his sailor's clothes, and he was a strange object in that place. In short he makes himself known, for he had been lost for ten or twelve years, embraces his mother. She utters a scream and falls quite distracted, and till next day they could hardly detect any signs of life in her, and the doctors had quite given up hope. She recovered at last, but lived not long after: everyone being of opinion that this shock had shortened her life. Our Giuseppe was made much of by one and all, was received into the

Church to abjure his error, received the sacrament from the Bishop of Lucca, and several other ceremonies: it was all humbug. He was a Turk at heart, and, to return among them, he slips away from here, goes to Venice and again mixes with the Turks. Resuming his voyaging, there he was again fallen into our hands, and, as he is a man of unusual strength, and a soldier of much experience in nautical matters, the Genoese still keep him and make use of him, well bound and fettered.

This nation has a large force of soldiers, inhabitants of the country, who are all registered in the service of the Signoria. [The colonels have no other charge but to drill them frequently, make them shoot, skirmish and such things.] They have no pay, but they may bear arms, cuirasses, muskets and what they please; and then they cannot have their persons seized for any debt, and in war-time receive pay. Among them are captains, ensigns, sergeants. Only the colonel must necessarily be a foreigner, and paid.

Colonel del Borgo, the one who came to visit me the day before, sent me from the said place (which is four miles from the bath) a man with sixteen lemons and sixteen artichokes.

The mildness and weakness of this water here is further proved by its turning so readily to aliment; for it immediately becomes coloured and digested, and does not give those stimulants to the desire to urine which the others do, as I observed by my experience, and that of others at the same time.

Although I was agreeably and comfortably lodged, my lodging vying with that in Rome, yet I had neither shutters nor fireplace, not to speak of window-panes, in my room. This shows that they have not in Italy those frequent storms that we have, for having no other but wooden windows in nearly all the houses, that alone would be an intolerable discomfort; otherwise I was very well bedded.

Their beds are mean little trestles on which they throw planks, according to the length and breadth of the bed; thereupon a palliasse, a mattress, and there you are very well lodged, if you have a canopy. And to keep your trestles and planks out of sight, three remedies: the one, to have slips of the same stuff as the canopy, as I had at Rome; the other, to have your canopy long enough to hang to the ground and cover everything, which is the best; the third, to have the coverlet, which is fastened at the corners with buttons, hanging to the ground, which must be of some light stuff, such as white fustian, with another sheet underneath for warmth. At all events I learned this economy for my retinue, and for general use at home, and have no need of bedsteads. One is very comfortable, and then it is a recipe for bugs.

This same day after dinner I bathed, contrary to the rules of these parts, where they say that one operation impedes the other, and will have it that they should be kept apart: drink in succession, and then bathe in succession. They drink eight days and bathe thirty: drinking at this bath and bathing at the other. The bath is very mild and pleasant: I was in it for half an hour, and it provoked only a slight sweat; it was about supper-time. I went to bed on leaving the bath, and supped on a sweet lemon-salad, without any wine; for on that day I had not drunk a pound, and I believe that if I had reckoned all up to the next day, I had voided by this means nearly all the water I had taken.

It is a silly habit to keep a reckoning of the water we make. I did not feel ill: on the contrary I was in good spirits, as at the other baths, and yet I was greatly concerned to see that my water did not pass, and perhaps the same had happened to me at the other places. But here they look upon that as a fatal disaster, and if on the very first day you fail to pass at

least two-thirds, they will advise you to give up drinking, or to take physic.

For my part, if I judge aright about these waters, they do neither much harm nor much good; they are but weak and feeble stuff, and it is to be feared that they heat the kidneys more than they purge them; and I believe that I need warmer and more aperient waters. On the Thursday morning I again drank five pounds, fearing lest it might do me ill service, and that I should not pass it. They occasioned a stool, very little urine.

On this morning, when writing to M. d'Ossat, I fell into such distressful thoughts about M. de La Boëtie, and was so long recovering from them, that it gave me great pain.[1]

The bed of that water is quite red and rusty, and the pipe through which it passes; that, coupled with its insipidity, made me think that there is much iron in it, and that it is binding. On the Thursday, during the five hours I waited till dinner-time, I passed only a fifth part of what I had drunk.

What a vain thing is medicine! I happened to say that I repented having purged myself so much, and that the effect of it was that the water, finding me empty, served as an aliment, and stopped. I have just seen a physician in print speaking of these waters, called Donati,[2] who says his advice is to dine little and sup better. I think that my conjecture tells in his favour. His colleague Franciotti is of the contrary opinion, as in several other things.

On that day I felt a sort of heaviness in the kidneys, which I feared was caused by the waters them-

[1] Much has been written about the friendship between Montaigne and La Boëtie, whom he lost after four years of 'sweet companionship and society', and whom he mourned for the rest of his life. See especially the Essay *Of Friendship*. In a letter to his father, Montaigne gives a touching account of his friend's illness and death.

[2] De acquis lucensibus, quae vulgo Villenses appellantur. Lucca, 1580. The disagreements of the doctors is humorously treated in the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 228.

selves, and that they stagnate there; yet, reckoning up all that I had passed in the 24 hours, I came very near to my point, considering the little I drank with my meals. Friday I did not drink, and, instead of drinking, went to bathe in the morning and wash my head, contrary to the opinion prevailing in the place.

It is a custom of the country to help on the water by mixing with it some drug, such as sugar-candy, or manna, or a still stronger medicine, which they mix with the first glass of their water, and most usually the water *del Tettuccio*, which I tasted: it is salt. I have some suspicion that the apothecaries, instead of sending for this water from near Pistoia, where they say it is, sophisticate some natural water; for to me it had an extraordinary taste, besides the saltness. They have it heated, and drink one, two, or three glasses to begin with. I have seen some drink it in my presence without any effect. Others put salt into the water at the first or second glass, or oftener. They look upon sweating as almost fatal, and sleeping, after drinking. I found the water very active in causing sweat.

Let us try to speak this other language a little,[1] especially now that I am in these parts where I seem to hear the most perfect Tuscan speech, particularly among those people of the country who have not mixed and corrupted it with that of their neighbours.

On the Saturday morning early I went to take the water of Bernabo. This is one spring among others in this mountain, and it is a marvel how many there are, both hot and cold. The mountain is not very high. It has perhaps a circuit of three miles. People drink only at our principal spring, and at that other which has been used a few years. One Bernabo, a leper, having tried both waters and baths at all the other

[1] For the remainder of the journey, until he reaches French territory, Montaigne writes his Diary in Italian. In doing so, he no doubt often followed the advice he gave in the *Essays*, vol. i. p. 548.

springs, in despair resolved to try this one; here he was cured. Thus it came into repute.

There are no houses hereabout, and only a small covered shed and stone seats round the tap, which is of iron, and, though fixed there only recently, is mostly eaten away underneath. They say it is the power of the water that consumes it: that is very likely. This water is a very little warmer than the other, and, according to the general opinion, heavier and more violent. It smells a little more of sulphur, only slightly, however; and where it drops it whitens the ground with an ashen colour, like ours, but not so much. It is a little less than a mile from my lodging, round the foot of the mountain, and stands much lower than all the other hot springs. It is about a pike or two from the river.

I took five pounds with some difficulty, for I was not too well that morning. The day before I had taken a long walk of three miles after dinner in the heat, and after supper. I felt the effect of this water a little more strongly: I began to get rid of it within half an hour. I made a long detour of about two miles to return home. I do not know whether this unusual exercise brought me relief, because on the other days I immediately returned to my room, lest the morning air might chill me; and the houses are not thirty paces distant from the spring. The first water that I voided was natural, with a good deal of gravel; the other white and crude. Flatulence without end. About the third pound I got rid of, it began to assume a kind of reddish colour. I had voided more than half of it before dinner.

Going about this mountain in all directions I discovered numerous springs of hot water. The peasants say, besides, that in certain spots in winter the mountain smokes: a proof that there are still others. They appear to me about equally hot, without smell, without taste, without smoke, in comparison with ours.

I saw another place at Corsena, much lower than the baths, where there is a great number of other shower-baths, more commodious than the others. They say there are many springs to supply these channels, that there are eight or ten; and different names are inscribed over each tap: *la Saporita*, *la Dolce*, *la Innamorata*, *la Corona*, *la Disperata*, etc., indicating their effects. Some of the springs are certainly hotter than others.

The mountains around are almost all fertile in corn and grapes, whereas fifty years ago they were covered with wood and chestnuts. You see some bare mountains with snow on the top, but very distant. The people eat *pano di legno*: that is their proverbial name for the bread of chestnuts, which form their chief crop; and it is made like what they call *pain d'épice* in France. I never saw so many frogs and snakes. And, for fear of the snakes, the boys do not dare to pick the strawberries, of which there is very great abundance in the mountains and among the hedges.

Some people with every glass of water take three or four grains of coriander comfit to get rid of the wind.

On Whit-Sunday, the 14th of May, I took of the water of Bernabo five pounds and more, for my glass held more than one pound. The four principal feasts of the year they call *Pasqua*.[1] I made a good deal of gravel the first time, and in less than two hours I had got rid of more than two-thirds of the water, having taken it with a desire to urine, and with the usual appetite, as at the other baths. It loosened my bowels and I had a great clearing on that side. [The Italian pound has only 12 ounces.]

You live here very cheaply. The pound of veal,

[1] Easter Day is called *Pasqua maggiore* or *Pasqua d' uove*; Whit-Sunday, *Pasqua di rose*; Christmas Day, *Pasqua di ceppo* (presents); the other is Ascension Day.

very good and very tender, about three French sous. Plenty of trout, but small. There are good workmen at making parasols, and they carry them everywhere here. The country is hilly, and there are few level roads. Yet there are some very pleasant ones, and even the mountain paths are mostly paved.

After dinner, I gave a ball to the peasant girls, and even I danced, in order not to appear too reserved. In certain parts of Italy, as in the whole of Tuscany and at Urbino, the women curtsey in the French fashion, at the knees.

In front of the outflow of the spring at Della Villa there is a square marble which was put there just 110 years ago, on these calends of May, on which are inscribed the virtues of this spring.[1] I omit it, for it is to be found in many printed books that deal with the baths of Lucca. At all the baths you find a number of little clocks for public use. I always had two on my table, which were lent to me.

This evening I ate nothing but three slices of bread, toasted, with butter and sugar, without drinking.

On Monday, judging that this water had sufficiently cleared the passage, I went back to the ordinary spring and took five pounds of it. It did not move me to sweat, as it used to do. The first time I passed water I voided some gravel, which, in fact,

[1] The inscription runs as follows: 'These are the principal virtues of the sacred bath of Villa: It is good for all parts of the head. Cures all stomach troubles, stimulates the appetite, promotes the digestion, checks vomiting, corrects all liver complaints, removes obstructions in liver and blood-vessels, imparts an excellent complexion, benefits those suffering from spleen, heals pulmonary sores, clears the kidneys, reduces the stone, prevents gravel, fattens the lean, cures leprosy if not too far advanced. If drunk, drives out old fevers, and you bathe thirty days. Drink eight or ten after purging. Heals sores on any part of the body.' Montaigne mentions the Italian parasols in the *Essays* (they were not yet known in France) as being too heavy to carry on horseback. It seems that they weighed about five pounds. The 'little clocks' were probably hour-glasses, as Montaigne elsewhere complains of the want of clocks.

looked like stones broken in pieces. This water appeared to me, compared with that of Bernabo, almost cold, although that of Bernabo is of a more moderate heat, and does not by a long way come up to that of Plombières nor the average water of Bagnères. It had a good effect on both sides; and so I was lucky not to take the advice of those doctors who ordered me to give up drinking it if it was not successful the very first day.

On the Tuesday, 16th of May, as is customary in these parts (and I like the custom), I left off drinking, and remained in the bath an hour and more, under the spout, because the water in the other places appears cold to me. I was afraid (still feeling that wind in the lower bowels and intestines, without pain, and little in the stomach) that the water was especially the cause of it: for that reason I left it off. This bath was much to my liking—so much so that I could easily have gone to sleep in it. It did not move me to sweat, but it did move the bowels. I dried myself well and stayed in bed for a time.

Every month they hold a review of the soldiers in each *Vicariato*. The Colonel, our man, from whom I had received a world of courtesies, held his. There were 200 soldiers, pikemen and musketeers. He made them fight. They were very well drilled for peasants. But that is his principal charge: to keep them in order and teach them military discipline.

The people here are all divided into two factions, the French and the Spanish; and this feud leads to continual and serious quarrels. They make public demonstrations of it. The women and men of our party wear over the right ear bunches of flowers, the biretta, locks of hair and other things of the kind; the Spaniards on the other side.

The peasants and their women are here dressed like gentlefolk. You never see a *contadina* who does not wear white pumps, fine thread stockings, and an

apron of armozeen of some colour or other; and they dance, capriole and pirouette very well.

When they speak of the *Prince* in this Signoria, they mean the Council of 120. The Colonel cannot take a wife without the permission of the *Prince*, and he has great difficulty in obtaining it, because they do not wish him to make friends and form family connections in the country; nor may he buy any property. No soldier leaves the country without leave; and many of them, through poverty, beg in these mountains, and with what they have gained they buy their arms.

On Wednesday I was at the bath and stayed there more than an hour; I sweated a little and bathed my head.

We may see here that the German custom of drying the clothes and other things in winter at their stoves is convenient; for our bath attendant, by holding a little charcoal under a *focone*, and raising its mouth with a brick, in order to receive the air to keep up the fire, very quickly and effectually warms the garments, and even more conveniently than at our fireplaces. A *focone* is what we call a basin.

Here they call little girls and girls of marriageable age, *bambe*, and boys until the beard, *putti*.

On the Thursday I was up a little sooner, and took my bath earlier. I sweated a little in the bath, and bathed my head under the tap. The bath made me feel a little weak, and caused a little heaviness in the bladder, and I still made gravel, as after drinking, and a lot of phlegm. It really seemed to me that the bathing affected me in the same way as the drinking. I continued on Friday.

Every day they sold immense loads of the water of this spring, and the other at Corsena, for different parts of Italy. These baths appeared to clear my complexion. I was still bothered with that wind about the groin, without any pain, which caused me

to void with my urine a lot of froth and bubbles which were a long time bursting. Sometimes also black threads, but not many. I had noticed at other times that I had passed a lot of them. My urine was usually muddy and charged with matter. There was something greasy on the surface of the urine.

These people do not, as a rule, eat as much meat as we do. They sell only the ordinary kinds of meat. They hardly know the price of it. A very fine leveret was sold to me in this season, at the first word, so to say, for six of our sous. They do not shoot them, they do not bring them, for nobody buys them.

On the Saturday, the weather being dull, and there was a wind that made one feel the want of shutters and windows, I kept quiet, without bathing or drinking. I observed one great effect of these waters in my brother, who had never noticed having voided any gravel, either naturally or at the other baths where he had drunk with me, yet passed a large quantity here.

On the Sunday morning I bathed, but not my head, and after dinner I gave a ball, with public prizes, as is the custom at these baths; and I wanted to open the season this year with it. Firstly, five or six days before, I gave public notice of the *festa* in all the neighbouring places. On the day before, I sent special invitations to all the gentlemen and ladies who were staying at the two baths; I invited them to the ball and to the supper afterwards. I sent to Lucca for the prizes. The custom is to give a number of these, in order not to appear to favour one woman among all, to avoid jealousy and suspicion. There are always eight or ten for the women; for the men two or three. I had many requests from women: one would ask me not to overlook her, another her niece, another her daughter. On the preceding day, Messer Giovanni da Vincenzio Saminiati, with whom I was great friends, sent me from Lucca, in accordance with my written in-

structions, a leather belt and a bonnet of black cloth, for the men. For the women, two aprons of taffeta, one green and the other violet (for you have to give notice that there is always some more honourable prize, to favour one or two you wish to favour); two aprons of taminy; four papers of pins, four pairs of pumps (but I gave one of these to a pretty girl, not at the ball); a pair of slippers (to which I added a pair of pumps, making one prize of the two); three crystal nets and three braids of hair, which made three prizes; four little necklaces. There were 19 prizes for the women. It all came to six crowns, little more. I had five fifers. I gave them food all day, and a crown for the lot—which was lucky for me, for they do not do it at that price. The prizes are hung from a kind of hoop, well decorated all over, and placed where everybody can see them.

We began the dance on the piazza with the ladies of the neighbourhood, and I began to fear we should be left to ourselves. Before long there arrived a large company from all parts, and particularly several gentlemen of this Signoria, and ladies, whom I received and entertained in the best way I could. At all events, they seemed to me to be satisfied. As it was rather hot, we went to the great hall of the Buonvisi palace, which was very convenient. When the daylight began to fall, at about 22 o'clock, I addressed myself to the most important ladies, and said that being myself neither able nor bold enough to decide among the number of beautiful and charming and well-mannered girls that I saw around me, I entreated that they would take upon themselves the charge of judging and rewarding the company according to their merits. We stood upon ceremony for some time, for the ladies declined this request, which they regarded as being made out of too much politeness to them. At last I added this condition, that, if they would be pleased to admit me to their deliberations,

I would give my opinion. I did in fact go about choosing with my eyes, now one, now another, in doing which I did not fail to take some account of grace and beauty, pointing out that the charm of the dance does not merely consist in the movement of the feet, but also in the graceful carriage and elegance of the whole body. The prizes were distributed, to one more, to another less, according to their value; that lady presenting them to the dancers in my name, and I on the other hand referring all the obligation to her. It all went off in an orderly and regular manner, except that one of the girls refused the prize. She sent to beg me to give it to another, for her sake; but that I could not allow. She was not one of the best-favoured. They were called up one by one from their places, and they came before that lady and me, who were seated side by side. I handed to the lady the present I had chosen, first kissing it;[1] she took it and gave it to the young woman, saying in a pleasant manner: 'This is the Signor Cavaliere who is giving you this pretty present; thank him.' 'You should rather thank her ladyship, who has judged you worthy of being rewarded among so many others. I much regret that the present is not more worthy of such-and-such a quality in you,' I said, according to what she was. Then the same thing was done in the case of the men. The gentlemen and ladies do not compete, although they take part in the dancing.

It is indeed a charming, and to us French an uncommon thing, to see these peasant girls, so graceful and dressed like ladies, dancing so well: they could compete in that accomplishment with the rarest of our ladies; but they dance differently.

I invited them all to supper: for a banquet in Italy is no more than a very light meal in France—

[1] Hazlitt makes him kiss the girls; he forgot what Montaigne said about kissing (*Essays*, vol. ii. p. 342). It was customary, at least in France, to kiss a present before giving it—a custom Montaigne did not approve of (see *Essays*, vol. i. p. 265).

several pieces of veal and a couple or two of fowls, that is all. There stayed to supper the Colonel of this Vicariato, Sig. Francesco Gambarini, a Bolognese gentleman, my almost brother, a French gentleman; no others. Except that I made Divizia sit down to the table. This is a poor contadina of the neighbourhood, two miles from the baths, who, like her husband, has no means of livelihood but the labour of her own hands. Ugly; 37 years old. A swelled neck. She can neither write nor read. But in her tender age, having an uncle in her father's house who was always reading Ariosto and other poets in her presence, her mind was found to be so born to poetry that not only does she compose verses with the most wonderful readiness possible, but she brings in ancient fables, names of the gods, countries, sciences, illustrious men, as if she had been brought up to study. She gave me a number of verses in my honour. To tell the truth, they are no more than verses and rhymes. Her delivery elegant and very rapid.

The company at the ball consisted of a hundred visitors and more, in spite of the unfavourable season: it was the season when the great and principal harvest of the whole year takes place, the silk harvest; and in these days they are hard at work, without any regard to holidays, morning and evening, gathering the mulberry leaves for their caterpillars and silk-worms; and all these young women are occupied in that labour.

On the Monday morning I was a little later at the bath, because I had been shaved and had my hair cut. I bathed my head and gave it a shower-bath for more than a quarter of an hour under the big tap.

At my ball there was, among others, the Signor Vicario, who delivers justice. By this name they call a magistrate appointed every six months, and sent by the Signoria to each Vicariato to judge civil cases

in the first instance, and decide them up to a certain small sum. There is another officer for criminal cases. I gave the former to understand that I thought it reasonable that the Signoria should make some rule (which would be very easy, and I gave him the methods which appeared to me the most appropriate) that the dealers who come here in endless numbers to take these waters and carry them throughout Italy should carry a certificate of the quantity of water they carry, to deprive them of the opportunity of committing fraud. Of which I told him of an experience of my own, which was this: One of these muleteers had come to my landlord, a private individual, and begged him to give him a writing to testify that he was taking away twenty-four loads of this water—and he had only four. The landlord at first refused, for that reason; but the other added that he would return in four or six days, and fetch twenty loads. I told him that the muleteer had not returned. The Signor Vicario received my advice very well; but he tried his best to find out who was that witness, and who was that muleteer, what he was like, and what horses he had. Neither the one nor the other would I ever tell him.

I also told him that I was going to initiate the custom which is observed in all the famous baths of Europe, that persons of any rank leave their coat of arms as a pledge of the obligation they are under to those waters; for which he warmly thanked me in the name of the Signoria.

These days they were beginning to mow the hay in some places.

On the Tuesday I remained two hours in the bath, and douched my head a little more than a quarter of an hour.

There came to the baths in these days a Cremonese merchant who resides in Rome. He was suffering from many extraordinary infirmities. He talked and

walked, however, and, as far as I could see, lives merrily enough. His principal failing was in the head, which was so weak that, he told me, he had lost his memory to such a degree that when eating he never remembered what had been set before him at table.

If he left the house on some business, he had to go back to the house ten times to ask where he was to go. He could hardly finish his paternoster. From the end he went a hundred times to the beginning, never aware at the end that he had begun, nor at the beginning that he had ended. He had been deaf, blind; he had suffered from toothache. He felt so great a heat in the kidneys that he was always obliged to have a piece of lead round them. For several years past he had been living under doctors' orders with most religious observance.

It was amusing to see the different prescriptions of the medicos in different parts of Italy, so contradictory, especially in the matter of these baths and the shower-baths, so that, of the twenty consulted not two were in agreement; but they almost all accused and condemned one another of murder.

This man was subject to a very strange accident caused by the wind of which he was full: it rushed out of his ears with such violence that most of the time it would not let him sleep; nay, whenever he yawned he immediately felt a gust of wind coming out of his ears. He said that the best remedy for starting the bowels was to take into your mouth for a little time four rather big coriander comfits, and, having moistened and lubricated them a bit, put them into your fundament: the effect of which, he told me, was immediate and very apparent.

On him I first saw one of those large hats made of peacocks' feathers, covered with light taffeta, which had a crown a good hand-breadth high and big, and inside it a coif of armozeen of the size of the head, in

order that the sun might not penetrate; round it were wings a foot and a half high. It took the place of our parasols, which are certainly very troublesome to carry on horseback.

As I have on former occasions been sorry that I had not written more in detail on the subject of the other baths, in order to derive rules and examples for those that followed, I will this time write more fully and at length.

On the Wednesday I went to the bath. I felt a heat in the body, and sweated beyond my wont; a little weakness; dryness and bitterness in the mouth; and a sort of giddiness on leaving the bath, such as I had felt at all the others from the heat of the water: Plombières, Bagnères, Preissac. At Barbotan, and at this bath, never until this Wednesday; whether because I had been much earlier than the other days, and before discharging the bowels, or because I found the water much hotter than usual. I was in the bath an hour and a half, and douched my head for about a quarter of an hour.

I did many things contrary to the common rule: douching myself in the bath, for the custom is to do so separately, one and then the other; using this water for a shower, whilst there are few who do not go to the other bath for a shower, where they take it at this tap or that, some at the first, some at the second, some at the third, according to the doctor's prescription; drinking and then bathing, and then drinking again, thus mixing up the days, whilst the others drink for a certain number of days and then have a course of baths; not observing the correct periods, for the others drink ten days at most, and bathe twenty-five at least, without interruption; bathing only once a day, whilst the other visitors always bathe twice; remaining so short a time under the shower, whilst they always remain under it at least an hour in the morning and the same in the

evening. As to being tonsured, as they all are, putting a little piece of satin on the place with a sort of net to keep it on the head, my polished head had no need of it.

This same day, in the morning, there came to visit me the Signor Vicario, one of the principal gentlemen of this Signoria, who came for that purpose from the other bath where he was staying. Among other things, he told me a marvellous story about himself: that the sting of a beetle at the fleshy end of the thumb, a few years ago, had brought him to such a pass that he almost died of a most cruel mental weakness, and from that fell into so miserable a condition that he was five months in bed without stirring, lying constantly on his reins, which having become thereby heated beyond measure, a calculus was engendered, from which he has suffered much for more than a year, as well as from colic. At last his father, Governor of Velletri, sent him a certain green stone which had come into his hands through a monk who had been in India. As long as he had this stone at his back he never felt either pain or the flow of gravel. And he has been in this state for two years. As to the sting, his thumb and nearly the whole of his hand had since remained useless; and the arm, besides, so weakened that every year he comes to the baths at Corsena to use the shower on that arm and that hand, as he was doing then.

The people in general are very poor here. At this time they were eating green mulberries which they gather from the trees as they strip them of their leaves for the silkworms.

As the bargain for letting the house had been left uncertain for the month of June, I wanted to come to an understanding with my landlord, who, seeing how much I was in request with all his neighbours, and especially the steward of the Buonvisi palace, who had offered it to me for a gold crown a day,

made up his mind to leave me in possession as long as I liked, at the rate of twenty-five gold crowns a month—this agreement commencing from the 1st of June, the first bargain remaining in force up to that date.

This place is very full of envy and hatred among the inhabitants, and concealed mortal hostility, although they are all related to one another.

A woman quoted to me this proverb:

> Chi vuol che la sua donna impregni
> Mandila al bagno, e non ci vegni.[1]

This, among other things, was very agreeable in my house, that I could go from the bath to the bed by a level path only thirty paces long.

I was vexed to see these mulberry-trees stripped of their foliage, producing the effect of winter in the middle of summer.

The gravel I was continually passing appeared to me much rougher than usual and was followed by a kind of pricking in the penis.

Every day you saw being brought to this place from all sides samples of different wines in little flasks, in order that the visitors who liked the wine might send for it; and there were very few good wines: light, acid and immature white, or really coarse, rough red wines, unless you sent to Lucca or Pescia for the white Trebbiano, strong, matured, though not too delicate.

On the Thursday, the feast of *Corpus Christi*, I took the bath for an hour and more, temperate; I sweated very little, and came out of it without any alteration; I douched my head for a half-quarter of an hour, and, going back to bed, went to sleep for some time. This bathing and douching I found pleasant rather than

[1] 'If you want your wife to have a child, send her to Bath, and stay at home.' An old jest, probably known in every watering-place in Christendom.

otherwise. I felt on my hands and other parts of my body a rash, and I observed, besides, that among the people of this country there were many who had itch, and children who suffered from milk-scab.

Here as elsewhere it is the case that what we seek with so much difficulty the people of the country disdain: I saw many who had never tasted these waters and had a poor opinion of them. At the same time, there are few old people.

With the mucus which I passed with my urine (which happens constantly with me) you saw gravel enveloped and suspended. I seemed to feel this effect from the bath when I put the groin under the water, which drove the wind out of me. And certainly I have felt my right gland suddenly and distinctly diminish, if it sometimes happened to swell, which is often enough the case. From which I almost conclude that this swelling is occasioned by the wind contained in it.

On the Friday I bathed as usual, and douched my head a little more. The extraordinary quantity of gravel which I constantly voided made me doubt whether it might not have been enclosed in the kidneys, for by compressing it one might have made a big ball of it; and I rather supposed that it was the water that made it conceive and gradually give birth.

On the Saturday I bathed for two hours, and used the shower for more than a quarter of an hour. On the Sunday I kept quiet.

On this day a gentleman of Bologna treated us to another ball. At this ball a woman began to dance, having on her head a pitcher full of water, keeping it firm and steady, and did not fail to carry out a number of bold movements.

The want of clocks in this place, and in most parts of Italy, I thought a great inconvenience.

In the bath-house there is a Madonna, and these lines:

Auspicio fac, Diva, tuo, quicumque lavacrum
Ingreditur, sospes ac bonus hinc abeat.[1]

One cannot too highly commend, both for beauty and utility, this method of cultivating the mountains up to the summit, forming around them circles of wide terraces, and propping the tops of these terraces now with stones, now with other ramparts, if the ground itself does not hold firm; the surface of this terrace, according as it happens to be wider or narrower, being covered with corn, the outside of the surface towards the valley, that is to say the edge and rim, forming a border of vine; and where, as near the summit, they can neither find nor form a level surface, planting all vine.

The physicians were greatly astonished to see most of our Frenchmen drink the waters in the morning and then bathe the same day.

Monday morning I remained two hours in the bath. I did not have a shower, because a fancy took me to drink three pounds of water, which gave me a stool. I used to bathe my eyes every morning, holding them open in the water. I felt no effect from it, either good or bad. I believe I got rid of those three pounds of water, for I urined pretty often, and then sweated a little more than usual; and as for the stool, having been more than usually constipated these last few days, I took the above-mentioned three grains of coriander comfits, which drove out a lot of wind, which I was quite full of; of matter, little. Though I had admirably purged my kidneys, I still felt a sort of pricking there; and I judged that it was due to flatulence more than to anything else.

Tuesday, I remained two hours in the bath; I douched myself for half an hour, and drank nothing.

[1] Grant, Divine lady, that whoever enters this bath may leave it sound in mind and body.

Wednesday, I stayed in the bath an hour and a half; I douched for about half an hour.

Up to the present time, to tell the truth, from the little familiarity and intercourse I had had with this nation, I did not discover those miracles of wit and sense that fame gives them. I saw no extraordinary talent: I found rather that they marvelled at and made far too much of these little powers we possess. Thus, on this day, certain physicians having to hold an important consultation on the case of a young gentleman, Signor Paolo di Cesis (nephew of the Cardinal di Cesis), who was at these baths, they came to entreat me, in his name, that I would be pleased to hear their opinions and arguments, for that he for his part had made up his mind to abide entirely by my decision. I laughed to myself. Many other like things happened to me, both here and in Rome.

At times I still felt a dimness in the eyes, when I had tired them rather with reading or looking fixedly on some bright and dazzling object; and it made me very uneasy to feel that this discomfort went on since the day I had the megrims recently near Florence: that is to say, a heaviness in the forehead, without pain; a certain cloudiness in the eyes, which did not shorten my sight, but in a sort of way made it dim at times. Since then these sick-headaches have occurred two or three times; and lately they have begun to continue longer, without, however, impeding my actions. But since I have douched my head they have been attacking me every day, and I began to have weeping eyes, as formerly, without pain or redness; and this headache I had not had for more than ten years, until I had these megrims. Fearing, besides, that this water might weaken my head, on Thursday I would not have a shower, and bathed for an hour. On the Friday, Saturday, Sunday, I discontinued any kind of treatment, for that reason and because I

was much less cheerful and lively, as I was still furiously voiding gravel; but the head remained still the same, and did not regain its good condition. At certain times I felt there that alteration, which was increased by the working of the imagination.

On the Monday morning I drank, in 14 glasses, six pounds and a half of the ordinary spring. I passed about three pounds of this, white and crude, before dinner; the rest by degrees. That headache, though it was neither continuous nor very troublesome, greatly altered my complexion for the worse. I felt in my head no failing or weakness, as sometimes on former occasions, but only a weight on the eyes, with a little confusion of the sight.

On that day they began cutting the rye on our little plain.

On the Tuesday, at daybreak, I went to the Bernabo spring and drank there six pounds at six times. It was raining a little. I sweated a little. The water caused a stool, and washed my bowels out bravely. For that reason I could not calculate how much I had given off. I did not pass much water, but in two hours it had taken on some colour. Before the natural day was over I had passed it all, and more than I had drunk of every kind of beverage. I drank only a small drop at dinner, half a pound. I ate little supper.

You can rent here, by the dozen, for six gold crowns, or a little more, a month, lodging in a private room, as comfortable as you wish; with a valet, same price; if you have no valet, the landlord will still provide you with many things for your convenience at table.

On the Wednesday, rainy; I took seven pounds in seven times at the ordinary spring, and passed them, with what I had drunk besides. On the Thursday I took nine pounds, namely, first seven consecutively, and then, after I had begun to pass it, I sent for two more pounds. I passed it both ways. I drank very

little at dinner. Friday and Saturday I did the same. Sunday I kept quiet.

Monday, I drank seven glasses, seven pounds. I still threw up gravel, but a little less than following a bath; and I observed examples of this effect of bathing in a good many other persons at the same time. On that day I felt a pain in my groin, as from the fall of stones, and I did pass a small one. On the Tuesday another. And I may say, and almost affirm, that I have noticed that this water has the power of breaking them in pieces, for at the fall of some of them I felt their size, and then passed them in smaller pieces. On this Tuesday I drank eight pounds, at eight times.

If Calvin had known that in these parts the Preaching Friars call themselves Ministers, he would doubtless have given his some other name.

Wednesday, I took eight pounds, eight glasses. I nearly always passed it up to the half, crude, natural, in three hours; then half a pound or so, red and dark; the rest after dinner and in the night.

At this season people were gathering at the bath. And, from the examples I observed, and from the opinion of the physicians, particularly of Donati, who has written on these waters, I found I had not been very wrong in bathing my head at this bath; for they, too, have the custom, when in the bath, of douching their breasts, by means of a long tube, fixing one end to the tap and the other to the body in the bath; and since they usually took the douche for the head of this same water, they bathed the same day that they took the douche. So I cannot have gone far wrong in mixing the two together, or in having, instead of using the tube, taken that water from the channel itself; and perhaps I was wrong in not continuing. And, from what I have felt up to the present, it may be that I have stirred up the humours, which in course of time might have been driven out and

purged. This physician permitted drinking and bathing on the same day; and I am very sorry that I had not the firmness, as I had the desire, and with some reason, to drink it in the bath in the morning. Bernabo he greatly commended, but always with those physician's reasons and arguments.

The effect of these waters on the gravel, which continued in me without any respite, was not observable in a number of others, who were free from that infirmity. Which I mention because I cannot make up my mind to believe they produce the gravel which I passed.

On the Thursday morning I was in the bath for an hour before daybreak, in order to have the first place, without bathing my head. For that reason, I think, and because I afterwards slept in bed, I felt bad; my mouth dry and thirsty, and so hot that in the evening, on going to bed, I drank two large glasses of that water, cooled. From which I felt no other change.

On the Friday I rested. The Minister Friar of St. Francis (so they call the Provincials), a worthy man and polite and learned, who was at the bath with many other friars of different kinds, sent me a fine present of very good wine, marchpane and other things to eat.

On the Saturday I did not treat myself and went to dine at Menabbio, a large and pretty village at the top of one of these mountains. I took some fish with me, and was received into the house of a wealthy soldier who has travelled much in France and other places, and took a wife and made a fortune in Flanders. Signor Santo they call him.

There are numberless peasant soldiers here, a fine church, and few who have not travelled much, greatly divided off into those Spanish and French factions. Without thinking, I put a flower at my left ear; the *Francesini* took it as an insult.

After dinner, I climbed up to the fort, which is a place defended by high walls just on the top of the hill, very steep, but very well cultivated everywhere. And there, among the rugged rocks, among the precipices and steep places and scaly hills, you find not only vines and corn, but even meadows; and they have no grass in the plain. I descended afterwards by another slope of the hill, quite direct.

On the Sunday morning I went to the bath with several other gentlemen. I remained there half an hour. There came to me from Signor Ludovico Pinitesi a beautiful present of a horse laden with very fine fruit, and amongst others some early figs, of which none had yet been seen at the bath, and a dozen flasks of a very sweet wine. And at the same time the aforesaid friar sent other kinds of fruit in great quantity, so that I, too, was able to exercise liberality to the people here.

After dinner, there was the ball, where several gentlewomen were assembled, well dressed, but of ordinary beauty, although they were among the handsomest in Lucca. In the evening Sig. Ludovico di Ferrari, of Cremona, whom I know well, sent me a present of some boxes of very good quince jelly, scented, and some limes, and some oranges of an extraordinary size.

In the night, a little before daybreak, I had a cramp in the calf of the right leg, with very great pain, not continuous but intermittent. This discomfort held me for a half-hour. I had felt a cramp not long before, but it had passed away like a flash.

On the Monday I went to the bath, and was there an hour with my stomach under the tap. That pain in the leg still pricked me a little. Just at this time we began to feel the heat, and hear the grasshoppers—not more than in France; hitherto the season appeared to me cooler than at home.

Free nations have not, like the others, the dis-

tinctions of ranks, of persons; and even those of the lower class have something lordly in their manner. When they beg alms they always bring in some authoritative word: 'Give me alms, won't you!' or, 'Give me something, d'ye hear!' Like that other at Rome: 'Do good, for your own sake!' On the Tuesday I remained an hour in the bath.

On the Wednesday, 21st of June, early, I left Della Villa, having received, on taking leave from the company that was there, both ladies and men, all the tokens of friendliness I could desire. I came through rugged and at the same time pleasant and sheltered mountains to

Pescia, twelve miles, a little *castello* on the river Pescia, in the Florentine territory. Handsome houses, open streets; the famed wines of Trebbiano; situated among very thick olive-trees; the people very well affected towards France: for that reason, they say, their city bears a Dolphin in its arms.

After dinner, we came across a lovely plain, thickly studded with châteaux and houses; and in my absence of mind I forgot to see Monte Catini, as I had purposed and firmly resolved to do, where is the hot salt water of the Tettuccio, which I left a mile out of my road on the right, about seven miles from Pescia, and I did not remember until I had nearly reached

Pistoia, eleven miles. I was lodged outside the city, where the son of Ruspiglioni came to see me. The man who goes through Italy with other than hired horses does not know what he is about; and to change them from place to place seems to me more practical than to put yourself into the hands of the *vetturini* for a long journey. From Pistoia to Florence, which is twenty miles, the horses cost only four giulios. Thence, passing through the town of Prato, I came to dine at

Castello, in a hostelry opposite the Grand-duke's

palace, where, after dinner, we went to examine the gardens more in detail. And there it happened as in many other things: imagination transcended reality. I had seen it in winter, bare and stripped. I had formed a better opinion of its future beauty in the mildest season than it appeared to me in reality. Castello, seventeen miles. After dinner I went on to

FLORENCE, eight miles. On the Friday I saw the public processions,[1] and the Grand-duke in his coach. Forming a part of the show you saw a car in form of a stage, gilt on the top, on which were four little boys and a friar dressed up to personate St. Francis, standing holding his hands as you see them in the pictures, and with a crown on his cowl: either a friar or a man disguised as a friar, with a false beard. There were some boys of the city, armed, and among them one as Saint George. He encountered a big dragon in the piazza, very clumsily supported and carried by men, noisily spouting fire from its jaws. The boy gave him one with lance and sword, and cut his throat.

I was made much of by a Gondi who resides at Lyons: he sent me some very good wine—that is, Trebbiano.

There was a heat which astonished even the people of the country.

This morning at daybreak I had a colic in my right side. It afflicted me about three hours. I then ate the first melon. Cucumbers and almonds are eaten in Florence from the beginning of June.

About 23 o'clock the chariot race was held in a large and handsome *piazza*,[2] square, longer than broad, surrounded on all sides by fine houses. At each end of the long side was set a square wooden needle, and from one to the other a rope was fixed,

[1] In honour of St. John the Baptist, patron saint of Florence.

[2] The Piazza di S. Maria Novella. The pyramids or needles were replaced in 1698 by marble obelisks on bronze tortoises. The race, formerly run on St. John's Day, was established in 1568 by Cosimo I.

that the people might not cross the *piazza*; and some men placed themselves in the way to reinforce the said cords. All the balconies loaded with ladies, and in a palace the Grand-duke, the wife and his court; the populace along the piazza, and on a sort of stands, as I was, too.

Five empty cars raced. They all took their places by lot, at one side of a pyramid. Some said that the furthest had the advantage, for turning more conveniently. They started at the sound of trumpets. The third turn round the pyramid from which they start is that which gives the victory. The Grand-duke's car had the best of it quite up to the third round. At this Strozzi's car, which had been second the whole time, making greater speed than it had done with loose rein, and coming on with the other, made the victory doubtful. I perceived that the silence was broken by the populace when they saw Strozzi coming near, and with shouts and applause they gave him all possible favour, with the Prince looking on. And then, when the dispute and wrangle came to be decided by certain gentlemen, the Strozzeschi appealed to the judgment of the populace present; there immediately arose among the people a unanimous shout and a public consent in favour of Strozzi, who in the end had it—contrary to justice, in my opinion. The *palio* would be worth a hundred crowns. I was more pleased with this spectacle than with any other I had seen in Italy, on account of its resemblance to the races of the ancients. This being St. John's Eve, they put certain little fires around the top of the Duomo at two or three stages, from which they launched rockets into the air. They say it is not the custom in Italy, as it is in France, to have St. John's fires.

Saturday, St. John's Day, the principal feast in Florence, which they celebrate more than any other. At this feast you see even the young girls in public;

but I saw no great beauty. In the morning, in the palace square, the Grand-duke appeared on a stand (under a canopy) along the walls of the palace, adorned with very rich tapestry, on his left side being the Pope's Nuncio, and much further the Ambassador of Ferrara. Here passed before him all his towns and villages, as they were called by a herald. Thus, for Siena a young man came forward clothed in white and black velvet, carrying in his hand some sort of large silver vessel and a figure of the she-wolf of Siena. This man made, still in this fashion, an offering and a little speech to the Grand-duke. When he had finished, there came forward, as they were called, certain badly clothed boys on very poor horses and mules, bearing one a silver cup, another a torn and dilapidated banner. These in great number passed along without uttering a word, without reverence and without ceremony, more in the way of a jest than otherwise, and they were called the *castella* and private places dependent on the State of Siena. Every year this is repeated as a matter of form.

There passed, besides, a car and a square pyramid of wood, large, around which, on a sort of steps, were carried little boys dressed, some in one fashion, some in another, as angels or saints; and on the top, which reached as high as the tallest houses, a Saint John, a man disguised in his fashion, bound to a piece of iron. This car was followed by the officials, and especially those of the Mint. At the end went another car, on which were certain youths who carried three *palii* for the different races, having at their side the barbs that were to race that day, and the boys who were to ride them, with the colours of their masters, who were of the highest nobility. The horses small and handsome.

The heat did not appear to me more intense than in France. Still, to escape it in these hotel rooms, I was forced to sleep the night on the dining-room

table, placing sheets and mattresses upon it, not having been able to find any comfortable lodging to let, for this city is not kind to strangers; also to escape the bugs, with which the beds are *infestatissimi*.

There is not a great quantity of fish, and all the trout and other fish that is eaten comes from abroad and is pickled. I saw that the Grand-duke sent to Giovan Mariano, a Milanese staying in the same hostelry where I was, a present of wine, bread, fruit and fish; but the fish small, alive, in earthenware coolers.

I had all day a dry and parched mouth, and a thirst which was not so much a thirst as an internal heat, which I have felt at other times in our hot summers at home. I ate nothing but fruit and salad with sugar. In short, I was not well.

Those open-air recreations which are taken in France after supper are here taken before. And on the longest days they often sup at night. It is light in the morning between seven and eight.

After dinner, the barbs ran the race for the *palio*. It was won by the horse of the Cardinal de Medicis. This *palio* was worth 200 crowns. It is not very amusing, because, being in the street, you see nothing but the furious passing of the horses.

On the Sunday I saw the Pitti palace, and among other things a mule in marble representing another mule still alive, on account of its long service in carrying materials for the building of this palace. That is the purport of the Latin lines.[1]

On the Saturday the Grand-duke's palace was open and filled with country people, to whom everything was open; and the great hall full of divers balls, some here, some there. For this kind of people, I believe, it was some sort of image of a lost liberty which is revived at this principal festival of the city. At the

[1] Lecticam, lapides et marmora, ligna, columnas,
Vexit, conduxit, traxit et ista tulit.

palace we saw the *Chimera*, which has between its shoulders a nascent head (with the horns and ears) and a body in the shape of a little lion.

On the Monday I went to dine at the house of Signor Silvio Piccolomini, well known for his valour, and particularly for his skill in fencing. Many subjects were brought forward, for it was a goodly company of other gentlemen. As for him, he utterly despises the method of fencing of the Italian masters, the Veniziano, the Bolognese, Patinostraro, and others. And in this respect the only one he praises is a servant of his own who is at Brescia, where he is teaching the art to certain gentlemen. He says there is neither rule nor art in the ordinary teaching: and in particular he condemns the practice of thrusting the sword forward, and putting it at the mercy of his adversary; and then the *botta passada* to make another assault: for he says it is an entirely different thing to what you see by experience in the combatants. He was about to print a book on the subject. With regard to warfare, he has a great contempt for artillery; and in this he greatly pleased me. He praises Machiavelli's book *della Guerra*, and follows his opinions. He says that of the class of men who see to the fortifications the most eminent living is at present in Florence, in the service of the Most Serene Grand-duke.

It is customary here to put snow into the glasses of wine. I myself used to put little, not being too well in body, very often having pain in the sides, and continually expelling an incredible amount of gravel; besides being unable to get back my head and restore it to its first condition. A dizziness and a sort of heaviness over the eyes, the forehead, cheeks, teeth, and front parts. I got it into my head that it was the sweet and heady white wines, because that time I first had the megrims I had drunk a great quantity of Trebbiano, when heated by travelling and

the season, and its sweetness not quenching my thirst.

After all, I confessed that Florence is rightly called *la Bella*.

On this day I went alone, for a diversion, to see the women who let themselves be seen by all who wish. I saw the most famous: nothing out of the common. The lodgings concentrated in a special quarter of the town, and for that reason contemptible, bad besides, and can in no way be compared with those of the Roman or Venetian *puttane*; nor themselves either in beauty, charm or seriousness. If any one of them wishes to live outside those limits she must be of little account, and carry on some other profession as a blind.

I saw the shops of the silk-spinners, with certain machines by turning which a single woman can twist and turn 500 spindles at once.

Tuesday, in the morning, I passed a little red stone.

Wednesday I saw the *cassina* of the Grand-duke. What appeared to me most important was a rock in the form of a pyramid, composed and built of all sorts of natural minerals, one piece of each, joined together. This rock will later spout water by means of which we shall see many objects in it set in motion, water-mills and wind-mills, little church bells, soldiers on guard, animals, hunts, and a thousand such things.

Thursday I would not wait to see another horse-race. I went after dinner to Pratolino, which I inspected again very minutely. And being requested by a guardian of the palace to give him my verdict on these beauties and on Tivoli, I held forth, not comparing those places in general, but part by part, with divers considerations on the one and the other: now this, now that having alternately the victory.

Friday at Giunti's shop I bought a packet of

comedies, eleven in number, and certain other little books. And here I saw Boccaccio's will printed, with certain *Discorsi* on the *Decameron*. This will reveals an astonishing poverty and lowness of fortune in that great man. He leaves some sheets and then certain small parts of beds to his female relatives and his sisters. The books to a certain friar, whom he enjoins to communicate them to anybody who may request him to do so. He takes account of vessels and the meanest bits of furniture. He gives orders about masses and his funeral. It is there printed as it was rediscovered, on a sheet of parchment, very torn and injured.

As the Roman and Venetian *puttane* show themselves at the windows to their lovers, so do these at the doors of their houses, where they stand in public at convenient times; and there you may see them, one with more, another with less company, talking and singing in the street in circles.

On the Sunday, 2nd of July, I left Florence after dinner, and, having crossed the Arno by the bridge, we left it on the right hand, following its course, however. We passed through some beautiful fertile plains in which are the most famous melon nurseries in Tuscany. And the good melons are not ripe until about the 15th July.[1] And the place where the most excellent ones grow is specially called Legnaia, three miles this side of Florence.

We followed a road that was mostly level and fertile, everywhere thickly dotted with houses, *castellucci*, villages, almost continuous. Among others, we passed through a charming little town called Empoli. This name has a sort of antique ring. The situation most agreeable. I discovered there no vestige of antiquity, except a ruined bridge quite near, on the road, which has a sort of ancient look about it.

I noticed three things: to see the people of these

[1] The melon was Montaigne's favourite fruit.

parts working, some at threshing corn or stacking it, some at sewing, spinning, on the Sunday holiday. The second, to see these peasants with lute in hand, and even the pastoral poems of Ariosto on their lips. That you may see throughout Italy. The third, to see how they leave in the fields, for ten, fifteen and more days, the harvested corn, without fear of the neighbours.[1] Towards the gloaming we arrived at

Scala, twenty miles, a single inn, pretty good. Did not sup, and slept little, molested by a toothache on the right side, which I felt many a time with my headache. It bothered me more when eating, being unable to touch anything without very great pain.

On Monday morning, 8th of July, we followed the level road along the Arno, and towards the end through a plain fertile in corn. Arrived about noon at

Pisa, twenty miles, a city belonging to the Duke of Florence, situated in this plain on the Arno, which passes through the middle of it, and six miles from there flows into the sea, and bears to the said city several kinds of vessels.

At this time the school[2] was closing, as usual, during three months of the great heat.

We met here the *Disiosi*, a troupe of actors, very good.

Not being satisfied with the hostelry, I rented a house with four chambers and a dining-room. The landlord was to do the cooking and supply the furniture. A fine house. The whole for eight crowns a month. As the supply of table-cloths and napkins he had promised was too scanty (seeing that in Italy they very seldom change the napkins except when they change the table-cloths, and the table-cloths

[1] This is no reflexion on the honesty of the French peasantry, of whom Montaigne thought highly. The insecurity prevailing in his country, especially in his own neighbourhood, was no doubt due to the civil war which raged around him for thirty years, and the presence of foreign soldiery, gypsies and other vagabonds.

[2] *I.e.* the *Sapienza*, or university.

twice a week) we left the servants to board themselves; we went to the hostelry, at four giulios a day.

The house was very beautifully situated: a pleasant view, looking upon the channel through which the Arno passes and crosses the city. This bed is very broad and more than 500 paces long, bending and curving a little, offering a pleasing aspect, the curve disclosing more easily each end of the channel, with three bridges which there cross the Arno, covered with vessels and merchandise. On both banks of the channel are built handsome walls with parapets at the top, like the Quai des Augustins in Paris. And then on either side wide streets, and on the edge of the streets a row of houses. It was there that ours stood.

Wednesday, 5th of July, I saw the Duomo, on the spot where formerly stood the palace of Hadrian the Emperor. It has an infinite variety of marble columns, varying in workmanship and form; very beautiful metal doors. It is adorned with divers spoils from Greece and Egypt, and built up of ancient ruins, so that you see inscriptions upside-down and others half cut away, and in some places unknown characters, which they say are ancient Tuscan.

I saw the bell-tower of extraordinary shape, leaning seven cubits, like that other at Bologna, and others, surrounded on all sides by pilasters and open corridors.

I saw the neighbouring church of San Giovanni,[1] also very rich in famous works of sculpture and painting. Among others a marble pulpit with figures very close together, so rare that this Lorenzo, who killed Duke Alessandro, is said to have removed the heads of some of these statuettes and presented them to the Queen. The shape of the church resembles that of the Rotonda in Rome.

[1] Better known as the *Battisterio* (Baptistry).

The natural son of the said Duke lives here; and I saw him, an old man. He lives in comfort on the generosity of the Duke, and that is all he cares about. There is very fine shooting and fishing, and that occupies his time.

Of holy relics and rare works, and marbles and stones wonderful for their rarity, size and workmanship, you find as many as in any other city of Italy. I was inordinately pleased with the cemetery building called the *Campo Santo*, of unusual size, square, 300 paces long and 100 broad. An inner corridor all round, 40 paces wide, covered with lead, paved with marble. Its walls covered with antique paintings. The nobles of this city had their tombs, sheltered, in this corridor. There are the names and the arms of the families, up to 400 (among others that of Gondi, a Florentine, founder of that house), of whom there are at present hardly four residing there, survivors of the wars and the ruin of that most ancient city; of the people just as few: it is inhabited and possessed by strangers. Of these noble families there are several Marquises, Counts and grandees in other parts of Christendom to which they have migrated.

In the middle of this building there is an uncovered place where they are constantly burying. They all say and declare that the bodies that are put here swell in eight hours to such a size that you can see the ground rising; in the eight hours following it falls and subsides; in the last eight the flesh is so far consumed that before twenty-four hours are over there is nothing but the bare bones. This miracle is similar to that other in the cemetery at Rome, where if you put the body of a Roman, the earth will immediately throw it out. This place is paved with marble beneath, like the corridor, and earth is laid over it to the height of a yard or two. They say that this earth was brought from Jerusalem, because the Pisans participated in that enterprise with a large

army.[1] With the permission of the bishop, a little of this earth is taken away and sprinkled on other tombs, with the idea that the bodies will be promptly consumed. That appears likely: for, for a cemetery of a city of that size, you see only very few bones, almost none, and no place where they are collected and put away, as in other cities.

The neighbouring mountains produce very fine marbles, for which this city has many famed workmen. At this time they were working for the King of Fez, in Barbary, at a very rich work of a theatre,[2] which he is planning to make with fifty very tall marble columns.

In this city you may see our arms in numberless places, and a column which King Charles VIII. gave to the Duomo. And in one house, on the wall towards the street, the said King is represented *au naturel*, on his knees before the Madonna, who appears to be giving him counsel. The inscription says that when the said King was supping in this house, the idea came into his head by chance to give the Pisans their ancient freedom, herein surpassing the greatness of Alexander. The titles of the said King are there, of Jerusalem, of Sicily, etc. The words referring to that circumstance of the freedom given have been purposely disfigured and half effaced. Other private houses are also decorated with these arms, showing the nobility which that King gave them.

There are not many vestiges of ancient buildings. There is a fine brick ruin where the palace of Nero[3] stood, and it retains his name; and a church of San Michele, which was a temple of Mars.

Thursday, which was the feast of St. Peter, I was

[1] In the 12th century Archbishop Ubaldo, who founded the cemetery, brought 53 ship-loads of earth from the Mount of Calvary.

[2] It is suggested that the projected 'theatre' was more probably a mosque, and that the Christian workmen might have struck if they had known that they were helping to create a pagan temple.

[3] Now called the Baths of Nero.

told that formerly it was the custom for the bishop to go in procession to the church of San Pietro, four miles outside the city, and from there to the sea, where he threw a ring and married the sea, this city having had a very powerful navy. At present only a schoolmaster goes there. But the priests in procession go to that church, where there is a great distribution of indulgences. The Pope's Bull of a little more than 400 years ago (on the authority of a book of more than 1200) says that this church was built by St. Peter; and that as St. Clement was officiating at a marble table, there fell upon it three little drops of blood from the nose of the said saint. The impression of those drops looks as if they had fallen three days ago. The Genoese broke this table, and carried away one of those drops. For that reason, the Pisans removed the remains of the said table from the said church, and carried them to their city.

But every year they carry them back to their place in procession on the said St. Peter's Day. The people go there all night in boats.

On the Friday, 7th of July, I went to see the dairy-farm of Don Pietro de Medicis, two miles distant from the town. He has there a world of possessions which he holds in his own name, every five years putting in new labourers, and taking one-half of the produce. A soil greatly abounding in corn ; pastures where he keeps all kinds of animals. I dismounted to see the details of the house. There is a great number of persons engaged in making curds, butter, cheese, and divers implements for that work.

Thence, following the plain, I arrived at the beach of the Tyrrhenian Sea, on one side perceiving Lerici on the right, on the other Leghorn, nearer, a *castello* standing in the sea. From there one may clearly make out the island of Gorgona, and beyond that Capraia, and beyond that Corsica. I turned to the left along the shore until we reached the mouth

of the Arno, the entrance to which is difficult for ships, seeing that by the various little streams that flow together into the Arno earth and mud is carried, which stops there and raises the said mouth.[1]

I bought there some fish, which I then sent to the lady comedians.

Along the river you may see many thickets of tamarisks.

On the Saturday I bought a barrel for six giulios, which I have had hooped with silver. It cost me three crowns at the artificer's. I bought, besides, an Indian cane for support, six giulios; a little vase and a cup of Indian nut, which has the same effect on the spleen and gravel as the tamarisk, eight giulios. The artisan, a clever man and noted for making fine mathematical instruments, informed me that all trees bear as many rings and circles as they have lasted years; and let me see it in all those he had in his shop: for he was a joiner. And the part that faces north[2] is narrower and has its rings closer and more crowded than the other. Therefore he boasts that, whatever wood you may bring him, he can judge how old the tree was, and in what situation it stood.

At this time the tired feeling in my head still continued the same; with so much constipation that the bowels could not be moved without art and the help of comfits: a feeble succour. The kidneys in good condition, for me.

This city was not long ago decried for bad air; but the Duke Cosimo having drained the marshes all around, all's well. And it was so bad that when they wanted to confine someone and get rid of him, they shut him up in Pisa, where in a few months it finished him.

[1] Pisa was formerly a great port, but owing to the silting up of the river, as here described, is now quite inaccessible to ships.

[2] Montaigne should have said 'south', in accordance with Leonardo da Vinci's theory.

This place produces no partridges, for all the attention the princes have given to them.

Several times there came to me Girolamo Borro, a physician, doctor of the *Sapienza*. And when I went to see him on the 14th of July, he presented me with his book on the flow and ebb of the sea, in the vulgar tongue; and he showed me another book he had written, in Latin, on the maladies of the body.[1]

On this same day, near my house, twenty-one Turkish slaves escaped from the arsenal—having found a frigate with its garrison, which Signor Alessandro di Piombini had left, having gone fishing.

With the exception of the Arno and the beautiful way in which it flows through the town, these churches and traces of antiquity, and its private works, Pisa has little distinction or attraction. It looks a desert. And in this respect, and in the shape of its buildings, its size and the width of its streets, it much resembles Pistoia. It is extremely short of water: its water is bad, and it all has a marshy taste.

The men very poor and no less haughty, hostile and uncivil to strangers, and especially to the French since the death of their bishop, Pietro Paolo di Borbonio, who claimed to be of the house of our princes; and there is a family here of that name. This man was so friendly to our nation, and so liberal, that he had given orders that no Frenchman should arrive but he should be immediately brought to his house. Of his good life and liberality he has left a very honoured memory with the Pisans. It is only five or six years since he died.

On the 17th of July I and 25 others played *riffa*, at a *scudo*[2] apiece, for some belongings of Fargnocolo, one of the comedians. At first they drew lots as to

[1] This is the man who is mentioned in the *Essays*, vol. i. p. 149. He was thrown into prison by the Inquisition, and released by the Pope. The 'vulgar tongue' means the vernacular, most scientific books being written in Latin.

[2] A crown.

who should play first, and then second, and so on to the last. This order is followed. After that, there being various things to play for, they made two equal parts of them. He who made most points won the one, and he who made least the other. It fell to my lot to play second.

On the 18th, at the church of S. Francesco, there arose a great squabble between the priests of the Duomo and the friars. A Pisan gentleman having been buried at the aforesaid church the day before, the priests wanted to say mass. They came there with their finery and paraphernalia. They alleged their time-honoured custom and privilege. The friars, on the other hand, that it was for them and no others to say mass in their own church. A priest, approaching the high altar, tried to seize the marble. A friar attempted to drag him away. To which friar the vicar, patron of this church of priests, gave a cuff. Little by little, one thing leading to another, they came to fisticuffs, sticks, candlesticks, torches and other like things: anything was laid hands on. The end of it was that mass was said by neither party. This angry quarrel caused a great scandal. As soon as the news of it spread, I went there; and it was all related to me.

On the 23rd, at dawn, three galleys of Turkish corsairs landed here on the neighbouring coast and carried off fifteen or twenty prisoners, fishermen and poor shepherds.

On the 25th I paid a visit, at his house, to Cornacchino, the noted physician and reader of Pisa. He lives in his own way, which diverges very strongly from the rules of his art. He sleeps immediately after having dined, drinks a hundred times a day, etc. He recited to me some rhymes of his own, pleasing and rustic. He does not think much of the baths at Pisa, but thinks highly of those at Bagno-Acqua, sixteen miles distant from Pisa. He says they are admirable for removing liver complaints (and he told me a great

many miracles about them), for the stone, too, and the colic; but before using them, he advises you to drink those of Della Villa. He has come to the conclusion that, except blood-letting, medicine has nothing to compare with the baths, for one who knows how to use and make the best of them. He said, besides, that at the baths of Bagno-Acqua there are good lodgings, and that you are very well off and comfortable there.

On the 26th, in the morning, I passed some thick and black urine, more so than I had ever yet seen it, with a small stone; and yet this did not stop the pain I had already suffered for about twenty hours, below the navel and in the member; easy to bear, however, without any alteration in the loins and side. Some time after that I passed another little stone, and my pain ceased.

On the Thursday, 27th of July, we left Pisa early, greatly satisfied for my part with the civility and kindness I had received from Sig. Vintavinti, from Lorenzo Conti, from San Miniato (in whose house lived the Sig. Cavaliere Camillo Gatani; he offered me his brother to accompany me to France), from Borro and others, tradesmen and artisans with whom I had dealt. And I hold for certain that I should not have lacked money if I had had need of it, although this city is regarded as very uncivil and the men arrogant. But, somehow or other, he who is courteous makes others so.

Among other things, this town abounds in pigeons, hazel-nuts and mushrooms.

For a time we crossed the plain, and at the foot of a little hill came upon what they call the Baths of Pisa. There are several of them; and an inscription on marble which I could not quite make out. They are Latin verses in rhyme, which testify to the virtues of these waters, and the inscription was dated, as far as I could see, one thousand three hundred. The

largest and most esteemed bath is square, and, except in one respect, very well arranged. A marble staircase. Every side is thirty paces long. At one corner you see the tap of the spring. I drank some of the water, to form an opinion. It seemed to me savourless, and without any smell. Only I felt a little sharpness on the tongue. Heat very moderate. Very easy to drink. I observed at this tap that you found again in the water those white corpuscles or atoms that I cursed at the baths of Baden, and imagined to be some unclean and dirty matter coming from outside. Now I think rather that it is some quality of the mines: the more so as they appear to be thicker at the source and where the water has its origin, and where it should, in accordance with reason, be purer and cleaner—of which I had clearer experience at Baden. A desert place; poor lodging. These waters are almost forsaken; and any who use it go there in the morning from Pisa, four miles, and return home. This large bath is uncovered, and it alone bears some signs of antiquity. They call it *Nero's Bath*.[1] Public rumour says that that Emperor by means of aqueducts conducted this water to his palace at Pisa.

There is another, open, of ordinary workmanship, which is used by the common people; the water clear and very pure. They say it is good for the liver, and for the itch produced by the heat of the liver. They take the same quantity of drink there as at the other baths, and usually walk about after drinking, and follow nature, whether she makes you sweat or operates in other ways.

When I had climbed the hill,[2] we had a most

[1] The remains of a Roman bath called *Bagni di Nerone* are just outside the Porta Lucca at Pisa. Montaigne appears to have confused the two.

[2] *Monte San Giuliano*, which prevents the Pisans from seeing Lucca: Al monte perche i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno.—Dante, *Inf.* xxxiii. 30.

beautiful view over that great plain, the sea, the islands, Leghorn, Pisa. After descending, we entered upon the plain on this side, on which is situated

Lucca, ten miles. This morning I passed another much larger stone, which, as could clearly be seen, was detached from a larger body. God knows! His will be done!

We were at the hostelry on the same terms as at Pisa, at four giulios the master and three the servant, for one day. On the 28th, being almost forced to it by the most courteous offers of the Sig. Ludovico Pinitesi, I took in his house a suite on the ground floor, very cool and nobly furnished, with five bedrooms, a dining-room and kitchen; and was provided with all kinds of furniture very honourably and delicately, according to Italian custom, which in many respects not only equals but surpasses French usage.

The lofty, beautiful, wide vaults are, indeed, a great ornament to Italian buildings. They give a pleasing and distinctive appearance to the entrance to the house, because all the lower part is constructed in that way, with wide and high doors. In the summer the gentlemen of Lucca eat in public under those entries, in sight of anybody passing along the street.

To tell the truth, wherever I have stayed in Italy, except Florence (because there I did not leave the hotel, in spite of the discomforts you find in that sort of house, especially when it is hot) and Venice (where we were in a house that was too public and too neglected, as we had not long to stay there), I have always had quarters that were not only good but even enjoyable. My room was secluded; I lacked nothing; no interruption or disturbance. Civilities being sometimes tedious and wearisome,[1] it very seldom happened that I was visited by the people of

[1] 'I have often seen men become uncivil by dint of too much civility, and tiresome in their courtesy.'—*Essays*, vol. i. p. 42.

the place. I slept and studied when I liked, and when I wished to go out I could talk anywhere with women or men, with whom I was able to spend a pleasant hour or two in the day; and then churches, shops and piazzas. And, continually changing the scene, I lacked no matter to feed my curiosity. Meanwhile I enjoyed a tranquillity of mind, in so far as my infirmities and old age would permit, since there were very few outward occasions to disturb it. All that I felt was the want of congenial society, being forced to enjoy those blessings alone and without being able to communicate them.

The Lucchesi play very well at *pallone*,[1] and we often see some pretty matches.

It is not customary here for the men to go about the street on horseback, or seldom; and less in coaches. The ladies, yes, but on mules; and they go with a man-servant on foot. It is very difficult for strangers to find houses to let, as very few come here, and the city in itself is very populated. For an ordinary house with four furnished rooms and a dining-room and kitchen, I was asked seventy scudi a month rent.

You cannot enjoy the society of the Lucchesi, since all of them, even the children, are continually occupied at their business and in making money by means of trade. Wherefore the place is somewhat dull and disagreeable for strangers.

On the 10th August we went outside the town for a pleasant ride with other gentlemen of Lucca, of whom I had borrowed horses. I saw some very attractive villas around the town at a distance of three or four miles, with porticoes and loggias, which are a great ornament to them. Among others, a large arched loggia quite covered inside with branches and tendrils of vines planted around them, and sup-

[1] A game something like tennis, played in a court, but with an armlet instead of a racket. As played nowadays, there is a pause after the first game of a set, to enable the onlookers to arrange their bets.

ported on some sort of props: a living and natural arbour.

My headache sometimes left me for five or six days, or more; but I could not quite get rid of it.

I took it into my head to learn the Florentine tongue by study and method. I devoted much time and care to it, but with very little profit.

This season they have experienced a much greater heat than they usually have.

On the 12th I also went out of Lucca to visit the villa of Sig. Benedetto Buonvisi: attractive in a middling way. Among other things I saw there the form of certain little thickets which they make in rough places. Within an area of about fifty paces they plant divers trees, of those that remain green all the year round. This place they encircle with little ditches, and within it they lay out little sort of covered alleys. In the middle a place for the fowler, who with a silver whistle and a number of thrushes caught for the purpose and tied, having disposed on every side a number of bird-lime snares, at a certain season of the year, say about November, he will in a morning catch 200 thrushes; and this is done only in a certain district on a certain side of the city.

On the 13th, Sunday, I left Lucca, having ordered that M. Ludovico Pinitesi should be offered fifteen scudi in respect of his house. Which account came to a scudo a day. With which I left him *satisfattissimo*.

We went on this day to visit a very large number of villas of gentlemen of Lucca, neat, pretty, handsome. They have water in abundance, but artificial—that is to say, not running, not natural nor continuous. It is a marvel to see so great a rarity of springs in so hilly a place. They draw certain waters from streams, and to enhance their beauty arrange them in the form of fountains, with vases, grottoes, and other works of a like use.

We came to supper this evening at a villa of the

said M. Ludovico, his son M. Orazio being still in our company; who received us very suitably in this villa and gave us a very good supper, by night, under a large, very cool porch, open on every side; and then took us to sleep in good separate rooms, with linen sheets, very white and clean, like those we had enjoyed at Lucca in the father's house.

Monday, early, we left there. And on the road, without dismounting, having tarried a little to visit the villa of the bishop, who was there (and we were made much of by his people, and invited to stop to dine), we came to dine at

Bagni della Villa, fifteen miles. Great were the caresses and welcome I received from all those people. Indeed, I might have thought I had returned to my own home. I took up my quarters in that same room which I had the first time, at a price of twenty scudi a month, and on the same terms.

Tuesday, 15th August, I went early to the bath, and remained somewhat less than an hour. It again seemed to me rather cool than otherwise. It did not move me to perspire at all. I arrived at these baths not only well, but I may say in all-round good spirits. After bathing I passed some thick water, and in the evening, having walked a good bit along some alpine and anything but easy roads, I passed some that was quite blood-coloured; and in bed I felt an indescribable alteration in the kidneys.

On the 16th I continued the baths, and in order to be separate and alone I bathed in the women's bath, where I had not yet been. I found it too hot, either because it was really so, or because the opening of the pores by the bathe of the previous day had facilitated my getting hot. In any case I remained in the water an hour at the most, and perspired moderately. The urine I passed was natural. No sand whatever. After dinner the water I passed was still thick and red, and at sunset was tinged with blood.

On the 17th I found this same bath more temperate. I sweated very little. The urine rather muddy, with a little gravel. Complexion a sort of yellow pallor.

On the 18th I was two hours in the aforesaid bath. I felt a kind of heaviness in the reins. My bowels were reasonably loose. From the very first day I felt full of wind, and the guts rumbling. I am inclined to believe that this effect was due to the waters, for during the other season I became clearly aware that they caused this flatulence.

On the 19th I went to the bath a little later, in order to make way for a lady of Lucca who wished to bathe, and did bathe, before me; for it is a reasonable rule that the ladies shall have the use of their bath when they please. I again stayed there two hours. I felt a little heaviness in the head, which for several days had kept in the best of states. My urine still thick, but in different ways, and carried off much gravel. I noticed also some kind of commotion in the reins. And if my feelings are correct, these baths may effect much about that region; and not only do they dilate and open the passage and conduits, but they also project the matter, scatter and dissolve it. I passed gravel that seemed really to be stones then broken up and separated.

In the night I felt in the left side the commencement of a rather violent and painful colic, which tormented me for a good bit, and yet did not follow its ordinary course: it did not reach the belly, the groin, and ended in a way that made me suppose it was wind.

On the 20th I was two hours in the bath. The wind in the lower part of the belly all this day gave me much trouble and annoyance. I continually passed very thick, red, muddy water, with some little gravel. I felt bad in the head. My stools rather better than usual.

They do not observe the feasts here as religiously as we do, especially Sundays. The women do most of their work after dinner.

On the 21st I continued my baths. After taking my bath I felt a great deal of pain in the reins. My water very thick. I passed some gravel, but not much. The pain I then suffered in the reins, so far as I could judge, was caused by wind, which was stirring all over. From the muddiness of the urine I prognosticated the descent of some large stone. I guessed too well.

After writing this in the morning, immediately after dinner, I was grievously afflicted with colicky pains. And, to keep me quite on the alert, there was added to it a very acute attack of toothache in the left jaw, not yet felt. Not being able to endure this discomfort, I went to bed two or three hours after, where I was soon quit of the pain in the jaw.

As the other still kept on lacerating me, and, conscious at last (from its moving from place to place, and taking possession of different parts of my person) that it was rather wind than stone, I was forced to ask for a clyster, which was very comfortably administered to me in the twilight, made of oil, camomile and aniseed, and nothing else, according to the prescription of the apothecary alone. Captain Paulini served me with it with such skill that, feeling the wind rushing out upon him, he stopped and drew back; and then little by little he continued so effectually that I absorbed the whole without trouble. He had no need to remind me to retain it as long as I could, for it did not move me at all. I was in this state for as long as three hours, and then succeeded by my own efforts to void it. Being out of bed, I took a mouthful of marchpane with great difficulty, and four drops of wine. Back into bed, and after a little sleep, I felt an inclination to visit the stool; and by

dawn I had been there four times, whilst a portion of the said clyster still remained unvoided.

In the morning I found myself much relieved, having discharged an enormous amount of wind. I was left very tired, but had no pain. I dined a little, without appetite; I drank without relish, in spite of being very thirsty. After dinner I was again attacked by that pain in my left jaw, which made me suffer a great deal from dinner to supper time. Holding for certain that that flatulence was caused by the bath, I let it be. I passed the night with good sleep. On waking in the morning I felt weary and restless, my mouth dry, with a sharp and bad taste, and my breath as if I had a fever. I was not conscious of any pain, but my water was unusual and very thick, still carting with it gravel and sand, but not in great quantity.

On the 24th, in the morning, I passed a stone which stopped in the passage. I retained my water until dinner-time, to increase the desire. Then, not without discomfort and blood, both before and after, I passed it, as big and long as a pine-nut, but at one end as big as a bean; to tell the truth, it had exactly the shape of a penis. It was a great piece of luck for me to be able to get rid of it. I have never before voided so large a stone. From the quality of my urine I had only too truly guessed that this would be the result; I shall see what follows.

It would be too weak and cowardly in me, if, finding myself every day in danger of death from this cause, and every hour bringing it nearer, I did not do my best to suffer it lightly, as soon as it should surprise me. Meanwhile it will be wise to receive cheerfully the good it may please God to send us. There is no other physic, no other rule or science, for avoiding the ills, whatever and however great they may be, which threaten men on all sides and at every hour, than to make up one's mind to suffer them like

a man, or promptly and bravely to put an end to them.[1]

On the 25th of August my water resumed its natural colour, and I found myself as well as before: except that often, both day and night, I suffered a pain in my left cheek; but it was a sort of pain that did not last long. I remember having been once bothered by the same pain at home.

On the Saturday, 26th, I was in the bath an hour in the morning.

On the 27th, after dinner, I was so cruelly tortured by a very acute toothache that I sent for the doctor, who, having come and considered everything, and especially the fact that the pain passed away in his presence, was of opinion that this fluxion had no body, unless a very subtle one, and that it was wind and flatulence which mounted from the stomach to the head, and, mingling with a little humour, gave me that discomfort: which, indeed, appeared to me very likely, seeing that I had suffered similar accidents in other parts of my person.

Monday, 28th of August, I went at dawn to drink at Bernabo's spring, and drank 7 pounds 4 ounces of the water, at 12 ounces to the pound. It sent me once to the stool, and I voided rather less than half before dinner. I distinctly felt it sending vapours to my head and making it heavy.

Tuesday, 29th, I drank at the usual spring nine glasses, each containing a pound minus an ounce. I had immediately afterwards a headache. To tell the truth, my head was in any case in a bad state, and had never quite recovered from the evil condition into which it had fallen in my first bathing season. I felt it less often and somewhat differently than a month before, for my eyes were not weakened nor

[1] Montaigne frequently discusses cases of suicide, especially in the third chapter of the second book of the *Essays*; he appears to write with great admiration of those who committed it, but whether he really approved of it is doubtful.

blurred. I suffered more at the back, and never in the head without the pain passing immediately to the left cheek, affecting the whole of it, the teeth (even the lower ones), the ear, part of the nose. The pain brief, but nearly always very severe, and took me very frequently, day and night. Such was the state of my head in this season.

I am inclined to believe that the vapour of this water, whether you bathe in or drink it (though more so in the first case than in the latter), is very bad for the head, and I may declare it to be still more so for the stomach. And that is the reason why they usually take physic to provide against that happening.

I passed, taking count of what I drank at table (which was very little and less than a pound), during the whole day till next morning, all the water, minus a pound. After dinner, towards sunset, I went to the bath, and remained three-quarters of an hour. I sweated a little.

On the Wednesday, 30th August, I drank nine glasses, 81 ounces. I passed the half before dinner.

On the Thursday I omitted the drinking, and rode in the morning to see Controna, a very populous *comune* in the mountains. There are many fine fertile plains and pastures at the top of these mountains. This *comune* has many country houses, comfortable stone habitations, their roofs covered with stone. I took a wide circuit around these hills before I returned home.

I did not like the way I passed the water I had lately drunk. Therefore I thought of giving up drinking it. I did not like it, because the quantity of urine of that day did not tally with what I had drunk. More than three glasses of the spring water must have remained inside me, whilst taking account of my ordinary consumption. Not to speak of a constipation which attacked me.

Friday, 1st of September, I bathed for an hour in

the morning. I perspired a little at the bath, and with my urine voided a great quantity of red gravel. When I was drinking I had passed none, or little. My head was still in the same condition—that is to say, bad. I began to be fatigued by these baths. And if I had received news from France, as I expected, having been four months without receiving any, I was ready to leave at the first opportunity, and rather end my autumn cure at any other bath.

Going towards Rome, at a short distance from the high road, I came across those of Bagno-Acqua, of Siena and of Viterbo. And going towards Venice, those of Bologna, and then those of Padua.

At Pisa I had had my coat of arms done, gilt, and in fine lively colours, for a crown and a half, French money; and then pasted (because they were on canvas) on a board at the bath, and the board I had very carefully nailed to the wall of the chamber I occupied, on this condition: that it was to be considered as a gift to the room, not to Captain Paulini, the *padrone* of the same; and that on no account was it to be removed, whatever might happen to the house in future. And this he promised and swore to do.

On the Sunday, 3rd of September, I went to bathe, and remained an hour and a little more. I felt a good deal of flatulence, but without pain. In the night, and on the morning of Monday, the 4th, I was cruelly tormented with the toothache; and I still suspected that it was some decayed tooth. I chewed mastic in the morning, without any relief. From the change that this very smarting pain brought on, there followed then a constipation of the bowels; for which reason I did not dare to resume the drinking at the bath—so that I made very little progress in my cure. Towards dinner-time, and for three or four hours after dinner, it left me in peace. About 20 o'clock it made such a furious attack on

my head and both jaws, that I could not stand on my feet. The sharpness of the pain made me feel quite sick. Now I was all in a sweat, now I was shivering. When I felt it attacking me on every side, I was inclined to believe that the pain was not caused by a defective tooth. For although the left side was much more tormented, yet in both temples and on the chin, and even in the shoulders and throat, in every part, I felt at times the greatest pain; so that I passed the most cruel night that I ever remember having spent. It was really rage and fury.

In the night I sent for an apothecary, who gave me some *acqua vitae* to apply to the side which tormented me most. It gave me wonderful relief, for the instant that I put it into my mouth all the pain ceased. But as soon as I had spat it out again, I was taken as before; so that I had the glass continually at my mouth: for the lassitude which the pain left quickly sent me into a sound sleep, and as soon as I was asleep a drop of the *acqua vitae* would get down my throat, and I had to spit it out again. The pain left me at daybreak.

On the Tuesday morning all the gentlemen who were at the baths came to see me in bed. I had a small mastic plaster applied to the pulse on the left temple. On this day I felt little pain. At night they put hot tow on the cheek and the left side of the head. I slept free from pain, but the sleep was disturbed.

Wednesday I still had the pain in the teeth and in the left eye. I passed gravel in my water, but not in so great a quantity as when I was here the first time. I passed certain little grains of them, solid, like millet, and red.

On the Thursday morning, 7th of September, I was an hour in the large bath. This same morning they delivered into my hands, by way of Rome, letters from Signor du Tausin, written at Bordeaux

on the 2nd of August, in which he informed me that on the preceding day I had, with general consent, been appointed Governor of that city; and he urged me to accept that charge, for the love of that country.[1]

On the Sunday, 10th of September, I bathed for an hour in the morning, in the women's bath; and, as it was somewhat warm, I perspired a little.

After dinner I rode out by myself, to have a look at some other places in the neighbourhood, and a small country-seat called Gragnaiola, situated at the top of one of the highest mountains in the district. Passing on over these heights they appeared to me the most beautiful, fertile and agreeable inhabited hills that you could possibly see.

As I was talking with some of the natives, I asked one very old man whether they used our baths; he replied that it was with them as with the people who live near the Madonna of Loreto:[2] that they seldom go a pilgrimage there; and that the baths are seen to operate only for the benefit of strangers and those who come from a distance. That one thing, however, much grieved him, which was that for some years he had perceived that these baths did more hurt than good to the persons who used them. He said the cause of it was this: that, whereas in times past there was not a single apothecary in this district, and that it was a rare thing to see a doctor, now we see the contrary—those people who look to their profit having spread the notion abroad that the baths are of no avail unless you take physic, not only after and

[1] Being practically commanded by the King, Montaigne accepted the charge, but reluctantly. He appears, however, to have been a very efficient Mayor, as after the expiration of his first term of office, he was re-elected for a second term of two years. See the 10th chapter of the Third Book of the *Essays*.

[2] 'The people of the March of Ancona prefer to pay their devotions to St. James (of Compostella in Galicia), and the people of Galicia to Our Lady of Loreto. At Liège they have a high opinion of the baths of Lucca, and in Tuscany they think as highly of those of Spa' (*Essays*, vol. ii. p. 62).

before the bath, but even during the operation of the waters; and they would not readily consent to your taking the waters pure. The result, he said, was very evident: that more people died from these baths than were cured by them. And he was certain that before long they would fall into ill-repute and contempt with the world.

Monday, the 11th of September, I passed in the morning a good deal of gravel, most of it in the form of millet, solid, red on the surface and grey within. On the 12th of September 1581 we left Della Villa early in the morning, and came to dine at

Lucca, fourteen miles. They were beginning these days to gather the grapes. The Feast of the Holy Cross is one of the principal feasts of the city, and for eight days round and about this feast liberty is given to any man who desires it, and who has been banished for a civil debt, to return to his house in all security, to give him opportunity to keep his devotions.

I have not found a single good barber in Italy, to trim my beard and cut my hair.

On the Wednesday morning we went to hear vespers in the Duomo, where the whole town was gathered; and there were processions. One saw uncovered the relic of the Holy Face, which is held in very great veneration by them, inasmuch as it is very old and famous for divers miracles. It was for this service that the Duomo was built: inasmuch as the small chapel in which this relic is kept still stands in the middle of this large church, in an unseemly place, and against every rule of architecture. When vespers were over, the whole pomp proceeded to another church which in times past was the Duomo.

Thursday I heard mass in the choir of the said Duomo, where were all the officials of the Signoria. At Lucca they greatly delight in music, and they all sing, as a rule. It is evident, however, that there are

very few good voices. This mass was sung with all possible zeal, and yet it was no great things. They had constructed for this occasion a very large high altar of wood and pasteboard, covered with images and large silver candlesticks, and a number of silver vessels, ranged in this order: a basin in the middle and four large dishes round it; and garnished in this way from bottom to top, producing a remarkably fine effect.

Every time the bishop says mass, as he did on this occasion, at the moment that he recites the *Gloria in Excelsis* they set fire to a certain bundle of tow, fixed to an iron grating that is suspended for this purpose in the middle of the church.

The weather in these parts was already very cold and damp.

On the Friday, 15th of September, I had, as it were, a flux of urine—that is to say, I passed nearly twice as much water as I had drunk. If there had remained in my body any portion of the bath water, I believe that I voided it.

On the Saturday morning I passed, without any difficulty, a small rough stone. I had felt it slightly during the night about the groin and the head of the yard.

On the Sunday, 17th of September, took place the ceremony of the changing of the *Gonfaloniere* of the city. I went to the palace to see it.

They work almost without regard to Sundays, and there are many shops open.

On the Wednesday, 20th of September, after dinner, I left Lucca, having previously had two bales of stuff made up to be sent to France. We followed an easy and level road. The country round about barren, like the Landes of Gascony. We crossed a large stream by a bridge built by Duke Cosimo. At this place are mills for making iron, belonging to the Grand-duke, and a handsome lodging.

There are also three fish-ponds, or places separated in the manner of little enclosed pools, the bottom paved with brick, in which they keep innumerable eels, which are plainly seen, there being little water. Then we crossed the Arno at Fucecchio, and arrived in the dusk at

La Scala, twenty miles. I left La Scala at sunrise. I went along a fine and almost level road. The country hilly with little, very fertile hills, like the French hills. We passed through the middle of Castel-Fiorentino, a little walled-in *terra*; and then to the foot of and near Certaldo, Boccaccio's native place, a pretty *castello* on a hill. We came to dine at

Poggibonsi, eighteen miles, a small *terra*; from there to sup at

Siena, twelve miles. It seems to me that the weather at this time of the year was colder in Italy than in France. The piazza of Siena is handsomer than any to be seen in any other town.[1] Mass is said there every day in public, at an altar, in view of all the houses and shops round the piazza, so that the artisans and all these people can hear it without leaving their houses or laying aside what they are about. At the moment of the elevation a trumpet sounds, to give notice to all.

On the Sunday, 24th of December, after dinner, we left Siena, and, after following an easy though somewhat uneven road (this country being hilly with fertile hills and non-alpine mountains), we reached

San Chirico, twenty miles, a *castelluccio*. We lodged outside the walls. The pack-horse having lain down in a stream that we were fording, all my things, and particularly my books, were spoiled, and it took time to dry them. On the neighbouring hills on our left stood Montepulciano, Monticello, and Castiglioncello.

[1] Then called *Piazza del Campo*, now the *Piazza Vittorio Emanuele*.

Early on Monday I went to see a bath two miles off, which bath is called Vignone, from the name of a *castelluccio* which stands near it. The bath is situated on a rather high place, at the foot of which passes the river Urcia. There are about a dozen small, uncomfortable, disgusting houses scattered about. It looks like nothing so much as a *pidocchieria*.[1] A large pond surrounded by walls and steps, in the middle of which you see several springs of that hot water bubbling up; which, having no smell of sulphur, little vapour, and a reddish sediment, seems to be ferruginous rather than anything else. It is not drunk. The length of this pond is sixty paces, the width thirty-five. In certain parts around this same pond are four or five places divided off and covered, in which it is usual to bathe. This bath is rather noted. The water is not drunk, but that of S. Cassiano is, which has a better name, near the said San Chirico, eighteen miles towards Rome, on the left of the main road.

Considering the cleanliness of these earthenware vessels, so white and neat that they look like porcelain, and so cheap, they seemed to me really more appetising to eat out of than the pewter of France, especially when it is dirty, as you find it in the inns.

These days I felt a little headache, which I thought I must have got quite rid of. And, as before, I also had an attack of heaviness, weakness, disturbance around the eyes, the forehead and other parts of the front of the head, which caused me great mental uneasiness. Tuesday we went on to dine at

La Paglia, thirteen miles; to sleep at

San Lorenzo, sixteen miles: wretched inns. The vintages hereabouts were beginning. Wednesday morning there arose a dispute between our men and the *vetturini* of Siena, who, seeing that we had been longer than usual on this journey, they having to

[1] Montaigne perhaps means a lousy, poverty-stricken place.

bear the expenses of the horses, said they would not pay for their keep this evening. The matter went so far that I had to go and speak to the *Governatore* on the subject, who, having heard me, decided in my favour, and put one of the *vetturini* into prison. What I said was that our delay was caused by the horse's falling into the water, which had spoiled most of my things.

Near the high road, a few paces on the right-hand side, about six miles from Montefiascone, there is a bath called [Naviso], situated in a very wide plain, and three or four miles from the nearest hill. It forms a little lake, at one end of which you see a big fountain bubbling bravely, and throwing up a water that is hot enough to scald you. It stinks strongly of sulphur, and forms a white scum and sediment. From one side of this fountain rises a conduit, which conveys the water to two baths which are in a house near by, which house stands alone, with many little but mean rooms. I do not think that people crowd to it. They drink it seven days, ten pounds each time; but the water has to be allowed to stand a little first to let it cool, as is done in the Preissac baths. They bathe the same number of days. This house and the bath are part of the estate of a certain church. It is rented for fifty scudi. But, besides this profit on the patients, who go there in the spring, the man who rents them sells a particular kind of mud, which is got out of the said lake; which mud is good for Christians, when dissolved in warm oil, for the itch, or, indeed, for scabby sheep and for dogs, when dissolved in water. This mud, when he sells it as it is by the load, is two giulios the load; when it is in dry balls, seven quattrini apiece. Here we came across a great number of Cardinal Farnese's dogs, which were brought there to be bathed. About three miles from there we reached

VITERBO, sixteen miles. It was so late that we had

to make but one meal of dinner and supper. And I was then very hoarse and chilled, having slept on a table with my clothes on at S. Lorenzo, on account of the bugs: a thing which had happened to me only at Florence and in this place. At Viterbo I ate a sort of acorn called *gensole*. They are found in very many places in Italy. They are tasty. There are still so many starlings that you can buy one for a *bajocco*.

Thursday, 28th of September, in the morning, I went to see some other baths near this *terra*, situated in the plain, very out of the way and far from the mountain. First you see buildings in two different places where baths used to be not long ago, which have fallen to ruin through neglect. The ground, however, exhales a great stink. There is, besides, a wretched little house in which a tiny spring of hot water forms a little lake to bathe in. This water has no smell. An insipid taste. Moderately hot. I judged that it contained much iron. This is drunk. Further on is the palace called the Pope's, because it is thought that Pope Nicholas built or rebuilt it. At the foot of this palace, and in the soil, very low down, are three different springs of hot water, one of which is used for drinking. This has a moderate and temperate heat. Neither stink nor odour. As for taste, it is rather sharp and prickly. I think it contains a lot of nitre. I had gone there with the intention of drinking it for three days. It is drunk as in other places, as regards quantity. One takes a walk after, and perspiration is welcomed.

This water is held in very high repute, and is sent all over Italy in cartloads; and this is the water to which the physician who has written on baths in general[1] gives the preference, in respect of drinking, over all the waters in Italy. In particular they ascribe great virtue to it for kidney complaints. It is most usually drunk in May. It was of evil omen to

[1] Andrea Bacci, *De Thermis*, Venice, 1571.

me to read an inscription on the wall by one who cursed the doctors for having sent him there, and who had become much worse. The bath-keeper, besides, said that the season was too far advanced, and was cool in his exhortation to me to drink.

There is only one lodging-house, but this is large and decently comfortable, a mile and a half from Viterbo. I went there on foot. There are three or four baths, the effects of which are various; there is also a place for shower-baths. These waters produce a very white scum, which easily becomes fixed and solid as ice, forming a hard crust on the water. The whole place appears so whitened and encrusted. Put a bit of linen on it, you will immediately see it charged with this scum, and as solid as though it were frozen. This stuff is useful for cleaning the teeth, and is exported and sold. When you masticate this sediment it only tastes like earth or sand. It is said to be the matter of marble. Who knows if it will not also become petrified in the kidneys? They say, however, that this water, which is carried in flasks, forms no sediment, and keeps very pure and clear. I believe one might drink it with pleasure, and that it receives some taste from that sharpness which makes it easy to drink.

On my way back, in this same plain, which is very long and eight miles wide, I went to see the place where the inhabitants of Viterbo (among whom there is not one gentleman, all being labourers and tradespeople) steep the flax and hemp, of which they make a great art. (The men do this work. There are no women among them.) There was a great quantity of it and of labourers around a certain lake[1] of water which is equally hot and boiling in every season, which lake, they say, has no bottom. From

[1] The *Bulicame*, alluded to by Dante, *Inf.* xiv. 79:

Quale del Bulicame esce il ruscello,
Che parton poi tra lor le peccatrici . . .

it are supplied other little ponds of tepid water, into which they put the hemp and flax to steep.

Back at the house after this little trip, which I made on foot going and on horseback coming back, I passed a small, red and solid stone, as big as a big grain of wheat, the descent of which I had felt the night before about the groin. It stopped in the passage. To facilitate its exit you do well to stop the passing of your urine and clasp the penis a little, that it may come out a little more forcibly. The Signor di Langon put me up to this recipe.

On the Saturday, the Feast of St. Michael, after dinner, I went to the *Madonna della Quercia*, distant a mile from the city. You go by a very fine high-road, level and straight, bordered with trees from one end to the other, carefully laid out by Pope Farnese. The church is handsome, full of *gran religione* and innumerable votive tablets. The Latin inscription is to the effect that about a hundred years ago a man who was attacked by some robbers took refuge, when half dead, to an oak whereon was this image of the Madonna; having prayed to her, he became miraculously invisible to the robbers, and thus escaped a most manifest danger. This miracle gave rise to the particular devotion to the Madonna. This very fine church was built round the oak. The trunk of the oak is now seen cut from below, and the part on which the image is placed fixed to the wall and the branches round it cut away.

On the Saturday, the last of September, I left Viterbo in the morning and took the road to Bagnaia, a place belonging to Cardinal Gambara, very ornate and well provided, among other things, with fountains. And in this respect it seems not only to equal but to surpass both Pratolino and Tivoli. In the first place, there is running spring water, which Tivoli has not; and it is so abundant (which is not the case at Pratolino) that it suffices for an infinity of

designs. The same Messer Tomaso da Siena who directed the work at Tivoli, or the principal part of it, is also director of this, which is not finished; and thus, adding ever new inventions to the old, he has put into this his last work much more art, beauty and charm. Among a thousand other members of this excellent body you see a high pyramid which spouts water in a great many different ways: one rises, another falls. Around this pyramid are four pretty little lakes, full of pure and limpid water. In the centre of each is a stone boat, with musketeers who shoot and hurl water against the pyramid, and a trumpeter in each, who also shoots water. You go round these lakes and the pyramid by the prettiest walks, with balustrades of handsome stone, very artistically carved. The others were better pleased with other parts. The palace small, but pretty and attractive. Certainly, if I am a judge, this place easily takes the prize for use and service of water. He was not there. But as he is French at heart, his people showed us all the civility and friendliness one could desire.

Thence, following the straight road, we came upon Caprarola, a palace of Cardinal Farnese, which is very famed in Italy. I have seen none in Italy that may be compared with it. It is surrounded by a wide moat cut out of the tufa. The building is above, in the manner of a terrace; you do not see the tiles. The form pentagonal, but to the eye it appears very much a square. Inside, however, it is perfectly round, with wide corridors around, all vaulted, and painted on all sides. The rooms all square. The edifice very large. Very beautiful receptions rooms. Among which one is wonderful, on the vaulted ceiling of which (for the building is vaulted throughout) you see the celestial globe, with all the figures. Around the walls the terrestrial globe, the regions and the cosmography, all very richly painted on the wall it-

self. In divers other places you see depicted the most famous actions of Pope Paul III. and of the house of Farnese. The persons portrayed so life-like that, where our Constable, or the Queen-mother, or her sons Charles, Henry and the Duke of Alençon, and the Queen of Navarre are portrayed, those who have seen them recognise them at the first glance. So also King Francis, Henry II., Pietro Strozzi and others. In one and the same room, at the two ends, you see the effigies of King Henry II. on one side, and in the place of honour, the inscription under which says: *Conservatore di Casa Farnese*; on the other you see King Philip, where the inscription says: *Per li molti beni da lui ricevuti* (for the many benefits received at his hands).

Outside also there are several beautiful and remarkable things. Among others, a grotto which, showering water into a little lake, gives to the eye and ear an artful imitation of the fall of most natural rain. The situation barren and alpine. And the water for his fountain he has to draw from Viterbo, eight miles off.

Thence, following a level road and a wide plain, we came upon very extensive meadows, in the middle of which, in certain dry and grassless spots, one sees bubbling springs of cold water, but stinking of sulphur so strongly that the odour of it is perceived a long way off.[1] We came at bed-time to

Monterossi, twenty-three miles. Sunday, 1st of October, to

Rome, twenty-two miles. At this season we felt an extreme cold and an icy *tramontana*. On the Monday, and for several days after, my stomach was out of order. And for that reason I took some meals by myself, in order that I might eat less. My bowels loose, so that I felt sprightly enough—except that my head has never quite resumed its proper state.

[1] *La Solfatara*, not far from Ronciglione.

On the day I arrived in Rome I received the letters from the *Jurats* (aldermen) of Bordeaux, who wrote me in very courteous terms concerning their election of me as Governor of their city; and they earnestly requested me to go to see them.

On the Sunday, 8th of October 1581, I went to see, in the *Terme* of Diocletian on Monte Cavallo, an Italian who, having been for a long time a slave of the Turks, had learned a hundred rare things in riding. For instance, while riding at full speed he would stand erect upon the saddle, hurl a javelin with all his force, and then suddenly drop back into his seat. Riding furiously and holding on with one hand to his saddle-bow, he would alight from his horse, touching the ground with his right foot, the left remaining in its stirrup; in this way he dismounted and remounted into the saddle several times. He would turn round in the saddle several times, galloping all the while. He drew a Turkish bow with great ease, both forward and backward. Leaning his head and shoulder on the horse's back, he rode at full speed with his feet in the air. Having a club in his hand, he would throw it into the air and catch it again, galloping all the while. Standing on the saddle, with a lance he held in his hand he aimed straight at a glove and speared it, as one tilts at the ring. On foot he made a pike revolve round his neck, before and behind, having first given it a vigorous knock with his hand.[1]

On the 10th of October, after dinner, the French ambassador sent a page to tell me that, if I liked, he would come and fetch me in his coach, to take me to see the furniture of Cardinal Ursini, which was being sold, as he died this summer at Naples, leaving all his vast property to a niece of his, a child. Among other rare things was a taffeta coverlet, lined with

[1] More circus tricks of the kind are told again in the *Essays*, vol. i. p. 288.

swans' feathers. At Siena you see many of these swans' skins with the feathers entire; and I was asked only a crown and a half for them, ready prepared. They are the size of a sheep's skin, and a few of them would be sufficient to make a coverlet of that kind. I also saw an ostrich's egg, carved all round and covered with pretty pictures. Besides, a square box for putting jewels in, in which there was a certain quantity; but the box being very artfully adorned all over with little mirrors, when it was opened it appeared much wider and deeper in every direction, above and below, and seemed to contain ten times as many jewels as there were—one and the same object being seen many times in the reflexion of the mirrors, which mirrors it was difficult to detect.

On the Thursday, 12th of October, the Cardinal de Sens took me alone with him in his coach to see the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, of which he is patron (as he is also of those friars who make the waters and perfumes I spoke of above), and which stands on Monte Celio. And this elevated site seems to have been made artificially, as it is entirely vaulted beneath, with large corridors and subterranean chambers. This is said to be the site of the *Forum Hostilium*.[1] The gardens and vineyards of these friars are situated where they command a very fine view, which embraces ancient and modern Rome; the place, on account of its steep and precipitous height, is isolated and almost inaccessible on every side.

The same day I handed a well-filled wooden box to a carrier to be sent to Milan. The muleteers generally take twenty days to get there. The whole stuff weighed 150 pounds, and you pay four *bajocchi* a pound, which comes to two French sous. There were many articles of value in it, especially a very fine necklace

[1] There was no *Forum Hostilium*. The *Cura Hostilia*, the old meeting-place of the *Senatus*, was on the Forum, some distance from SS. Giovanni e Paolo.

of *Agnus Dei*, which had not its like in Rome, having been made expressly for the Empress' ambassador, who had it blessed by the Pope, with a *cavalliere*.[1]

On the Sunday morning, 15th of October, I quitted Rome, leaving my brother there with 43 gold crowns, with which he decided he would be able to stay there and learn fencing for five months.[2] Before I left, he had hired a pretty little room for twenty giulios a month. The Sieurs d'Estissac, de Montluc, Baron de Chasai, Marivau, and several others accompanied me for the first stage. And if I had not started before the time, in order to save those gentlemen the trouble, there were many others ready to come, who had hired horses, as the Signori du Bellai, d'Ambres, d'Allègre, and others. I arrived by bedtime at

Ronciglione, thirty miles, having hired the horses to take me as far as Lucca, at 20 giulios each, the *vetturino* himself bearing the expense of the said horses.

On the Monday morning I was astonished to feel so intense a cold that I thought I had never experienced so cold a season, and to see that the vintage and vine harvest was not yet ended in these parts. I came to dine at

Viterbo, where I put on my furs and all my winter trappings; thence to sup at

San Lorenzo, twenty-nine miles. From thence I came to sleep at

San Chirico, thirty-two miles. All these roads have been repaired this year by order of the Duke of Tuscany: a very fine work and profitable to the public service. May God reward him for it! for the most difficult roads have by this means been made

[1] Cavalliere: according to Bartoli, 'a kind of chaplet or string of paternosters with a few *Ave Marias*'.

[2] In the *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 144, Montaigne tells how his brother Mattecoulon was involved in a duel at Rome, and raises a fine point of honour.

as practicable and convenient as the streets of a city.

It was quite astonishing to hear the endless number of people who were going to Rome. For this reason it was obvious that the hire of horses to go to Rome, on account of their scarcity, was beyond all price; and to return from Rome they let you have them for nothing. Near Siena, as in endless other places, there is a double bridge—that is to say, a bridge which is crossed by another stream with a channel. We arrived in the evening at

Siena, twenty miles. This night I suffered from colic for about two hours; and I thought I felt the stone falling. Early on the Thursday morning Guglielmo Felice, a Hebrew doctor, paid me a visit, and held forth at great length on the regimen I ought to pursue for my kidneys and gravel. I left Siena in this condition, and had a recurrence of the colic, which lasted three or four hours. At the end of which time I became distinctly aware, from excessive pains in the pubic region, the penis and anus, that the stone had fallen. I came to sup at

Ponte-a-Elsa, twenty-eight miles. There I passed a stone, bigger than a grain of millet, with some red gravel, without any pain or difficulty in the passage. I left this place Friday morning, and on the way stopped at

Alto Pascio, sixteen miles. I stayed there for an hour to give the cattle a feed of oats. Here, without any great pain, I passed, with a quantity of gravel, a long stone, part of it hard and part soft, and somewhat larger than a big grain. We met a number of peasants on the road who were picking the vine leaves, which they keep as fodder for their cattle in the winter; others were collecting ferns for litter. We arrived to sleep at

Lucca, eight miles. Here several gentlemen and artisans came to see me. On the Saturday, 21st

of August, in the morning, another stone appeared, which stopped for a short time in the passage-way, but came out without any pain or difficulty. This was more round than otherwise, hard and solid, rough, however, and uneven, white inside and red out, much larger than a grain; and yet I was still passing gravel. From this we see that Nature sometimes relieves herself; and one feels a sort of flow of that stuff. God be thanked that it comes out without any pain worth mentioning, and does not impede my actions!

As soon as I had eaten a bunch of grapes (for on these travels I ate very little or nothing in the morning), I left Lucca, without waiting for certain gentlemen who were preparing to accompany me. I travelled along a fine road, level for the most part, having on the right hand the hill-sides, covered with countless olive-trees, and on my left some marshes, with the sea in front.

At one place in the State of Lucca I came across a machine which is half ruined, through the negligence of the said lords; this defect causes much damage to the surrounding country. This machine was made for the purpose of draining the soil in these marshes and rendering them fertile. A large ditch was dug, at the head of which three wheels were continually kept in motion by means of a running stream which came down from the mountain and fell on these wheels, which by means of certain vessels attached to them on the one side drew water from the said ditch, and on the other side poured it into another ditch and channel which lay higher; which ditch, made for this purpose and provided with walls on each side, carried this water into the sea. Thus the whole country round about was drained.

I passed through the middle of Pietra-Santa, a very large *castello* belonging to the Duke of Florence, full of houses and yet empty of inhabitants; for,

according to what they say, the air there is so bad that one cannot exist there, and most people die or languish. We came to sup at

MASSA DI CARRARA, twenty-two miles, a *terra* belonging to the Prince of Massa, of the Cibo family. You see a fine castle on the summit of a hill. About the middle of the said hill, around the said castle, and below it, are the streets and houses, surrounded by good walls. And lower, outside the said walls, is a large *borgo* in the plain, surrounded by other new walls. The place is pretty: fine streets, fine houses, and painted.

I was obliged to drink new wines—and they drink no other in these parts—which, with some kind of wood and the white of eggs, are made so clear that they lack none of the colour of the old wines; but they have some unnatural taste which I cannot describe.

On the Sunday, 22nd of October, I first followed a very level road, having the Tyrrhenian Sea still on my left, as far away as a musket will carry. And on this road, between us and the sea, we saw some not very large ruins, which are said by the people of the country to have been a large city called Luna.[1] We came to Sarzana, a *terra* belonging to the Signoria of Genoa; and you see their emblem, which is a Saint George on horseback. They keep a garrison of Swiss soldiers, the town having once belonged to the Duke of Florence. And were it not that the Prince of Massa intervenes between them, there is no doubt that Pietra-Santa and Sarzana, the frontier towns of either State, would be constantly at loggerheads.

After passing Sarzana (where we had to pay four giulios a horse for one stage, and where they were firing off artillery in their joy over the presence of Don

[1] Luna was an ancient Etruscan town, already in a state of decay in the time of the Roman emperors, and totally destroyed by Arabs in 1016. Dante mentions it, with other decayed cities, in *Paradiso*, xvi. 73. The district is called after it, Lunigiana.

Gioan de Medicis, natural brother to the Duke of Florence, who was returning from Genoa, where he had been to see the Empress on behalf of his said brother; and several other Italian princes had also been there. And among other things, they were making a great cry over the sumptuousness of the Duke of Florence, who came to meet her at Padua with 400 carriages, having requested permission of the Signoria of Venice to pass through their territory with six hundred horses, to which request they made answer that they allowed him to come with a certain rather smaller number: he put all his people into coaches, and thus brought them all, but he diminished the number of his horses. This Prince Gianni I met on the way, a young man of a very handsome presence, accompanied by twenty men in harness, but on hired horses—which in Italy, however, is not considered an undignified mount, even in a prince), after passing Sarzana, we left the road to Genoa on the left.

To go to Milan it makes very little difference whether you pass by Genoa or by the other way, and it comes to the same; I wished to see that city and the Empress, who was there. What put me off was that there are two roads leading thither: one, three days' journey long from Sarzana, which is forty miles of very bad and very alpine road, of rocks and precipices, and bad inns; this road is little frequented. The other is via Lerici, three miles from Sarzana, where you embark on the sea, and in twelve hours pass over to Genoa. As I am unable, through weakness of my stomach, to bear the water, and apprehending not so much the discomforts of the voyage as the difficulty of obtaining lodgings, owing to the great crowd of people there was at Genoa; and moreover, as the road from Genoa to Milan was said to be not over safe, on account of banditti, and having no other idea in my head but my return, I made up my

mind to give Genoa the go-by, and followed the road to the right through many mountains, keeping all the time to the bottom of the valley along the river Magra. And, having this river on our left, we passed now through the State of Genoa, now through that of the Duke of Florence, then through that of the Lords of the Malespina family. In short, by a road that was good on the whole, with the exception of a few rugged and precipitous bits, we came by bed-time to

PONTREMOLI, thirty miles. A very long *città*, very full of ancient buildings; not very handsome. There are a few ruins, and they say the town was anciently called Appua.[1] At present it is part of the State of Milan, and recently belonged to the Fieschi family. This city is situated among the mountains and at the foot of them.

At table the first thing they gave me was cheese (as they do about Milan and the district around Piacenza). They gave me, according to Genoese custom, olives without stones, dressed with oil and vinegar, like a salad: very good. For washing hands they provided a basin full of water, which they placed on a little stool. All had to wash their hands in the same water.

I left there on Monday, the 23rd, in the morning, and, on leaving the house, climbed the Apennines: very high, but the road by no means difficult or dangerous. We were all day ascending and descending mountains, mostly alpine and infertile. In the evening we came to sleep at

FORNOVO, in the State of the Count di San Secondo, thirty miles. I was pleased to find myself out of the hands of those rascals of the mountains, who practise every kind of cruelty imaginable upon travellers, by their charges for eating and horse-hire.

[1] The Appuani were a people of Liguria; but it seems doubtful whether there was ever a capital called Appua.

At table they served me with different kinds of kickshaws, in the form of *mostarda*—very good—of different kinds. One of them was made with quinces.

You find in these parts an extreme scarcity of horses for hire. You are in the hands of lawless people, who never keep their word with strangers. Others paid two giulios a stage for each horse; of me they demanded three and four and five giulios a stage, so that every day it came to more than a crown for horse-hire, because they also charged me for two stages when there was only one.

Here I was two stages distant from Parma, and from Parma to Piacenza the distance was the same as that from Fornovo, so that it would only have taken me two stages out of my way. I decided not to go there, in order not to disarrange my plan of route, having dropped every other plan. This place is a little *villa*, of six or seven little houses, standing in the plain along the flooded river Taro (that, I think, is its name), which we followed for some time on Tuesday morning, and came by dinner-time to

Borgo San Donino, twelve miles, a *castelluccio*, which the Duke of Parma is beginning to surround with handsome walls, well furnished with flanks.

Here they put on the table *mostarda* made with apples and oranges, cut into slices, like half-cooked quince marmalade.

Thence, leaving Cremona on the right, at the same distance as Piacenza, we proceeded along a very fine level road, and in a country where, as far as the horizon, you see no mountain or unevenness, the soil very fertile; changing horses at every stage; at which two stages I went at a gallop, to try the strength of my loins, and I felt neither pain nor fatigue; the urine natural.

Near Piacenza there are two high columns, one on one side of the road, the other on the other side, about forty paces from one another. On the bases of

which columns are Latin inscriptions, forbidding any building, or planting of trees or vines, between them. I do not know if it was intended merely to preserve the width of the road, or whether to keep the esplanade open, as it is seen to be, from these columns to the town, which is half a mile off. We came to sleep at

PIACENZA, twenty miles, once a very large city. Having arrived very early, I walked all about the town for three hours. Streets muddy, unpaved, the houses small. And in the piazza, where lies its grandeur, is the Palace of Justice, bordered by shops of no account, and the prisons, and the gathering of all the citizens here around.

I saw the castle, which is in the hands of King Philip, who has a garrison here of 300 Spaniards, badly paid, as they told me themselves. The *Diane*,[1] morning and evening, is sounded on those instruments which we call *haubois*, and they *fiffari*; and it is sounded an hour. There are a great many people in it, and some fine pieces of artillery. The Duke of Parma never goes there. He for his part (and he was in town at this time) resides in the citadel, which is a castle in another place; and he never goes to that castle held by King Philip.

In short, I saw nothing here worth seeing, except the new edifice of S. Agostino, built with what King Philip has put here, in exchange for another church of S. Agostino, of the materials of which he has made this castle; for he holds part of the revenue of the church itself. The church remains to be made, and is well begun. But the habitations of the friars, who number seventy, and the double cloisters, are completed. This edifice appears to me, in corridors, dormitories, wine-cellars, and other useful

[1] Usually the reveille. Montaigne perhaps wrote *piffari* or *pifferi*, which latter is the more correct form; or he was misled by the French *fifre*.

premises, the most sumptuous and magnificent I have ever seen in any other place, if I remember right, for the service of the Church.

They place the salt here in the lump on the table; the cheese a large piece, without a dish.

The Duke of Parma was awaiting in Piacenza the arrival of the eldest son of the Archduke of Austria, which son I saw at Innsbruck, and they now said that he was going to Rome to be crowned King of the Romans.

They offer water for the hands, and to mix with the wine, with a large brass spoon. The cheese they eat here is exactly like those *piacentini* which are sold everywhere.

Piacenza is exactly half-way between Rome and Lyons. In order to get more directly to Milan I should have had to go and sleep at Marignano, thirty miles, and from there to Milan it is only ten. I extended my journey ten miles to see Pavia. I left early on the Wednesday, 25th of October, going along a fine road, on which I urined a small soft stone and a good deal of gravel.

We passed through the middle of a *castelluccio* of Count Santafiore. About the end of our journey we crossed the Po, on a scaffolding placed on two boats, with a small cabin, conducted by means of a long rope supported at divers places on some little boats arranged in order in the stream. Near this place the Ticino mingles with the Po. We came in good time to

Pavia, thirty short miles. I immediately set about seeing the principal things in the city: the bridge over the Ticino, the churches of the Duomo, of the Carmelites, S. Tomaso, S. Agostino, in which is the shrine of Saint Augustine, a rich sepulchre of white marble with a number of statues.

In a certain piazza of the city you see a brick column on which is a statue, which appears to be a

copy of that Antoninus Pius[1] on horseback in front of the Capitol. This one is smaller, and it is in no way to be compared to it for beauty. But what makes me more doubtful is that this statue has stirrups and a saddle with saddle-bows before and behind, whilst the other has none, and conforms the more with the opinion of the learned, that stirrups and saddles of this kind have been invented since. Perhaps some ignorant sculptor thought that was lacking. I saw also the beginning of the edifice of Cardinal Borromeo for the use of the students.

The city is large and handsome enough, suitably populous, and there is no lack of artisans of every kind. There are few houses; and even that in which the Empress resided recently is nothing to speak of. I saw the arms of France, but the lilies have been effaced. In short, there is nothing out of the common.

Horses in this part of the country can be hired for two giulios a stage. The best inn (*osteria*), or to be more exact, the best hotel (*albergo*), in which I have put up between Rome and here, is the *Post* at Piacenza; and I believe it is the best in Italy, after that at Verona. The worst on this journey was the *Falcon* at Pavia. Here and at Milan you pay extra for firewood; and the beds have no mattresses.

I left Pavia on the Thursday, 26th October. I took the road to the right, half a mile from the direct road, to see the place where the army of King Francis is said to have been destroyed,[2] which is a level spot,

[1] Montaigne was evidently thinking of the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The aforesaid President de Brosses makes mention of the same statue: 'Dans la place voisine (de la cathédrale) sur une colonne, est une statue de bronze montée sur un aïeul de Rossinante, de même metal. C'est, à ce qu'on dit, un excellent ouvrage des Romains, représentant l'empereur Antonin; mais, au contraire, ce n'est à mon avis qu'un très détestable ouvrage de quelqu'Ostrogoth'.

[2] The battle of Pavia, in which Francis I. was defeated and taken prisoner by Charles V. in 1525.

as well as the Chartreuse,[1] which is with good reason reputed to be a very fine church. The façade of the entrance all of marble, with endless carvings, is truly stupendous. There is, besides, an altar in ivory, on which is carved the Old and New Testament. There is also the marble tomb of Gian Galeazzo Visconti, founder of the church; and then the choir, and the decorations of the high altar, and the cloisters, of unusual size and very beautiful. Those are the finest things. The house is very large in extent, and suggests, not only in the size and number of its different buildings, but still more in the number of people, servants, horses, coaches, labourers and artisans, the court of a very great prince. They are constantly working at it, at an incredible cost, which comes out of the revenues of the Fathers. It is situated in the centre of some very beautiful meadow-land. Thence we proceeded to

Milan, twenty miles. This city is the most populous in Italy, large, and full of artisans and merchandise of every kind. It is not unlike Paris, and has much the appearance of a French city. It lacks the palaces of Rome, Naples, Genoa, Florence, but in size it beats them all, and in its crowds of people comes up to Venice.

On the Friday, 27th October, I went to see the castle on the outside, and went nearly all round it. It is a very large building, and wonderfully strong. The garrison in it consists of at least 700 Spaniards, splendidly supplied with artillery; and they were adding defences all round. I stopped there this day in consequence of the very heavy rain which suddenly came down upon us. Up to this time the weather and the roads had treated us very kindly.

On the Saturday, 28th October, I left Milan in

[1] The famous Certosa di Pavia, a Carthusian monastery lying five miles north of the city. Francis I. was for three days held a prisoner here after his defeat.

the morning. I started on a fine level road; and, although it rained continuously and the road was full of water, there was no mud, as the country is sandy. I got by dinner-time to

Buffalora, eighteen miles. There we crossed by a bridge the Naviglio, which is narrow, but deep enough to carry big boats to Milan; and a little farther on we crossed the Ticino in boats, and by bed-time reached

Novara, twelve miles. A small and by no means agreeable town, standing in a plain; around it vineyards and groves, and fertile soil. We left there in the morning, and stopped for a moment to feed our horses at

Vercelli, ten miles, a town belonging to the Duke of Savoy, also in a plain and on the bank of the river Sesia, which we crossed in a boat. The said Duke has had built in this place, in great haste and with a world of people, a fortress—which is a handsome one, as far as I could see from the outside—and has thereby aroused the suspicion of the Spaniards near those parts.

From there we passed through the middle of S. Germano and then S. Giaco, two little *castella*; and, continuing along a beautiful plain, fertile chiefly in walnuts (for in these parts there are no olives, nor any oil but that from walnuts), we came by bed-time to

Livorno, twenty miles, a *villetta* with a good many houses. We left early on Monday, and, following a level road, came to dine at

Chivasso, ten miles; and after crossing numerous rivers and streams, sometimes by boat, sometimes fording them, we arrived at

Turin, ten miles. We might easily have arrived here by dinner-time. A small city, standing on very watery ground, and not very well built nor very pleasing, although through the middle of the streets

there runs a stream to clean them of ordure. I gave at Turin five and a half crowns per horse, to use them as far as Lyons for six days, expenses to be borne by them.

French is commonly spoken here, and they all appear to be much devoted to France. The popular language is a language which has hardly any Italian about it except the pronunciation; in other respects it is French words. We left there on the Tuesday, and came along a level road to dine at

S. Ambrogio, two stages. Thence, along a narrow plain between the mountains, to sleep at

Susa, two stages, a *castelluccio* of many houses. Here I felt a great pain in the right knee, which pain had endured several days, but continued to grow worse. The inns here are better than in other parts of Italy: good wines, good bread, much to eat, civil inn-keepers, and that throughout Savoy. On the Feast of All Saints, after hearing mass, I came to

Novalesa, one stage. There I hired eight *marroni*[1] to carry me in a chair to the top of Mont Cenis, and then to sledge me down the other side.

[The diary is concluded in French.]

Ici on parle francès; so I will quit that foreign tongue, which I employ with great ease but with very little sureness: for, having been all the time in the company of Frenchmen, I have not had the opportunity of learning anything worth speaking of.

I crossed Mont Cenis, half-way on horseback, half-way in a litter carried by four men, and other four who relieved them. They carried me on their shoulders. The ascent takes two hours, stony and difficult for horses that are not accustomed to it, but otherwise without risk or difficulty; for as the road becomes broader as you ascend, you see no precipices,

[1] Marrons: they which in great snow make the way passable (Cotgrave). Montaigne has perhaps italianised the French word.

and there is no danger except of your mount stumbling.

From the mountain you see beneath you a plain of two leagues, a number of little houses, lakes and springs, and the post-house: no trees, but plenty of grass and meadows available in the mild season. At that time all was covered with snow. The descent is a league, straight and steep, down which I was conveyed in a sledge by the same *marrons*, and for the whole service of the eight of them I gave two crowns. The sledging alone, however, costs only a teston. It is a pleasant bit of sport, but without any risk; and without much appetite we dined at

Lanslebourg, two stages, which is a village at the foot of the mountain where Savoy begins, and came to sleep at a small village two leagues farther. All about here there is plenty of trout, and excellent wines, old and new. From there we came, by a hilly and stony road, to dine at

St. Michel, five leagues, a village in which is the post-house. From there we came to our resting-place, very late and quite drenched, to

La Chambre, five leagues, a little village from which the Marquis de la Chambre take their title. On the Friday, 3rd of November, we came to dine at

Aiguebelle, four leagues, a closed-in *bourg*, and to our sleeping-place at

Mont Mellian, four leagues, a town and fortress, the latter of which occupies the summit of a little ridge rising in the centre of the plain between those high mountains; the said town situated below the said fort on the river Isère, which runs on to Grenoble, seven leagues from the said place.

Here I became clearly aware of the excellence of the Italian oils: for those on this side begin to give me stomach-ache, whereas the others never rose again to the mouth. We came to dine at

Chambéry, two leagues, the principal town of

Savoy, a small, pretty trading town set among the hills, but at a place where they recede a good distance and form a very large plain. From there we came to cross the Mont du Chat, high, steep and stony, but not at all dangerous or difficult, at the foot of which lies a large lake, and along this a castle called Bordeau, where they make swords which are greatly famed; and to the sleeping-place at

Hyène, four leagues, a little *bourg*. Sunday morning we crossed the Rhone, which we had on our right hand, after passing on the latter a little fortress which the Duke of Savoy has built there between rocks which are very close together; and along one of these there is a short, narrow path, at the end of which is the said fortress, not very unlike Chiusa, which the Venetians erected at the end of the mountains of Tyrol. Thence, still continuing along the low valley between the mountains, we came without stopping to

St. Rambert, seven leagues, a little *villette* in the said valley. Most of the towns in Savoy have a brook which laves them in the middle; and the two sides, as far as the said brook, where the streets are, are covered with large pent-houses, so that you are under cover and dry-foot in all weathers: it is true that the shops are the darker for it.

On the Monday morning, 6th of November, we left St. Rambert—in which place the Sieur Francesco Cenami, a Lyons banker who had retired hither on account of the plague, sent me some of his wine, and his nephew with some very civil compliments. I left there on Monday morning early, and after having at length got quite clear of the mountains, began to enter upon our plains *à la francèse*. There I crossed in a boat the river Ain, at the harbour of Chazay, and came without a stop to

Montluel, six leagues, a little town in which there is much coming and going, belonging to Mon-

sieur de Savoie, and the last of his. On the Tuesday, after dinner, I took the post and came on to sleep at

Lyons, two stages, three leagues. I was very much pleased with the sight of the town. On the Friday I bought of Joseph de la Sone three fresh curtals *par le billot* for two hundred crowns; and on the day before I had purchased of Malesieu a pacing horse for fifty crowns and another curtal for thirty-three.

On the Saturday, St. Martin's Day, I had in the morning a bad stomach-ache, and remained in bed till after dinner, when I had a looseness of the bowels; I did not dine at all, and had very little supper.

On the Sunday, 12th of November, the Sieur Alberto Grachinotti, a Florentine, who had shown me many other civilities, gave me dinner at his house and offered to lend me money, having had no previous acquaintance with me. On the Monday, 15th of November 1581, I left Lyons after dinner, and by a hilly road came to sleep at

Bourdellière, five leagues, a village where there are only two houses. From there on the Thursday morning we travelled on a fine level road, and, about the middle of it, near Feurs, a little *villette*, crossed the river Loire in a boat, and went on without a stop to

L'Hospital, eight leagues, a small closed-in *bourg*. From thence on Friday morning we proceeded along a hilly road, in rough weather and snow, with a cruel wind against which we made our way, and reached

Thiers, six leagues, a little town on the river Allier, well built and populous, and enjoying a considerable trade. They traffic chiefly in paper, and are noted for the workmanship of their knives and their playing-cards. It is equally distant from Lyons, St. Flour, Moulins and Le Puy.

The nearer I approached home the longer and

more tedious did the way seem; and, indeed, counting the travelling days, at Chambéry, at the farthest, I was only half-way between Rome and my house.

This town is part of the estate of . . . belonging to M. de Montpensier.

I went to Palmier's to see the cards. There are as many workmen and as much labour in the making of them as in any other good business. The common cards are sold at one sou only, and the finer sort at two carolus.

Saturday we went on through the rich plain of La Limaigne, and after crossing in boats the Doure and then the Allier, we came to sleep at

Pont du Château, four leagues. The plague has greatly harassed this place, and I heard a number of remarkable tales about it. The house of the Seigneur, which is the paternal manor of the Vicomte de Canillac, was burned down as they were endeavouring to purify it with fire. The said Sieur sent one of his people to me, with many offers by word of mouth, and to request that I would write to M. de Foix to recommend his son, whom he has just sent to Rome. On the Sunday, 19th of November, I went on to dine at

Clermont, two leagues, and stopped there for the sake of my young horses. Monday, the 20th, I started in the morning, and, at the top of the Puy de Dôme, passed a largish stone, broad and flat-shaped, which had been in the passage since morning, and which I had felt the day before only at the end of the yard; and, as it was about to descend to the bladder, I also felt it a little in the kidneys. It was neither soft nor hard.

I passed through Pongibaut, where I went to greet in passing Madame de la Fayette, and was half an hour in her parlour. This house is not so handsome as it is celebrated: its situation rather ugly than otherwise; the garden small, square, where the walks

are raised quite four or five feet; the beds are at the bottom, where there are many fruit-trees and few herbs, the sides of the said beds thus sunk being lined with freestone.

It snowed so heavily, and the weather was so severe, with cold winds, that one saw nothing of the country. I came on to sleep at

Pontaumur, seven leagues, a little village. Monsieur and Madame de Lude were two leagues from there. I came next day to sleep at

Pont-Charraud, a little village, six leagues. This road is lined with wretched hostelries as far as Limoges, where, however, there is no lack of passable wines. There pass that way only muleteers and messengers hastening to Lyons.

My head was not right; and if storms and cold wind and rain are bad for it, I gave it its fill of them on these roads, where the winter is said to be more severe than in any other place in France.

On the Wednesday, 22nd of November, in very bad weather, I left there, and having passed through Felletin—a little, apparently well-built town, situated in a low valley quite surrounded by lofty hill-slopes, and which was still half deserted on account of the recent plague—I came to sleep at

Chatain, five leagues, a miserable little village. I drank there new and unpurified wine, for want of old wine. On the Thursday, the 23rd, my head being still in that state and the weather rude, I came on to sleep at

Sauviat, five leagues, a little village which belongs to Monsieur de Lauzun. From there I came next day to sleep at

Limoges, six leagues, where I stayed all the Saturday, and there bought a mule for ninety sun-crowns, and paid for a mule-load from Lyons thither five crowns, having been cheated in this of four livres: for all the other loads cost only three crowns and two-

thirds of a crown. From Limoges to Bordeaux you pay a crown for a hundred pounds. On the Sunday, 26th of November, I left Limoges after dinner, and went on to sleep at

Les Cars, five leagues, where there was nobody but Madame des Cars. On the Monday I came to sleep at

Thiviers, six leagues. On the Tuesday to sleep at

Pèrigueux, five leagues. On the Wednesday to sleep at

Mauriac, five leagues. On the Thursday, St. Andrew's Day, the last of November, to sleep at

Montaigne, five leagues, which I had left on the 22nd June 1580, to go to La Fère. Thus my travels had lasted seventeen months eight days.

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